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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME VII.

—

HISTORIES.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART FIRST.
KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART SECOND.

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ESSAY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF HENRY VI.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII. WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. VII.

BOSTON
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1892

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KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

"THE CRONICLE History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with *Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* LONDON Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600." 4to. 27 leaves.

The same, "London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to. 26 leaves.

The same, "Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to. 27 leaves.

The Life of Henry the Fift occupies twenty-seven pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive in the division of Histories. It is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and has no list of Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY V.

INTRODUCTION.

HOLINSHED furnished Shakespeare with the crude material with which he completed in this play the design of which he had the hint from *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*.* The dramatist followed the chronicler closely, and in some passages but poetically paraphrased his prose.

Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth* was first published in quarto in 1600, but with a text so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or, still more imperfectly, the completed work as it appears in the folio. The quarto edition, among other important omissions, is without the Choruses; but from this no inference can be drawn as to the time when the Choruses were written; for it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner, to meet a demand created by the great popularity of the play; and from such a copy the Choruses would be most probably omitted, as having neither narrative nor comic interest. The fifth of these Choruses, therefore, which contains lines that must have been written between April and September, 1599,† is to be accepted as decisive of the date of the production of the play, especially as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, (in the list which includes *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, and *Richard the Second*,) and as it was published in 1600.

The text exists in a very satisfactory state in the folio, which is the only authority for it. The quarto, however, sometimes affords welcome aid in the conjectural correction of typographical errors.

The period of the action is from 1414 to 1420.

* See the Introduction to the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*.

† See Notes on this Chorus.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *Brothers to the* King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the* King.
DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the* King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, *and* WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
Sir THOMAS GREY.
Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in* King Henry's *Army*.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers*.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, *Servant to them*. A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin*.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, *and* BOURBON.
The Constable *of* France.
RAMBURES *and* GRANDPRE, *French Lords*.
MONTJOY, *a French Herald*.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.
KATHARINE, *Daughter of* Charles *and* Isabel.
ALICE, *a Lady attending on the* Princess.
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, (formerly Mrs. Quickly, now married to Pistol.)

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French *and* English Soldiers, Messengers, *and* Attendants.

Chorus.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

O, FOR a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Scene I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and* Bishop *of* Ely.

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the Church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires:
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevéntion?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the Holy Church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companiés unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, —
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, — to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and* Attendants.

King Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

Westmoreland. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and the* Bishop *of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves your lives and services
To this imperial throne. — There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond, —
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
For did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorrain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —
To fine his title with some shews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Louis the Emperor, and Louis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorrain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the Summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Louis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might:
So hath your Highness: — never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;

Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the Summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dolphin. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors *of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dolphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Ambassador. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge?
Or shall we sparingly shew you, far off,
The Dolphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dolphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.—
Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third

In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, — I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dolphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands, —
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dolphin's scorn
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dolphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dolphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —
Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:

And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If Hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and well digest
Th' abuse of distance: force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now; there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

London. Before the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter, severally, NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one: but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you

friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will die as I may: that is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.— Good Corporal, be patient here. — How now, mine host Pistol?

Pistol. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O, well-a-day, lady! if he be not drawn now! — we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant — good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

[*Sheathing his sword*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O, viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O, braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.*

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say: — he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word! — I defy thee again.
O, hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, Hostess. — He is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the King has kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the Devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

[*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.—
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmoreland.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours, —
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. *Enter* King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, — and my kind Lord of Marsham, —
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful!
Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? — We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. — And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my Royal Sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —
There yours, Lord Scroop of Marsham: — and, Sir Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
Read them; and know I know your worthiness. —
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? — Look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.
Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. —
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, —
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. — But O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use: —
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murther ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, did'st bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so did'st thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so did'st thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so did'st thou: seem they religious?
Why, so did'st thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, did'st thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another Fall of Man. — Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, — the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you [have] sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, *and* Boy.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn. — Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins; Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out — God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand

into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so up'ard, and up'ard, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the Devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in Hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, 'Pitch and pay;'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And Hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. — Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, Hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King *attended; the* Dolphin, *the* Duke *of* BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

French King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Constable. O peace, Prince Dolphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well suppli'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dol. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt* Mess. *and certain* Lords.

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dol. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother of England!

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
[*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative, —
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dol. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dol. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress Court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off within.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene 1.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. *Enter* King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*

Scene II.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Forces *pass over; then enter* Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound;

'*Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;*
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

"*If wishes would prevail with me,*
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "*As duly, but not as truly,*
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nym. These be good humours; — your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit* Boy.

Enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digg't himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld. I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in th' aunchiant wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. Got-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Macmorris. By Chrish, la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear and my father's soul, the work ish ill

done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude Captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the Mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' th' grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay 't as valorously as I may; that sal I surely do: that is the breif and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise

than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the* English Forces *below. Enter* King Henry *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the Governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murther, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters:
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dolphin, whom of succour we entreated,

Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates! — Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The* King, *&c., enter the town*

Scene IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine *and* Alice.

Katharine. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprend à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appellée* de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appellé* de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Kath. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné*

deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles ?

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons* de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien :* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dict, Madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *Madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. D' elbow.

Kath. D' elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, Madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez :* d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, *Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ;* d' elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col ?*

Alice. De nick, *Madame.*

Kath. De nick : *Et le menton ?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick : *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas dèjá oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

Kath. *Non ; je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, *Madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur*, d' elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis je;* d' elbow, de nick, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *Madame; et* de coun.

Kath. De foot, *et* de coun? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique; et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut* le foot, *et* le coun, *neant-moins. Je reciteray une autre foys ma leçon ensemble:* d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arm, de 'lbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, *the* Dolphin, Duke *of* Bourbon, *the* Constable *of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dol. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bourbon. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor, we [may] call them, in their native lords.

Dol. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, Princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont.

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him, — you have power enough, —
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give. —
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dol. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
Now, forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (Got be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient, Lieutenant, there at the pridge, — I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel Fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone, —

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog: let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; — at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

God pless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of

Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: — Say thou to Harry of England, though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur:

but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, — I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! — this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk.

My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit* MONTJOY.

Gloster. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable *of* France, *the* Lord RAMBURES, *the* Duke *of* ORLEANS, *the* Dolphin, *and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orleans. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dol. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour —

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dol. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dol. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dol. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dol. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature, —"

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dol. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dol. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dol. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dol. O, then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dol. Be warn'd by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dol. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dol. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Rambures. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, — are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dol. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dol. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dol. Would I were able to load him with his desert! — Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dol. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with — There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the Devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd: there stands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — Would it were day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! — he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;

That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that, mean and gentle, all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, (O, for pity!) we shall much disgrace —
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.
[*Exit*

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised as a common soldier*, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be. —
Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the King.
Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate Upon St. David's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *fico* for thee then!
K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you.
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! In the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the

pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? — in your own conscience now.

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. — Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for,

though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all

those legs, and arms, and heads chopp'd off in a battle shall join together at the latter day, and cry all — "We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so; the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle; war is his vengeance;

so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round·

I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the King! — we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! — Not to-day, O Lord
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes, after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee, —
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter DOLPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dol. *Montez à cheval:* — My horse! *varlet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dol. *Via! — les eaux et la terre!*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

Dol. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dol. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant Princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dol. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven,
Then, joyfully. — my noble Lord of Bedford, —
My dear Lord Gloster, — and my good Lord Exeter, —
And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it;
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O, that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand o' tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars,
[And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one. —
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: — Tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;

Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field:
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the Duke *of* York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

French Soldier. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality! *Callino, castore me!* art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:—
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. [illegible]s his na[illegible] Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. — Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owee, cuppe le gorge, permafoy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O! je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, — my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath

fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.— Follow me. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* I did never [*Exit* French Soldier.

know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring Devil i' th' old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. *Enter* Dolphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O Diable!*

Orl. *O Seigneur! — le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*

Dol. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante Fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves
Be these the wretches that we plav'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour! — Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enough yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The Devil take order now. I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry *and* Forces; Exeter, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud, — "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to Heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up.
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. —
[*Alarum*
But hark! what new alarum is this same? —
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men: —
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt*

Scene VII.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain, — if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye at Monmouth, but it

is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers; and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a part of the* English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them.

And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. — Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, Herald? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and the wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! —
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! — Our heralds, go with him:

Enter WILLIAMS.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the Tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and my-

self were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them. –
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.

Before King HENRY'S Pavilion.

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, Captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has strook the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap: I promis'd to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns. —
And, Captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, Herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
Charles De-la-bret, High Constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-Master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudement and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death! —
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, Esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other? — Take it, God,
For it is none but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowedgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

VOUCHSAFE to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the King
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, [with] wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The Mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him,
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home:
The Emperor coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them,) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by rememb'ring you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit*

SCENE I.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — Got pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites,

and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and yet I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot. — Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' th' spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French KING'S Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, HUNTINGTON, *and other* Lords; *at another the* French KING, Queen ISABEL, *the* Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c., the* Duke *of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting! wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntington, — go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* King HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her* Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee

plain soldier: if thou can'st love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king; and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. — *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy*, (let me see,

what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, do'st thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divin deesse?*

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Kath. Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou do'st, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer is broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *Roy mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand. and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coustume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, — I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* English Lords.

Bur. God save your Majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent, winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a

fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath [never] enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: — Where your Majesty demands, — that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, — *Notre très cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, héretier de France;* and thus in Latin, — *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so deni'd. But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me witness, all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: — on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for security of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!
[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shewn; and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

NOTES ON KING HENRY V.

In the old copies this play is entitled "The Life of Henry the *Fyft*." Till some years after Shakespeare's time the word which we spell and pronounce *fifth* was almost invariably spelled, and, it would seem, pronounced, *fift*. It is worthy of note, in regard to the former pronunciation of *th*, which now represents a sound almost peculiar to our own among all modern tongues, that at the brightest period of our literature, and in the primal strength of our perfected language, the latter pronunciation was rare, and was avoided whenever it would produce a harsh or awkward effect. This cannot be better illustrated than by the manner in which the numeral adjectives and adverbs, after 'third,' were almost universally spelled and pronounced, as well in scholarly treatises on grammar and rhetoric as the literature which represented the popular usage of the day. (See, for instance, *The Garden of Eloquence, conteyning the figures of grammar and rhetorik*. By Henry Peacham, Minister. London, 1577. 4to. Section *Gnome*, Sig. viii. and *passim*.) This was *fourth, fourthly; fift, fiftly; sixt, sixtly; seventh, sevently; eight, eightly; ninth, ninthly*. Here we see that, in the Elizabethan period, — the spelling of which was irregular chiefly because each person took the liberty of making it phonographically correct according to his practice and understanding, which in the nature of things is the only kind of phonography possible, — although the numeral adjectives were formed in *th*, our ancestors, while they pronounced the comparatively smooth and easy sounds of *rth* and *nth*, avoided the harsh and awkward *fth*, *xth*, and (in 'eighth') *t-th;* simplifying and softening them into *ft*, *xt*, and *t;* and that, although they preserved the *nth* in 'ninthly,' they dropped the aspirate in 'seventhly;' the reason for the variation appearing to be, that in the former case the *th* is preceded by a single long syllable with an open vowel sound, but

in the latter by two syllables, the second of which being unaccented and having a close vowel sound, the sound *nth* becomes more difficult to speak and less pleasing to hear.

This pronunciation of *th* has been retained in some cases in this country; but the most striking is the name of the noble psalm tune, *Old Hundred*. The Rev. Mr. Havergal, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, England, in his learned and very interesting *History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune*, (for which, by the way, he was obliged to seek, and for which he found, a publisher in America,) remarks, on pp. 11 and 12 of that work, that "from the days of the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century it was commonly called in England The Hundredth Psalm Tune," but that "in America an inelegant variation is made, and the tune is commonly called 'Old Hundred.'" "Why such a departure," he adds, "from lingual custom and orthographic propriety should be made, does not appear." Mr. Havergal is, I think, in error when he states that "from the time of the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century this tune was called the Hundred*th* Psalm tune;" for I am sure that till the middle of that century the sound *dth* was almost unknown in our language. 'Hundredth' and 'hundred' were both then spelled alike — *hundreth*, (and very rarely indeed *hundred*,) and pronounced *hundret* or *hundred*. For readers familiar with Elizabethan literature, it should be quite needless to sustain this position; but to place it beyond cavil, here are a few instances out of thousands that might be given: — "a hundreth lies," Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, Sig. 168 b; "rulers over hundreths," *Exodus* xviii. 21; "a hundreth talents, and a thousand seven hundreth and seventy shekels," *Exodus* xxxviii. 25, and *passim*, Genevan version, 1576. Sometimes, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the orthography *hundred* was used, as, — "the hundred psalm to the tune of Greensleeves," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 1; and we have *hundred* and *hundreth* in the same paragraph:— "But sometime now in places whereof the *hundred* hath the name no mention or memory of a Towne remayneth: such mutation time bringeth with it of all things. A *hundreth* hath one or two high constables," &c., Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*. Lond. 1621. 4to. Book II. Chap. 19, p. 76. But of 'hundred*th*' I have not found a single instance. We thus see that America has preserved the old Elizabethan English for the name of this venerable tune; and in view of the uniformity of pronunciation which the

old orthography indicates, it is at least a question whether *fift*, *fiftly*, *sixt*, *sixtly*, *seventy*, *eight*, *eightly*, and *hundreth* should not be retained in the text as old forms of those words.

ACT FIRST.

CHORUS.

p. 7. The old stage direction is, "*Enter Prologue;*" but the speech itself in the last line but two has "chorus;" and in the subsequent Acts and at the end of the play the direction is, "*Enter Chorus.*"

" "—— *this wooden O*":—i. e., the Globe Theatre, which was circular within and octagonal without.

SCENE I.

p. 9. "With such a heady *currance*":—Thus the folio, which the second folio changed to 'current.' This seems to have been only one of the many modernizations in that edition. 'Currance' is but the old French *courance*; and in Shakespeare's time, words having French forms and French pronunciation, wholly or in part, were in common use. Such, for instance, are 'rivage,' in the Chorus to Act III., and 'legerity,' in Act IV. Sc. 1 of this very play: 'egal,' too, was then constantly used instead of 'equal.'

p. 10. "His *companies*":—i. e., companions. The passage is confirmatory of the reading "stranger companies," in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. 1.

' "—— and *popularity*":—i. e., intercourse with any body and every body. So *Pistol*, Act IV. Sc. 1 of this play: "Or art thou base, common, and popular?"

p. 11. "The *severals*":—i. e., the details, particulars.

SCENE II.

p. 13. "—— in *approbation*":—i. e., in probation or proving.

p. 14. "To *fine* his title":—So the quarto; for which the reading of the folio, "to *find* his title," seems clearly to be a misprint, perhaps of the ear, perhaps because 'fine' was supposed to be an error. He might fine, or make specious, his title "with shews of truth;" but he would not *find* it with shews of truth. "Shews"—the plural

form being especially noteworthy — indicates a metaphor taken from the visible; and I am much inclined to think that there is a slight misprint even in the quarto, and that we should read, "To *line* his title with some shews of truth." See "We will not line his thin bestained cloak," *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 3; "or did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage," *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 3; and

> "I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
> About his title, and hath sent for you
> To line his enterprise."

Indeed, I am quite sure that Shakespeare wrote 'line;' but as 'fine' has an appropriate meaning, I fear that it can be displaced only on a principle that would place the text at the mercy of every editor.

p. 14. "—— the *lady Lingare*": — No such person is known to the royal annals of France. Of this lineage, the germ of which is found in the *Famous Victories*, it is only necessary to say that it is equally confused and problematical. Shakespeare found it in Holinshed. "Lewis the Tenth" should be "Lewis the Ninth."

p. 15. "Than amply to *imbare* their crooked titles": — The folio has, "Than amply to imbarr," &c. But, to say nothing of the occurrence of 'bar' in its proper sense two lines before, where it is adopted from Holinshed, 'imbar' has no signification suitable to the context. It cannot be properly qualified by 'amply,' or correctly predicated of 'crooked titles.' The difficulty is made only by the excess of a single letter; and as Warburton concluded, "we should read, 'Than amply to *imbare*,' i. e., lay open, make naked, expose to view." This reading is supported by that of the two earlier quartos, (1600 and 1602,) "*imbace*," where again there is an error but of a single letter. 'Imbare,' or an equivalent word, is also clearly required by 'hide' in the antecedent clause of the sentence, which is in the alternative.

"When the *man* dies": — i. e., when he dies without a son, — the passage in *Numbers*, as cited by Holinshed, being, "When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter;" and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the declaration was elicited by a case in which the deceased man had no sons. But the quarto having, "When the *sonne* dies," many editors retain that reading.

"*Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*": — At the Battle of Cresey, Edward III. stood on a hill by a windmill, and saw the Black Prince win the fight, refusing to

join in the contest, lest his son might lose some of the glory. See "Whiles that his mountain sire on mountain standing," Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 16. "So *hath* your Highness": — i. e., says Malone, "your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have." A note setting forth so plain a sense is excusable only because there has been dispute about the passage, and much glory given to Coleridge for discovering what had been printed in every annotated edition of Shakespeare that was published after he himself was issued to the world.

" "With *blood*": — The folio has, "With *bloods*;" a misprint hardly worth notice.

' "—— a *giddy* neighbour to us": — Mr. Collier's folio plausibly has, "a *greedy* neighbour," &c.

p. 17. "To fill King Edward's *fame*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "To fill King Edward's *train*," &c.

"And make *her* chronicle": — The quarto has, "*your* chronicle;" the folio, "*their* chronicle;" both of which are misprints of 'her,' as nearly every previous line of the speech makes plain.

"To *tear* and havoc": — The folio has, "to *tame* and havock;" manifestly a misprint for "to *teare*," &c. — the correction of Rowe and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The quartos have "to *spoil*."

" "—— a *curs'd* necessity": — So the quartos: the folio has "*crush'd*," which seems a plain misprint for the word in the text. A curst necessity is a sharp, a bitter necessity. 'Curst' is almost a synonyme of 'shrewd.'

p. 18. "—— and officers of *sorts*": — i. e., officers of various degrees. The quartos have "*sort*." 'Sort' means a company or class of men whose lot (*sors*) is cast together. Used absolutely, without qualification of adverb or adjective, it meant high sort.

' "—— like merchants, *venture*," &c.: — As usual, spelled *venter* in the old copies. So Daniel, — "What Merchaunt in one Vessell venters all." *Cleopatra*. This old pronunciation of *ure* is preserved in New England.

' "*End* in one purpose": — The folio misprints, "*And* in," &c.

p. 19. "—— a *waxen* epitaph": — The quartos, "a *paper* epitaph;" the intent being in either case a contemptuous allusion to ephemeral fame; and in the former, to the waxen tablets used by the ancients before the invention

of paper, and, I surmise, sometimes by even our Elizabethan ancestors.

p. 20. "*Tennis-balls*":—This incident, recorded by Holinshed and introduced in the old play of the *Famous Victories*, is unsupported by evidence sufficient to establish its truth, and is inconsistent with the conciliatory attitude of the French Court toward Henry V.

" "With *chases*":—A chase is a course, inning, or single game at tennis.

" "—— my *sail* of greatness":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "my *soul* of greatness"—a plausible emendation; but 'sail' has here a metaphorical sense, quite legitimate, and not uncommon.

p. 21. "—— with *reasonable* swiftness":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, has "*seasonable* swiftness."

" "—— for, *God before*":—God going before, i. e., aiding; but some commentators accept it as an inversion of 'before God.'

ACT SECOND.

Chorus.

p. 22. "*And hides a sword*," &c.:—In old paintings figures were often represented with swords thus covered. Most readers of Shakespeare have probably seen an engraving of the portrait of Edward III. which is in the Tower of London, and which represents him with two crowns on the blade of his sword.

" "*Richard Earl of Cambridge*":—This was Richard Plantagenet, called, of Coningsburgh, second son of Edward of Langley, fifth son of Edward III. He was created Earl of Cambridge in 1414. His mother-in-law, Joan Duchess of York, married Henry Third, Lord Scroop of Masham and Upsal, as her third husband. See Nicolas, *Historic Peerage of England*. Ed. Couthorpe.

p. 23. "—— and *well* digest":—The folio has, "and wee'l digest." It is difficult in most MS. to distinguish 'weel' from 'well,' except by the context; and in this instance the context demands the latter word.

" "——*force a play*":—This line is corrupt, and, it would seem, hopelessly so. Pope boldly read, "*while we* force a play;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, with equal daring and less meaning, "*and so* force a play."

SCENE I.

p. 23. "Enter . . . *Nym*":—Sir John Stoddart remarks (*Glossology*, London, 1858)—"It was the remark of a very sagacious and experienced magistrate that of the persons brought before him for theft many confessed they *took* the article in question, but none said that they stole it. In the slang or cant language of thieves, to *nim* is to steal, (whence Shakespeare's character of Corporal Nym.) Now this is the Anglo-Saxon *niman*, to take," &c. p. 39.

p. 24. "—— and there's *an end*":—The quartos have the phrase of which *Nym* is so superfluent, "and there's *the humour of it*."

" "—— I will *die* as I may":—The old copies, which have hitherto been followed, have "*doe* as I may." But the context seems clearly to require an antithesis to 'live,' just before; and the misprint might so easily have been made that, in my judgment, there is no doubt that Malone was right in his suggestion of the word in the text.

" "—— a tired *mare*":—The folio misprints "*name*;" the quartos have "mare."

" "*Enter Pistol and Hostess*":—The folio has, "*Enter Pistol* and Mrs. Quickly," but she is now *Mrs. Pistol*; and the folio rightly places "*Host*[*ess*]" before all the speeches of the "*quondam* Quickly."

" "—— if he be not *drawn* now":—The folio misprints, "*hewn* now." The correction was made by Theobald.

" "Good *Lieutenant*," &c.:—It can be hardly necessary to point out that *Bardolph* addresses himself first to *Pistol* and then to *Nym*. *Pistol* was an Ancient or Ensign; but Shakespeare is not always consistent and accurate in the use of titles.

p. 25. "—— *thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland*":—The folio has "*Island*," the quartos "*Ireland*"—variations hardly worth notice. "The prick-eared cur of Iceland" seems to have been the Esquimaux dog, whose small sharp ears stand or prick up so saucily.

" "Therefore *exhale*":—i. e., hale, or draw, out. The quartos have the stage direction, "*They draw*." But *Pistol's* phraseology is at once so vague and so peculiar that he may mean either, exhale your breath, i. e., die, or evaporate, i. e., begone.

p. 26. "—— *lazar kite of Cressid's kind*":—This bombast, as Steevens showed, is found in a passage in Greene's *Card*

of Fancy, 1601, and in two poems by Gascoigne, *Dan Bartholomew*, 1587, and *The Forest of Fancy*, 1579.

p. 26 "—— *and you, Hostess*": — The folio has, "and *your* hostess," — a misprint corrected by Hanmer, who is sustained by the reading of the quarto, "Hostess, you must come . . . and you Pistoll."

p. 27. "[*Nym. I shall have my eight shillings*": — This speech is found in the quartos only, where it is the exact repetition of *Nym's* first demand. Though it is necessary to that text, which has not *Bardolph's* threat to *Nym*, it may have been intentionally omitted in the folio as surplusage; but the dialogue runs on much easier with it, and I have allowed it to remain, though not without hesitation.

" "—— as ever you *came* of women": — The folio misprints "*come* of women." The quartos have, "As ever you *came* of men," &c.

" "—— *for lambkins we will live*": — i. e., we will live or be lambkins; not, "Let us condole the knight, lambkins; for we will live," as some editors make the sentence mean by placing a comma before and after 'lambkins,' thus cruelly defeating the gentle purposes of the Ancient.

Scene II.

p. 28. "—— *his bedfellow*": — Holinshed says, "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow." The unpleasant practice to which even a king conformed, and which even a President and a Senator of the United States are said on one occasion to have followed, in equal trust and with better faith, was at first imposed by the scarcity of bed-room furniture and perhaps even of bed covering.

p. 29. "And, on *his more advice*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has plausibly, "*our* more advice;" but the King is merely opposing the man's reckless to his considerate condition; turning from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

p. 30. "Who are the *late* commissioners?" — 'Late' is here used in the sense of 'recent,' 'new.' Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*state* commissioners."

" "And *I*, my Royal Sovereign": — *Grey's* "And I" is connected with Cambridge's "I one," but the quarto reads, "And *me*," &c.

" "—— worrying *you*": — The quartos have "worrying them."

p. 30. "To furnish *him*," &c.: — 'Him,' omitted in the first folio, is supplied in the second.

p. 32. "*To mark* the full fraught man," &c.: — The folio misprints "to *make*," &c., which Theobald corrected.

" "*Henry*, Lord Scroop": — Thus the quarto: the folio, incorrectly, "Thomas Lord Scroope."

' "*For me — the gold of France did not seduce*," &c.: — Holinshed suggests that the Earl of Cambridge's motive in this conspiracy might have been the exaltation to the throne of his brother-in-law, Edmund Earl of March, heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.

p. 33. "Which *I* in sufferance": — The folio omits 'I,' which was added in the next edition.

" "—— *into* desolation": —Mr. Collier's folio has "*unto* desolation" — a mere modernization: even now-a-days *men* are "sold" *into* captivity.

"Whose ruin you [*have*] sought": —The folio omits the necessary 'have,' which is found in the quartos.

Scene III.

p. 34. "—— *any christom child*": — A chrysom child was a child which had been baptised, but was not yet more than a month old; for the chrysom, or white robe of baptism, was worn by the child from the performance of that ceremony until the mother was churched.

' "—— at *the turning o' the tide*": — It is an old English superstition that death always occurs at the beginning of the ebb tide; and the beautiful passage in Dickens' *David Copperfield*, where *Mr. Pegotty* says that *Barkis* "went out with the tide," shows that it has not yet lost its hold upon our popular belief.

" "—— *and 'a babbled of green fields*": — This clause is not in the quarto, and in the folio it is very corruptly printed, "and a *Table* of greene fields," which, by the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text, Theobald corrected to "and 'a *babbled* of green fields." Throughout this Scene *Mrs. Quickly* is incessant in her use of 'a' for 'he,' and 'babbled' — often written '*babled*' — might very easily be mistaken for 'table.' A Mr. Smith, whose note will be found in the Variorum of 1821, proposed to read "*on* a table of green *fells*," and the reading "*on* a table of green *frieze*" was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But both these corrections involve a greater change, and the supposition of

a less probable mistake than that does which Theobald proposed. He based his reading on its nearness to "the traces of the letters in the corrupted text," and on the belief that people near death "in a calenture have their heads run on green fields." It has not been hitherto remarked that the reading of the quarto impression of the imperfect play, "For when *I* saw him fumble with the sheets and *talk* of flowers," gives Theobald's conjecture support, of which, however, its fitness and its beauty render it almost independent.

p. 35. "—— *and so up'ard, and up'ard*":— Thus the original, very characteristically; the word when it occurs elsewhere being always printed in full; and yet every modern edition, even Capell's, reads, "*upward* and *upward*."

p. 36. "—— *keep close*, I thee command":— *Pistol's* speech has a double meaning, which is made apparent by a comparison of the corresponding passage in the quarto, "keep fast thy buggle boe," with the following lines quoted, incorrectly, by Steevens from Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice*, Act I. Sc. 1.

> "The courtesans of Venice which shall tumble
> And keep their bugle-bows for thee, dear uncle."

As to 'housewifery,' too, see the Note on "overswitch'd housewives," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

Scene IV.

p. 38. "—— *his mountain sire*":— See Note on "Whiles his most mighty father, &c., Act I. Sc. 2. There has been some dispute as to the meaning of this phrase. Mr. Verplanck happily suggests that it alludes to the Welsh descent of Edward III.; and he might have observed that *Pistol's* calling of *Fluellen* "mountain squire," Act V. Sc. 1, supports this conjecture; but I have always understood the passage to refer to the towering height of Edward III.; and Steevens quoted in support of a similar interpretation the following passages, —

> "Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
> Of a great hill, himself like a great hill."
> *Faerie Queen*, Book I. Can. 11.

"—*agmen ingens, magnique ipse agminis instar*":— the latter being from a Latin poet whose name he does not give and which I cannot remember.

p. 39. "Therefore in *fiery* tempest," &c.:— The old copies have, "in *fierce* tempest," and give a halting line. There can be no hesitation in accepting the suggestion of Mr

Sidney Walker that we should read, 'fiery tempest;'—'fierce' being a misprint of 'fierie.'

p. 39. "—— the *pining* maidens' groans": — Thus the quartos. The folio reads, "privy maidens," &c.; which, as Warburton ingeniously conjectured, may be a misprint of "'prived maidens;" but the reading of the quarto is less constrained, and the words might be mistaken for each other.

p. 40. "—— his *ordinance*":— i. e., his '*ordnance*.' The spelling of the old copy is necessarily preserved for the sake of the verse.

" "—— you'll find a *difference*":—The folio erroneously contracts this word "*diff'rence*" — a mistake more rarely made in that volume than the careless typography of the time would warrant us in expecting.

ACT THIRD.

CHORUS.

p. 41. "—— *at Hampton pier*":— The folio has by mistake "*Dover* pier."

" "—— young Phœbus *fanning*": — The folio has, by an obvious error, "*fayning*." The equally obvious correction was made by Rowe and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 42. "And *eke* out," &c.: — The old copies have "*eech* out;" from which, and from the following lines in *Pericles*, Act III. *Gower*:

> "With your fine fancies quaintly *eech*;
> And time that is so briefly spent
> What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*."

Malone concluded that 'eke' was sometimes pronounced *eech*. But it shows, rather, that *ch* was pronounced like *k* in many more words than at present, which is true. I am inclined to believe that 'speech' was originally the verb used as a substantive, and that for a long time after the change of spelling and the separation of ideas pertaining to the two words, they were both pronounced *speak*. See the Notes on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, and on "Chattels and whatsoever," &c. *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

SCENE I.

p. 43. "—— *summon* up the blood": — The folio has "*commune* up the blood." The obvious correction was made by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— you *noble English*": — The folio has, "you *Noblish* English," owing to an accidental repetition of the second syllable of the last word. I suspect that the author wrote, "you *English nobles*," especially as 'Noblish' is spelled with a capital letter in the original.

" "Whose blood is *fet*": — 'Fet' is the old form of 'fetched.' It is found in the earlier editions of the authorized translation of the Bible.

" "—— to *men* of grosser blood": — The folio misprints "to *me*," &c.

SCENE II.

p. 44. "—— a *case* of lives": — i. e., two lives: as, a case of poignards, a case of pistols.

" "*Knocks go and come*": — I have no doubt that the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in reading as follows, gave the whole of the song from which *Pistol* quotes, and which was preserved in the mouths of the people until a generation or two after Shakespeare had passed away.

"Knocks go and come
To all and some
God's vassals droop and die," &c.

And if *Pistol's* quotations were complete or correct, this emendation would have a good claim to a place in the text, and all the more that the lines are printed as prose in the folio. On the contrary, however, his reminiscences are habitually incomplete and garbled; and therefore we must not undertake to perfect them. 'All and some,' *meaning every body*, was so common a phrase in our early ballad literature, as to deprive General Taylor's "all the world and the rest of mankind" of its claims to originality

" "—— to men of *mould*": — The silent 'conveyance' and reproduction, by recent editors, of Johnson's horticultural explanation, that *Pistol* means "to men of *earth*," justifies the otherwise needless exegesis that a man 'of mould' is a man of large frame, and so of strength, of prowess.

p. 45. "—— *would carry coals*": — Those servants who carried coals were, and perhaps are, the lowest in the household; and so this phrase was a common one to express abjectness. See "we'll not carry coals," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 46. "—— of the *wars*": — The folio reads, "of the *war*;" but the Welsh style of speaking English, especially that which we see in *Fluellen* and in *Sir Hugh Evans*, justifies our reading 'wars' with Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

"—— *th' athversary*": — Pronounced *t'atversary*.

p. 47. "—— gude Captains *baith*": — The folio has "*bath*," because in Shakespeare's time that syllable might be pronounced with the primary or name sound of *a*. The accuracy of Shakespeare's ear, and the care which he took to express the peculiarity of the Scotch pronunciation, are so evident in the speeches of Captain *Jamy*, that there can be no doubt as to the propriety of the change.

I "The town is *beseech'd*": — Many not unintelligent readers regard this word as Welsh-English for 'besieged;' but it means summoned, not besieged; the town was not besieged more particularly at that day or hour than at any previous time. And as to the pronunciation of 'beseech' see the Note on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, and "My lord I beseke your grace of audience," *Roberte the Deuyll*, St. 6.

" "Of *my nation! What ish*," &c.: — The folio gives this speech, which is not in the quartos, thus: —

"*Irish*. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?"

It was, strangely enough, left for Mr. Knight to observe that one of those accidental transpositions which are not uncommon in the printing office had taken place here, and that the clause "is a villain," &c., belongs at the end, and not in the middle of the speech. The change, which the sense requires, is supported by the fact that while all the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a full point after it.

Scene III.

p. 49. "Of *deadly* murther," &c.: — The folio has, "Of *headly* Murther," which seems to be a misprint for the reading in the text. The second folio has, "Of *heady* Murther;" but 'heady,' although applicable to a battle, is not at all appropriate to the murders committed in a

sacked city, such as the ensuing lines of this speech describe.

p. 49. "*Defile* the locks": — The folio misprints, "*Desire* the locks." The obvious correction was made by Pope and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene IV.

p. 50. With regard to this Scene in French, Gildon says, in his *Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare*, that it "is extravagantly silly and unnatural; for why he [Shakespeare] should not allow her to speak in English as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine, since it adds no Beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force." This mere opinion would not be noticed here, had it not been adopted and made the ground of a supposition, if not an argument, by Theobald, Warburton, and Farmer, that the Scene is none of Shakespeare's, but an interpolation. But the Scene has a dramatic purpose which these critics seem to have overlooked. Shakespeare sought to enliven his History by humor; and his intention here was to excite mirth by the exhibition of a Frenchwoman in the ridiculous emergency of sudden preparation for amorous conquest of an Englishman. This could best be done by making her attempt to learn his language, in doing which she must of course speak French; and Shakespeare here, as in the subsequent Scene between *Pistol* and the French soldier, instinctively preserved dramatic propriety at the expense of the mere verbal consistency of his work. That the Scene is Shakespeare's, the promise in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, that in the continuation of the story the audience shall be made "merry with fair Katharine of France," is sufficient evidence, as Tyrwhitt remarked. Shakespeare's design was known to the writer of that Epilogue.

The Scene, which is little better than a confused jumble of letters in the quarto, is carefully and quite correctly printed in the folio. But there are some errors, as, for instance, "*Le main il* & *appelle* de Hand," and "*il* & *fort bon Anglois*," which show that it was put in type, or at least copied for the printer, not from MS., but from the lips of a reader; and that thus the French *est* was mistaken for the Latin *et*. The language is manifestly intended to be correct, according to the French idiom and orthography of Shakespeare's day, and is very nearly so.

p. 51. "De chin — *de sin*": — In Shakespeare's time, when *ch* had not the force of *k* it generally had that of *sh*.

SCENE V.

p. 53. "In that *nook-shotten* isle": — Warburton, with probability, explained this as "an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land," the very figure of Great Britain; but, considering the contemptuous tone of the speech, Mr. Knight, with more probability, says that "the 'nook-shotten isle of Albion' is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world," — the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil.

" —— *sur-rein'd* jades": — i. e., over reined, or ridden.

" "Poor we [*may*] call them": — *May*, necessary to sense and rhythm, was omitted in the first folio, and supplied in the second.

" "—— *lavoltas* high": — *La volta* was an Italian dance in which the lady, by the assistance of the gentleman, turned rapidly around several times, and made a high spring into the air; so high, in fact, and with so much *abandon*, that Thoinot Arbeau, a writer upon what he calls "*l'honneste exercise des dances*," (Langres, 1589,) in his instructions upon this dance, gives particular directions not only how the gentleman is to assist the lady, and as to which limbs and parts of her body he is to apply the requisite force in aid of her saltation, but as to the manner in which he is, "*tenir ferme sa cotte ou sa robbe, affin que, cueillant le vent, elle ne monstre sa chemise ou sa cuisse nue.*" The curious reader will find the instructions quoted at length in Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*. As to the *coranto*, see the Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 245.

" "Charles *De-la-bret*": — In the folio "De la *breth*." The name is *D'Albret*. "Bouciqualt" should be *Bourciqualt*.

p. 54. "—— lords and *knights*": — The folio has, "lords and *kings*," an obvious error, corrected by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— into *Rouen*": — The folio spells this word *Roan*, the quarto *Rhone*; and the pronunciation was 'conform,' as *Caleb Balderstone* would say.

SCENE VI.

p. 55. "—— *but keeps the pridge most valiantly*": — This incident is historical.

" "And of *buxom* valour": — The original form of 'buxom' is 'boughsome' = yielding, bowing, obedient.

as the boughs of trees are to the wind. But as long as two hundred and fifty years ago a great and singular change had taken place in its signification. *Pistol* may use it in the sense of obedient, well disciplined, or that of lusty, well developed, full blooded.

p. 56. "—— afore *her* eyes": — The folio has, "*his* eyes," which, as 'his' was used for 'her' as well as for 'its, may not be a misprint.

" "—— *a pax*": — Nares, in his Glossary, remarks, in definition of this word, and upon the change to 'pix' made by most editors, — "a pix — the casket which contains a sacred wafer — is not such an article as *Bardolph* could readily have stolen. The 'pax of little price' is a small plate of wood or metal with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the Mass."

" "*The fig of Spain*": — See the Note on "and fig me," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

p. 57. "—— at such and such a *sconce*": — "For all that Sir Duncan, answered the persevering commander," (hight *Dugald Dalgetty*,) "I would premonish you, as a friend, to trace out ane sconce upon that round hill, with a good graffe, or ditch, &c. Also I would advise you to fortify the said sconce not only by a foussie or graffe, but also by certain stackets or palisades. . . . The whilk stackets or palisades, &c.," &c. *Legend of Montrose*, Chap. X.

" "—— new *tuned* oaths": — Probably a misprint for 'new *found* oaths.' See "and full of new found oaths," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4, and "I should be a rich eloquent merchant of new found phrases," *The Optick Glasse of Humors*. 1607. "To the Reader." Sig. ¶ 8.

" "*Enter King . . . and Soldiers*": — The direction in the folio is, "*Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.*"

Scene VII.

p. 61. "—— on four *pasterns*": — The folio misprints, "*postures.*"

" "—— and all other *jades*": — There was of old no reproach necessarily conveyed by the word 'jade.'

"—— a most *absolute* and excellent horse": — We have lost a very good word in losing 'absolute' with its Elizabethan signification, if, indeed, it be hopelessly gone. It meant something more than 'perfect,' or even 'unexceptionable,' and was sometimes used to convey the idea that the thing of which it was predicated had standard or authoritative merit. Thus — "This Book

is the ornament of the Common Law and the most perfect and absolute Work that ever was written in any humane Science." *Coke upon Littleton*, Preface, Sig. A 5, fol. 16.

p. 62. "—— in your *strait strossers*": — i. e., in your tight trowsers, or your skin. The kernes of Ireland were as impatient of artificial breeching as the Captain of Knock dunder. 'Strossers' is an old form of trowsers, and 'strait' is used in the sense of narrow; as, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way," &c.

" "—— my mistress wears *his* own hair": — The quarto has "*her* own hair;" but, as the *Dauphin* is actually speaking of his horse, the reading of the folio is equally correct.

p. 63. "—— he will *still be doing*": — See the Note on "I could not do withal," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 4.

p. 64. "—— 'tis a *hooded valour*": — The allusion is to hooded hawks. As to "*bate*," see the Note on "that bate and beat," *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

" "—— any *apprehension*": — i. e., capacity to apprehend, or seize intellectually.

ACT FOURTH.

Chorus.

p. 66. "—— of drowsy morning *name*": — The folio has "*nam'd*." The obvious correction was left for Tyrwhitt to make. Hanmer read, "morning's nam'd."

" "*Presenteth* them," &c.: — The folio misprints, "*Presented*," &c.

p. 67. "*With four or five most vile and ragged foils*," &c.: — Sir Philip Sidney, describing the stage management of his day, in his *Defense of Poesie*, affords the best comment on this passage — "two armies flie in represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field?"

Scene I.

p. 68. "—— and fresh *legerity*": — This use of 'legerity' for 'lightness' is one of the many Gallicisms of Shakespeare's day.

p. 69 "—— common and *popular*": — i. e., of the people.

p. 69. "—— speak *lower*" :— The folio has "*fewer;*" doubtless a misprint for 'lower,' (which is found in the quarto of 1608 and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632,) as *Gower's* replies, "Why, the enemy is loud;" and "I will speak lower," show.

p. 70. "Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham*" :— The folio, erroneously, "Sir *John*."

p. 73. "—— wash every *mote* out," &c. :— The folio, as before, "every *moth*." See Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing* and the Notes on "Enter Moth," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. I. Sc. 2, and on "Peasblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustard-seed," *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "—— something *too round*" :— the quarto, "something too *bitter*."

p. 75. "What is thy *soul of adoration?*" — i. e., according to a common Elizabethan idiom, 'What is the soul [the life, the essential part] of thy adoration?' The folio has, by a slight misprint, which was corrected in the second folio, "What? is thy Soule of Adoration?" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "What is thy soul *but adulation?*" Johnson proposed, "What is thy soul, *O* adoration?" and Steevens read, "What is *the* soul of adoration?"

" "The *farced* title" :— A metaphor borrowed from the kitchen 'farced,' meaning stuffed and high seasoned. What is now generally called forced meat, should be called *farced* meat.

> "His typet was ay farsud ful of knyfes
> And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes."
> Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, Prol. 234.

> "To make both broth and farcing, and that full deinty."
> *Jacob and Esau*, 1568.

p. 76. "—— *if* th' opposed numbers:" — The folio has, by a slight and easy misprint, "*of* the opposed numbers." But this has been hitherto retained, with a full point at the end of the line, and none between "them" and "not" in the next line. Aside from the awkwardness of this last arrangement, the reading of the quartos confirms that given in the text, which Tyrwhitt suggested:—

> "O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
> Take from them now the sence of reckoning,

That the opposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appeale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God
Thinke on," &c.

SCENE II.

p. 77. "And *doubt* them": — i. e., terrify them. Cotgrave defines "*Doubter*, to doubt, . . . to fear, awe, dread, redoubt." Rowe and Malone read '*dout*,' i. e., do out, as 'doff' for 'do off,' 'don' for 'do on.'

p. 79. "Big Mars seems *bankrupt*": — The folio gives this word "banqu'rout." See Note on "but bankerout the wits," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 445.

" "—— *the gimmal bit*": — 'Gimmal,' from the Latin *gemellus* = double, twinned, was applied to a bit made with two rings that played within each other. Bits of this kind are still in use. The folio prints, "*Jymold* Bitt."

"—— with *chaw'd* grass": — So the original, *chaw* being the old form of the word, which was preserved until the last generation among the educated and cultivated people of New England. It is related of one of the most learned and able of the Presidents of Yale College that he gave this among other sensible advice to a Senior Class: "And, young gentlemen, if you would have long life, chaw your food well, and at night throw your cares under the bed."

" "I stay but for my *guard: On* to the field": — Mr. Knight and Mr. Dyce, on the ingenious suggestion of Dr. Thackeray of Cambridge, England, read, "I stay but for my *guidon:* to the field." A guidon is a standard; and in Holinshed's account of this battle it is said that some of the French leaders were in such haste that they would not stay for their standards, and one, the Duke of Brabant, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and affixed to a spear. This passage Shakespeare evidently had in mind, and possibly Dr. Thackeray is right.

SCENE III.

p. 80. "*Enter Salisbury*": — This Earl of Salisbury was Thomas de Montacute, fourth and last Earl of that name and title, who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428. See 1 *Henry VI.*, Act I. Sc. 4. He was a connection of the Earl of Westmoreland by intermarriage rather than his kinsman.

" "*And yet I do thee wrong*". — In the folio this line and the next are misplaced — preceding there, instead of fol-

lowing the first line of *Exeter's* speech. The correct reading of the passage is indicated in the quartos, although it is there in the mouth of another speaker. It is thus printed: —

"Farewell kinde lords, fight valiantly to-day,
And yet in truth I do the wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor."

p. 81. "—— *the feast of Crispian*": — The battle of Agincourt took place on the 25th of October, 1415; and the feast of Saint Crispian is set down in the old calendars as falling on the 24th.

" "He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age": — The folio transposes 'see' and 'live' with manifest error, even did not the quarto read, "He that out-lives this day, and sees old age." Pope made the necessary correction.

" "—— feast his *neighbours*": — The quartos, "feast his *friends*," which has been almost universally given, and, it would seem, because that was thought the better word, both as to sense and rhythm. But Shakespeare did not think so. See *Henry VIII.*, Act V. Sc. 4, —

"—— and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."

["*And say, These wounds*," &c.: — This line is found in the quartos, but not in the folio. Without it, the transition is abrupt; and the relative, "that day," three lines below, seems also to require it. It was quite surely omitted by accident in transcribing or printing.

/ "Familiar in *his mouth*": — Thus the folio: the quartos, which have been followed by all editors hitherto, except Mr. Knight, Mr. Verplanck, and Mr. Hudson, have, "Familiar in *their mouths*." But the quarto text is here, as elsewhere, but a very imperfect representation of a work afterward recast and elaborated. This passage, for instance, appears there, in this form: —

"And say, to-morrow is S. *Crispins* day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the king,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwicke and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
This story shall the old man tell his son," &c.

But Shakespeare, in correcting or recasting the speech, changed the order of the lines, and made the names of the King and his companions familiar as household words in the mouth of the old soldier who had served with them, and who in his peaceful home daily fought his battles

o'er again, but remembered only in the flowing cups of the neighbors whom he called to feast with him, and who had no personal relations with the leaders at Agincourt to make their names a household memory.

p. 82. "—— shall *gentle his condition*": — i. e., change him from gentle to simple, or make him a gentleman. Tollet remarks that *Henry V.* "inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt."

" "—— thou hast unwish'd *five thousand men*": — The English force, according to the highest estimate, numbered fifteen thousand men, according to the lowest, seven thousand. Shakespeare represents it in Exeter's speech (the fourth in this Scene) as twelve thousand strong. 'Five thousand' in this speech of the *King's* is plainly a slip of memory, or perhaps an error for '*ten* thousand,' referring to the number for which *Westmoreland* had wished.

p. 83. "Killing in *relapse* of mortality": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "in *reflex* of mortality." But, according to Shakespeare's habit with regard to words of Latin derivation, 'relapse' is here used in its radical sense, to slip back, as applied to matter, in which sense it is quite appropriate. We now use it entirely in a metaphorical sense; and so it was very generally used even when Shakespeare wrote.

p. 84. "—— for *a* ransom": — The article is probably an accidental interpolation, as will appear from the sixth line above. 'Thou wilt' is to be pronounced as 'Thou'lt,' here as frequently elsewhere, which has been remarked by Mr. Dyce.

Scene IV.

p. 85. "Quality? *Callino castore me*": — The folio reads, "*Qualtitie calmie custure me?*" Malone was the first to point out that the last three words are a misprint for those in the text, which form the burden of an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion*. The words mean, "Little girl of my heart," as Boswell was informed by an Irish schoolmaster. *Pistol* quotes always at haphazard, and perhaps thought that he was speaking French.

" "—— on point of *fox*": — 'Fox' was an old slang word for 'sword.'

" "—— thy *rim*": — Malone showed from Cole's Dic-

tionary, 1677, that the 'rim' is "the caul in which the bowels are wrapped," i. e., the omentum.

p. 86. "—— and *firk* him": — 'Firk' is used in so many senses by our old dramatic writers, that its meaning cannot be determined. It is used for beat, filch, quibble, be even with, worry, and cause to hop about or dance. See the Index to the Notes to Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, to find instances of all these uses. Here it probably means, to beat.

" "*Owee, cuppe le gorge,*" &c.: — So the folio; and as it is plainly intended that *Pistol* should be ignorant of French, and that his various attempts to speak foreign languages should be ridiculous, it seems that the editors have been hitherto altogether superfluous in correcting his French. The *Frenchman* and the *Boy* are of course to speak properly, according to the French idiom of the time; and in the folio their speeches are printed with a notable approach to accuracy.

p. 87. "—— *this roaring Devil i' th' old play*": — See *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage*, Vol. I.

" "—— if *he* knew of it": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, plausibly but superfluously, "if *they* knew of it:" '*he*' as a relative to a collective noun was commonly used in Shakespeare's time. The proposed correction is a modernization.

SCENE V.

p. 88. "*Let's die in honour,*" &c.: — The folio gives the line thus: "*Let us* die *in* once more back again," where there is plainly a corruption by deficiency. This the corresponding line in the quarto, "*Let's dye with honor*, our shame doth last too long," enables us to correct. Mr. Knight first made the restoration.

" "*Let us in heaps,*" &c.: — Malone inserted after this line the following, which he found in the quarto: "Unto these English, or else die with fame."

SCENE VI.

p. 89. "—— *raught* me his hand": — 'Raught' is the old preterite of 'reach.'

" "With *mistful* eyes": — The folio, "*mixtful*" — an error obvious, yet left to be corrected by Warburton.

SCENE VII.

p. 90. "*Kill the poys and the luggage*": — This incident, as well as that of the killing of the French prisoners, is histori-

cal, and Holinshed assigns for the latter act the reasons given by *Henry V.* and *Gower* in this play.

p. 91. "*Enter . . . Warwick*": — This was Richard de Beauchamp, fourteenth Earl of Warwick, and the fifth of his name who bore that title. It was by marriage with his granddaughter Ann de Beauchamp, styled Countess of Warwick, that Richard Nevill, 'the King Maker,' obtained the Earldom of Warwick.

p. 92. "*That I have fin'd these bones of mine*," &c.: — The King refers to his former speech to *Mountjoy*, in the third Scene of this Act — "Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones."

l "To *look* our dead": — In this line, which is not in the quartos, the folio has, "To *book* our dead" — a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle, and which is due only to the easy mistaking of *l* for *b*. It has however been hitherto retained. The correction occurred to me independently, as it doubtless has to many others, and I found it effectually sustained by the corresponding passage in the *Famous Victories*, where the Herald says, "He [the King of France] hath sent me to desire your Majestie to give him leave to goe into the field to *view* his poore Countreymen, that they may all be honourably buried." The use of 'look' without a preposition was not uncommon in Shakespeare's day; and the correction receives accessory support from having been found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

"—— and *the* wounded steeds": — The folio has, "and *with* wounded steeds," the compositor's eye having glanced to the line below. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 and Malone (who erroneously says that the folio reads, "and with *their* wounded steeds") read, "and *their* wounded steeds." But in this sentence 'their' would refer to the peasants, who had no steeds; and 'the' affords the more probable correction.

ll "*Yerk* out their armed heels": — i. e., jerk out, &c. 'Yerk' and 'jerk' are the same word; the difference of spelling being merely the result of the old pronunciation of *j*, which was like that which then prevailed, and still prevails, on the continent of Europe, — i. e., *i* consonant, with the force of *y*.

p. 93. "—— *their Monmouth caps*": — This is not a compliment to Harry of Monmouth; for as Fuller, quoted by Malone, says, "The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth where the Capper's chapel doth still remain."

p. 94. "—— who, if *alive, and ever dare*" — i. e., if *he* ever

dare. This, the reading of the folio, most editors change to "who if *'a live*," &c., which the previous speech of Williams and the last part of this show to be incorrect.

p. 94. "—— a gentleman of *great sort*": — See Note on "But few of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1, and in the next Scene, p. 98, "What prisoners of good sort are taken?"

" "*When Alençon and myself were down together*": — The Duke of Alençon felled Henry to the ground, who recovered and killed two of the Duke's followers, and Alençon was then slain by Henry's guard.

SCENE VIII.

p. 96. "—— his payment *into* plows": — 'Into' for 'in' is not without precedent, and is heard from the lips of incorrect speakers now-a-days. Heath superfluously suggested that we should read, "in two plows."

p. 99. "—— sixteen hundred *mercenaries*": — i. e., soldiers who received pay, in contradistinction to those who followed their lords, rendering feudal service.

" "Sir Guischard *Dauphin*": — This word is spelled *Dolphin* as usual in the folio; but, it being a proper name, it should have the French orthography.

" "*Davy Gam, Esquire*": — This was a brave Welshman who distinguished himself by his prowess at the field of Agincourt, having, among his other feats, saved King Henry's life. It was he who, on being sent out to reconnoitre before the battle, made the report, "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He figures largely in Drayton's spirited poem upon this battle.

" "For it is *none but* thine": — So the folio; the idiom being in common use in Shakespeare's time, and easily understood at any time; and yet all modern editions, except Mr. Knight's and Mr. Dyce's, silently read "*only* thine," with the quartos, and even Capell does not notice the variation.

ACT FIFTH.

CHORUS.

p. 100. "—— [*with*] wives": — 'With,' omitted in the first folio, was supplied in the second.

p. 100. "—— a mighty *whiffler*": — i. e., a whistler; hence, a fifer; and hence a person who heads a procession.

p. 101. "*Were now the General of our gracious Empress*," &c.: — The allusion is to the Earl of Essex, who in April, 1599, went to Ireland, as Governor, to quell the rebellion of Tyrone. On his departure a throng, of all ranks and conditions, pressed round him, cheering and blessing him. His return, in September of the same year, far from being what the poet here reasonably predicted, was secret and solitary, for it had been preceded by disaster. *Sic transit.*

"—— *Now, in London place him*": — This passage is thus printed in the folio: —

> "—— Now in London place him.
> As yet the lamentation of the French
> Invites the King of Englands stay at home:
> The Emperour's coming in behalf of France
> To order peace between them: and omit," &c.

Sense can be made of the passage only by considering all between "place him" and "and omit" as parenthetical, and reading 'the Emperor coming' for 'the Emperor's coming,' which gives a very consistent reading, and which is here done for the first time. Malone supposed that a line had been lost before "The Emperour's," &c., and Capell even undertook to supply a line before "and omit." [The publication of Mr. Dyce's edition anticipates the present in the punctuation of this passage; but Mr. Dyce still prints "the Emperor's" which makes all the trouble; and he pronounces the passage "evidently corrupt, probably mutilated."

Scene I.

p. 102. Johnson very reasonably conjectured that this Scene should be the last of the fourth Act. The incident is evidently meant to precede the return of the army to England, and to take place immediately after the battle. It is more than probable that we have not Shakespeare's own division of this play.

"—— why wear you *your leek to-day*": — It does not appear that the leek is an ancient British or Welsh emblem. So learned an antiquary as Sir Samuel Meyrick knows of no mention of the leek in Welsh literature from the fifth century to the reign of Elizabeth. The following lines, —

> "I like the leek above all herbs and flowers:
> When *first we wore the same, the field was ours*,
> The leek is *white* and *green*," &c.,

having been found in a poem written by a Welshman in the time of James I., Sir Samuel supposes that the leek was worn by the large body of Welshmen who were in Henry VII.'s service at Bosworth field; the Tudor colors being white and green.

p. 103. "*Cadwallader* and all his goats": — Cadwallader was the last King of the Britons. He fled from Britain to Rome before the Saxons in 686, and died there in 703.

" "—— *a squire of low degree*": — For the old romance beginning, —

"It was a squyer of lowe degrè
That loved the King's daughter of Hongrè,"

See Ritson's *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romances*, Vol. III. p. 145.

' "—— I eat, and *yet* I swear": — The folio (the passage not being in the quartos) has, "I cate and *eate* I sweare," which is evidently wrong. It was at first changed to "I eat *and swear*." Johnson read, "I eat and *eke* I swear," which for a long time was the received text. Holt White proposed, "I eat, and *eating* swear." It seems to me that *Pistol's* speech and *Fluellen's* reply, "there is not enough leek to swear by," justify my conclusion that 'eate' is a misprint for 'yet.'

p. 104. "Doth Fortune *play the huswife*," &c.: — We shall get at *Pistol's* meaning more exactly by pronouncing, 'huswife' as he probably pronounced it, *hussy*. See the Note on "overswitch'd housewives," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

' "—— my *Nell* is dead": — The folio, "my *Doll*," &c., and so the quartos. But that this is a double mistake for 'Nell,' as Malone concluded, is evident from the facts that *Doll Tear-sheet* held *Pistol* in high scorn, which he returned with interest; and that in any case her death of the malady to which she was professionally exposed would not have cut off *Pistol* from the comfortable rendezvous, as he calls it, which he had at his wife's inn in Eastcheap.

"*Of malady* of France": — The folio has, "Of *a* malady," &c., the article being without doubt an accidental interpolation. The quartos have, "One [i. e., on = of] malady," &c.

"And *swear*": — The folio misprints, "And *swore*."

SCENE II.

p. 105. "Enter . . . *Clarence*": — *Clarence* and *Huntington*, as they have nothing to say, have not hitherto been brought upon the stage; but as the King addresses them in this Scene, p. 107, they must of course be represented, though they have properly no place in the Dramatis Personæ.

" "—— brother *England*": — The folio misprints "brother *Ireland*."

' "—— *balls* of murthering *basilisks*": — 'Basilisk' was the name both of a serpent and a gun.

p. 106. "—— *all* uncorrected": — The folio misprints "*with all*," &c. Corrected by Rowe and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "And *as* our vineyards": — The folio has, "And *all*," &c., which is plainly a misprint for "And as," &c., which is shown by the "Even so" of the next line but one. This Mr. Roderick first observed: *Canons of Criticism*, Ed. 1765, p. 257.

p. 107. "—— *diffus'd* attire": — 'Diffused' was used for 'confused,' 'disorderly.' So "with some diffused song," *The Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

' "—— a *cursorary eye*": — This word, another instance of the use of which is not known, evidently perplexed the printers. It appears in the folio as "*curselary*," and in the quarto of 1600 as "*cursenary*;" but in that of 1608 it is correctly printed.

" "*Pass our accept*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Pass *or* accept," &c.; — the most plausible of conjectural emendations. But in spite of the singular use of 'accept' as an adjective, I should not feel warranted in changing the old text.

p. 110. "—— plain and *uncoined* constancy": — i. e., — it may be pardonable to observe, — a constancy which hath never been stamped, a true heart which hath never borne any other image.

p. 115. "—— that war hath [*never*] enter'd": — The folio omits 'never,' which is plainly required, and which was supplied by Rowe. Capell and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, "hath *not* enter'd."

" "—— *Præclarissimus filius noster*": — This is not the Latin for '*Notre tres cher fils*;' and the mistake occurred

thus: In Hall's Chronicle, the proper word, *præcarissimus*, is printed *præcharissimus*, which Holinshed or his transcriber mistook for *præclarissimus*, and so printed it; and Shakespeare copied the error.

p. 116. "—— between the *paction* of these kingdoms": — The folio has "*pation*," an evident misprint that Theobald corrected by reading 'paction,' which has been generally accepted in the sense of compact, contract.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

The first Part of Henry the Sixth occupies twenty-four pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, which are, however, somewhat carelessly marked; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. This Rowe supplied.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

HENSLOWE'S Diary, which has preserved so much dramatic history, and given us so many glimpses behind the scenes of the Elizabethan stage, records the performance of a play called "henery the vj" on the 3d of March, 1591–2.* It has been conjectured that this was a play that Shakespeare remoulded and rewrote into his First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. But if we are to accept Henslowe's mark *ne*, which he placed opposite this entry, as evidence that the play to which it refers was performed at that date for the first time, such an opinion as to its precedence and its relation to Shakespeare's work, as it was first produced, cannot be entertained for a moment; for all the evidence upon the subject goes to show that not only the First but the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* had been written and performed seriatim before March, 1591–2, as the reader of the subsequent Essay upon the Authorship of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* will find.† That Essay leaves little of an introductory nature to be set forth with regard to this and the two succeeding plays. The incidents of all were furnished by the Chronicles; and the period of their action and their costume are determined by their historical character. The text of the First Part exists in a very fair condition in the folio of 1623, its only source. It is full of irregularities of rhythm and expression; but these are of it, not accidental to it. To correct them, after the fashion of the second folio and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector would be to rewrite a large part of the play.

* See p. 22 of *The Diary of Philip Henslowe:* published by the Shakespeare Society, 1845. Edr Collier.

† The Essay follows the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, at the end of this volume.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the* King, *and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the* King, *Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of* Exeter, } *Great-uncles to*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester, } *the* King.
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of* Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and* SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, *his* Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY. Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.* Mayor of London.
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*
Mortimer's Keeper, *and a* Lawyer.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
REIGNIER, *Duke of* Anjou *and King of* Naples.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY *and* ALENÇON. Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris. Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his* Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. *A* Porter. *An old* Shepherd, *Father to* Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *Daughter to* Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN la Pucelle, *commonly called* Joan of Arc.

Fiends *appearing* to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and several* Attendants *both on the* English *and* French.

SCENE: *Partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King HENRY the Fifth, *attended on by the* Dukes *of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER, *the* Earl *of* WARWICK, *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, Heralds, *&c.*

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exeter. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Winchester. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh:
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us. —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ——

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilest a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dolphin, Charles, is crowned King in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crowned King! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers,
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell; and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the Devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
"A Talbot! A Talbot!" cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind

With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dolphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dolphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack Out-of-office:
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. *Enter* CHARLES, *with his* Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
Alençon. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ti'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.
Reignier. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now, for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a retreat. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean, raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device

Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the Nine Sibyls of old Rome;
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit* Bastard.] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dolphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Pucelle. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? — Come, come from behind:

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dolphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; — thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred, from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud, insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we'll try. — Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the gates, the Duke *of* GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men. *in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.
[Servants *knock.*

1 *Warder.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Servant.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates; I'll be your warrantise.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOSTER's Men *rush at the Tower Gates.* *Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the* Lieutenant

Woodville. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates: here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by* Servants *in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Pill'd priest, do'st thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murther our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER *and his* Men *attack the* Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, — a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay? —
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER'S Men *beat out the* Cardinal's Men; *and enter in the hurly-burly the* Mayor *of* London *and his* Officers.

Mayor. Fie, Lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —
Come, Officer: as loud as e'er thou canst.

Officer. [Cries.] *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places, and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy [dear] cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away. —
This cardinal's more haughty than the Devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

Master-Gunner. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd if I
Could see them.
Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?

How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter Boy *on the Walls with a linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd:
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? —
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail
One eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles ——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.' —
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*An Alarum; it thunders and lightens*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dolphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power, to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, Dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the* Dolphin, *and drives him: then enter* JOAN La Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire; I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. — I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or Devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, — thou art a witch, —
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[La Pucelle *enters the town, with* Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be. — Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his* Forces.

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, La Pucelle, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and* Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English: —
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dolphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same.

Enter to the Gates a French Sergeant, *and two* Sentinels.

SERGEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

[*Exit* Sergeant.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and* Forces, *with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! — how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of Hell.

Burgundy. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid, and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond' corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave. —
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the walls, crying,* "*St. George! a Talbot!*" *and all enter the town.*

Sent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the* BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no farther of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;

And now there rests no other shift but this, —
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying,* "*A Talbot! a Talbot!*" *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Soldier. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the Earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town. —
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. —
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. —
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, Captain. [*Whispers.*] — You perceive my mind.

Captain. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Countess. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now? — Go ask him whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my Lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like.

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited.

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls *of* Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick, Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and a* Lawyer.

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suffolk. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ti'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole:
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late King's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle [sir.]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by two* Keepers.

Mortimer. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, Keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keeper.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward, King, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that (young [King] Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death
Thou art my heir: the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the House of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days. —
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest. —
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life. —
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort;
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. *Enter* King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life.

As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And, for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good —

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather! —

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the Bishop be not overborne

Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
[*Aside.*] Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King Henry. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. —
[*A noise within:* "Down with the tawny coats!"
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.
[*A noise again:* "Stones! Stones!"

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The Bishop's and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men *of* GLOSTER *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Servant.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*They skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his Majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
[*They skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector; — yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! — the Bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay; but I fear me with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract! —
Away, my masters: trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Servants, &c.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: — for, sweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark every circumstance
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your Majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of York.
Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, —
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen.
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers ever Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [Pucelle, *&c., enter the city.*

Enter Charles, Bastard *of* Orleans, Alençon, *and* Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd, shews that her meaning is, —
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement, holding out a burning torch.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend!
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry, 'The Dolphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT *and* English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English Forces. *Then, enter on the walls,* La Pucelle, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at Death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir? — Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. —
[TALBOT *and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! — base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. —

God b' wi' y', my lord: we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* La Pucelle, *&c., from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be, too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame. —
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! —
Then, be it so: — Heavens keep old Bedford safe! —
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and* Forces, *leaving* BEDFORD *and others.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fastolfe. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, La Pucelle, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Let Heavens have glory for this victory.

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the King;
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, La Pucelle, *and* Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedi'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail.
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT *and his* Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke *of* BURGUNDY *and* Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way!
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours. —
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and other* Lords, Vernon, Basset, *&c. To them* Talbot, *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious Prince and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while given truce unto my wars
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem —
Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and* Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Basset. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.
[*Striking him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and others.*

GLOSTER.

LORD Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath, —
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. —
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, [my] Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle, Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more, but plain and bluntly, — "To the King!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads.*] "*I have upon especial cause, —*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What, doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse. —
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble Prince!
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak. —
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: — good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And, therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love. —
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France: —
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did, — But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,

This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit*

SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his* Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the French General, *and others.*

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would. — Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

General. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:

If thou retire, the Dolphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off*
Hark! hark! the Dolphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c.*, *from the walls*.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with* Forces; *to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dolphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor, Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit* YORK, *with his* Forces

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,

That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his* Army; *an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Officer. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour.

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied Horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the Horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his* Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, — O, malignant and ill-boding stars! —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to Heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dolphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:" —
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight; it is no boot:
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life — mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? —
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. —
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there di'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic, Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality. —
O, thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe. —
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, La Pucelle, *and* Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dolphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vein:
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

KING HENRY.

HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this: —
They humbly sue unto your excellence,

To have a goodly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.'

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER *as a cardinal.*

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy, —
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on

Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my Lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As — liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower —
He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. —
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and* Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, La Pucelle, *and* Forces, *marching*.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not*
O, hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting;* La Pucelle *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* La Pucelle *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in* Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O, fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Margaret. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay! — I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says — no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De-la-Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here [thy prisoner?]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King: tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, Captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, Madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth!
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops *come forward.*

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet Madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again, —
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded; and a* Shepherd.

Shepherd. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl. —
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of Heaven.

York. Ay, ay. — Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now, Heaven forefend! the Holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dolphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his·
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave; I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of Hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Cardinal. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dolphin and his train
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That,—in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful King:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,

And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall; only reserv'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. —
[CHARLES *and his* Nobles *give tokens of fealty*.
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK, GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Marg'ret may be England's Royal Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
[It] most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be Queen and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit*

NOTES ON THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 151. "*Dead March. Enter the Funeral,*" &c. : — This is the stage direction of the original copy; and it remained unaltered until Malone, regardless of the direction for a Dead March, which he yet retained, gave the direction, "*The corpse* of King Henry the Fifth *is discovered lying in state,*" &c. From 1790 to the present time this has been adopted without question, and with the remark on Mr. Collier's part that "in our old stage there seems to have been no discovery, as it is now termed, of persons or objects on the stage. The curtain at that time did not rise, but was drawn apart, and the characters and accompaniments *entered.*" Even if this be literally true, it does not affect the point that *Henry V.'s* funeral procession is directed in the original to enter Westminster Abbey to the sound of a dead march.

p. 153. "When at their mother's *moisten'd* eyes" : — The second folio relieves the line of the redundant syllable by reading "*moist* eyes." But if we attempt to mend the rhythm of this play we shall undertake an endless, a thankless, and an unjustifiable task.

" "—— a *nourish* of salt tears" : — So the folio; and very intelligibly and appropriately, in regard to the previous line; 'nourish' and 'nourrice' having been used in Shakespeare's time for 'nurse.' Pope plausibly read "a *marish,*" &c.

"Than Julius Cæsar or bright — " : — The folio has four hyphens in place of the dash. Pope proposed to read

"bright *Francis Drake*," Dr. Johnson, "bright *Berenice*," Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "bright *Cassiope*."

p. 154. "*A third thinks*," &c.: — The second folio has, "A third *man* thinks," for the sake of the measure. But see the second Note on this Scene.

" "—— would call forth *their* flowing tides": — The folio, "*her* flowing tides." The misprint was easy; the correction, imperatively demanded: it was made by Theobald.

p. 155. "Having *full scarce* six thousand": — The words "full scarce" are thought to be transposed by some editors, who read, "*scarce full* six thousand." But this is both unwarrantable and needless; such a use of language was common in Elizabethan literature, and the idiom needs neither explanation nor defence except to the most literal apprehension.

" "—— enrag'd he *flew*": — The folio, "he flew," which is hardly a misprint. It was corrected by Rowe; and yet some editors have restored 'flew.'

"*If* Sir John *Fastolfe*," &c.: — Misprinted in the original, by a very natural mistake, "Sir John *Falstaff*." This Sir John Fastolfe was a lieutenant general, Deputy Regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter. Hall and Holinshed say that he was degraded for cowardice; and Heylin (Carlyle's "lying Peter") says that, upon good reason alleged in his defence, he was restored to his honor.

" "He being in the *vaward* (*plac'd behind*," &c.: — i. e., he being in the reserve of the van. Much needless comment and conjecture has been expended upon the passage; of which the conjecture 'rearward' for 'vaward,' found also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is alone worth notice.

157. "—— I intend to *steal*": — The folio has, "to *send*." But the Bishop could not *send* the King from Eltham, because he had no power over him; he was "Jack Out-of-office," and there seems to be no doubt that we should accept the reading 'steal,' suggested by Mason and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, which is consistent with the facts, conforms to the Articles of Accusation against the Bishop, preserves the rhyme with which most of the Scenes in this play end, and avoids the disagreeable unison of *intend* and *send*.

Scene II.

"*Mars his true moving*," &c.: — The irregularities of the motion of Mars on account of his great eccentricity

of orbit were an inexplicable puzzle, till Kepler had fitted the ellipse of ancient geometry to the solar system of the Great Geometer, and had thereby reconciled the works of God to the divine image in the human intellect. Kepler's work upon the motions of Mars was published in 1609; and his still greater discovery of the harmony of the celestial motions was not made till 1618. I am indebted for this information touching a science of which I am utterly ignorant to one of its greatest masters — my friend Benjamin Peirce, F. R. S., Professor of Mathematics at Harvard University.

p. 157. "*Otherwhiles* the famish'd English": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*The whiles*," &c., which helps the metre. But see the second Note on Scene I.

p. 158. "—— *Olivers and Rowlands bred*": — The folio has "*breed*," which Rowe corrected. Oliver and Rowland were two of Charlemagne's twelve paladins, of whose prowess the old romancers told marvellous tales.

" "—— enforce them *to* be more eager": — Steevens and Mr. Collier's folio corrector omit 'to' as superfluous for the sense and redundant for the rhythm.

" "—— some odd *gimmals*": — See the Note on "the gimmal bit," *Henry V.*, Act IV. Sc. 2. Here the word is used in the sense of machinery.

p. 159. "—— your *cheer* appall'd": — i. e., your countenance. See Notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 112.

" "—— *the nine Sibyls of old Rome*": — There was but one sibyl of old Rome; but she had nine oracular books; and in the popular belief of Shakespeare's day there had come to be nine sibyls as well as nine books.

p. 160. "—— *five* flower-de-luces": — The folio has, "*fine* flower de luces," the *u*, used for *v*, having been accidentally turned. Holinshed says that "*five* flower-de-luces were graven on both sides" of Joan's sword.

p. 161. "—— I burn *with thy desire*": — i. e., of course, with desire of thee; thy = of thee.

p. 162. "—— *Saint Martin's Summer*": — i. e., expect Summer in Autumn. St. Martin's day falls on the 11th of November.

SCENE III.

p. 163. "—— there is *conveyance*": — "Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase. Convey the wise it call." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 3.

p. 164. "—— express *commandement*": — See the Notes on *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7, p. 371.

" "—— *Servants in tawny coats*": — Tawny coats seem to have been generally worn by the attendants of a Bishop, or a Bishop's Court.

" "—— ambitious *Humphrey*": — The folio has "ambitious *Vmpheire*," a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "*Pill'd priest*": — 'Pilled,' 'pieled,' and 'peeled' are different forms of the same word. The allusion is to the tonsure of *Winchester*.

" "—— *indulgences to sin*": — Southwark was the great hive of London harlots, who were under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester, and whose lives and habits were, in a measure at least, regulated by rules laid down by their Right Reverend patrons. See a rather unquotable passage cited from an office book of this bishopric by Upton in his *Critical Observations*, &c., 1748, p. 150.

" "Ill *canvass thee*": — i. e., 'Ill sift thee,' as flour is bolted or sifted through coarse canvass. So, "Satan hath desired you that he may sift you as wheat."

" "—— *be thou cursed Cain*": — There was an old belief that Damascus was founded on the spot where Cain killed Abel. This was stated as a fact by Mandeville, in his *Travels*, written about 1360: "And in that place where Damascus was founded Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." The belief, all unfounded as it is, has a strange congruity with the remote antiquity of the place to which it refers; for Damascus was a city in Abraham's time, and his confidential servant and steward was a Damascene. See *Genesis* xv. 2.

p. 165. "*Blue coats*," &c.: — The dress of serving men and retainers, from a long period before Shakespeare wrote and some time after, was of a blue color.

" "*Winchester goose*": — The disease sometimes taken within the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester was called a Winchester goose. See the Note, just before, on "indulgences to sin."

" "—— *Mayor of London*": — This Lord Mayor was Sir John Coventry, a rich mercer, or, as we should say, dry goods retailer, who was ancestor of the Earls of Coventry of the present line. See Heylin's *Help to English History*, the *Historic Peerage of England*, and Pennant's *London*, &c.

"*Here's Gloster, a foe*," &c.: — The second folio, which has, "Here's Gloster *too*," &c., is usually followed; but

perhaps Gloster should be read Glcucester; and see the second Note on Scene I.

p. 166. "—— as loud as e'er thou *canst*": — The folio, "as e're thou canst, *cry:*" but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the semicolon after cry shows it to be a stage direction; and this indication is confirmed by the absence of any prefix or declaration to the proclamation.

" "—— to thy [*dear*] cost": — The second folio supplies 'dear.'

" "For I intend *to have it*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "to have it *off*," &c.

SCENE IV.

p. 167. "*Wont*, through a secret grate": — The folio has "*Went*," &c. The correction, made by Tyrwhitt, is clearly required. 'Wont' was commonly used for 'are accustomed,' without any auxiliary.

" "*And even these three days*," &c.: — This passage is doubtless corrupted, but in a manner which forbids an attempt at conjectural restoration, which, also, is not imperatively demanded. The second folio prints the lines

> "And *fully* even these three dayes have I watcht
> If I could see them. Now *Boy* doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer."

p. 168. "The *Duke* of Bedford had," &c.: — The folio calls him by the merest carelessness, "The *Earle*," &c.

" "—— so *vile*-esteem'd": — The folio, "so *pil'd* esteem'd" — a misprint which might easily result from the old spelling of 'vile,' *vild*, and which Monck Mason corrected.

" "—— the treacherous *Fastolfe*": — Again this name is misprinted *Falstaff* in the folio.

p. 169. "*Enter Boy*," &c.: — The old stage direction here is "*Enter Boy with a Linstock.*" The Scene is written to be represented in the bare simplicity of our early stage, when "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous," sufficed to "disfigure or present" the field of Agincourt. The walls of Orleans and the tower which the besieged had raised against it were both supposed to be upon the stage, which could not have been more than seven or eight yards across. Afterward, for the direction, *Shot from the Town*, the folio has, "*Here they shoot.*"

" "Or with light skirmishes *enfeebled*": — Here 'en

feebled' is a quadrisyllable. Participles of verbs ending in *le* were commonly used thus by poets.

p. 170. "*Plantagenet*, I will; and like thee [*Nero.*]": — Mr. Singer correctly remarks that Salisbury's name was no Plantagenet, but Montacute. The old copies omit 'Nero,' which is clearly required by both the sense and the measure. The second folio reads, "and *Nero-like will*;" Steevens, "and *Nero like*." But the mere addition of the omitted word affords the simplest and most satisfactory restoration of the text.

"Pucelle or *puzell*, *Dolphin* or dogfish": — In Shakespeare's time 'puzell' appears to have been used sometimes to mean, a dirty drab; and Minsheu derives it from the Italian *puzza* = an ill odor. But yet it is plainly but a corrupted form of *pucelle*, and was used, at least as late as Shakespeare's youth, merely to mean a virgin. Shakespeare himself had probably read this passage in Holinshed: "It hapned that he fell in loue with a young damosell his owne physicians daughter (a puzell very beautiful) and he in hope to enjoy her the easilier," &c. Vol. III. p. 545. The "young damosell" in question was chaste. 'Dolphin,' it need hardly be remarked, is a quibble upon the title of the heir apparent to the throne of France, which is entirely lost unless the English form and the old French pronunciation of the word are preserved.

Scene V.

p. 171. "*Blood will I draw on thee*," &c.: — An allusion to the old belief, that if blood were drawn from a witch her supernatural power ceased.

" "—— thy *hunger-starved* men": — The folio has "*hungry*-starved." The misprint is an easy one; the hyphen favors the supposition that a compound epithet was intended; and 'starve' was applied to other modes of suffering by deprivation than hunger; so that there is no tautology involved in the slight emendation.

p. 172. "—— half so *timorous*": — The folio, with utter inconsistency, has, "half so *treacherous*." The correction was made by Pope.

Scene VI.

" "—— from the *English*": — In this line 'English' has the quantity of a trisyllable; so also 'creature' in the line but one below. The second folio has, "English *wolves*," and "*bright* Astræa's daughter," to supply the supposed deficiencies in these two verses.

p. 172. "—— *like Adonis' gardens that one day bloom'd*": — No mention of any such gardens in the classic writings of Greece or Rome is known to scholars, as the learned Bentley first remarked. The κῆποι Ἀδωνιδος, or gardens of Adonis, were mere pots of earth planted with a little fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus. And yet Milton — no less a scholar than a poet — calls Eden, "Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd, or of reviv'd Adonis, or," &c. *Par. Lost*, ix. 440.

p. 173. "*Than Rhodope's*": — The story is, that Rhodope, born a slave, was a courtezan famous for her beauty and her fascinations, which she sold at such profitable rates, that, according to Pliny, she built the most beautiful, though the smallest, of the pyramids. The brother of Sappho purchased her freedom, and ruined himself for her; and she finally married Psammetichus, King of Egypt. But the tale is not at all reliable. It was probably in emulation of Rhodope that Phryne, hardly less celebrated in the same profession, offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes. Here Mr. Dyce very plausibly reads, "than Rhodope's *of* Memphis."

" "—— *the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius*": — Plutarch and Pliny mention a richly jewelled casket, full of precious ointments, belonging to Darius, which Alexander took among the spoils of Gaza in Syria.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 175. "*The French leap over the walls*," &c.: — This is the old stage direction. The incident is historical. 'Ready' meant dressed, or in order, as might be shown by numberless instances; and to this day our servants speak of 'ready-ing' themselves, and 'read-ing up' a room.

p. 177. "—— and lay new *platforms*," &c.: — 'Platform' meant plot, plan, or scheme of action; a signification which Philadelphia and Cincinnati bear witness that it has not yet lost on this side of the Atlantic.

" "—— *a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly*," &c.: — This old stage direction, and the subsequent allusion (Sc. III.) to French mothers stilling their babes by Talbot's name, are supported by old tradition recorded by the chroniclers.

SCENE III.

p. 181. "—— a riddling *merchant*," &c.: — 'Merchant' was sometimes used of old in the derogatory sense now attached to 'huckster.'

" "*That will I shew you presently*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, for the sake of the metre, "That will I shew you, *lady*, presently."

SCENE IV.

p. 182. "*Enter . . . a Lawyer*": — "This lawyer," says Ritson, "was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterwards hanged."

" "*Or else*," &c.: — i. e., or in other words, &c.

p. 185. "—— and thy *faction*": — The folio has, "thy *fashion*" — an almost obvious misprint for "thy *faction*," to which it was changed by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*His grandfather*," &c.: — This Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was great, great, grandson to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son to Edward III.

p. 186. "Shall be *wip'd* out": — The folio misprints, "*whip's* out;" which was corrected in the second folio.

SCENE V.

p. 187. "*Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair*," &c.: — This Mortimer, Earl of March, did not die in the Tower in London, but in freedom in Ireland. The author of this play, however, looked only to the Chronicles; and in both Hall and Holinshed he found this passage: "Edmonde Mortimer, the last erle of Marche of that name (which long tyme had bene restrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame) diseased without issue," &c.

" "—— as drawing to their *exigent*": — i. e., to their being put out. "*Exigo, ab ex et ago compositum*, to expelle, or shut out; to drive away; to put out." *Cooper's Thesaurus*, 1573.

p. 189. "(Young *King* Richard," &c.: — 'King,' omitted from the first folio, is supplied in the second; and yet the addition, however grateful to the ear, is hardly warranted.

p. 190. "Or make my *ill*": — The folio has, "my *will*" — a misprint corrected by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 191. "*The Parliament House*": — This parliament, as Malone remarked, was held not at London, but at Leicester.

" "*Thy lewd*," &c.: — See the Note on "with this lewd fellow," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 340.

p. 192. "Thou *bastard*," &c.: — Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swyneford, afterward his wife.

" "*Roam* thither then": — From this it would seem that 'Rome' and 'roam' were pronounced alike, and that 'room' had another sound than we give it now. See "room with Rome to curse," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1, and "Rome indeed and room enough," *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 194. "—— the very *parings of our nails* shall *pitch a field*": — See the following lines, Act I. Sc. 1: —

> "He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
> Instead whereof to sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges,
> They pitched in the ground confusedly,
> To keep the horsemen off from breaking in."

p. 197. "*And Henry born at Windsor lose all*": — The second folio has "*should* lose all;" but at the time when this play was probably written, 'Windsor' seems to have been pronounced *Wind-e-sor*. And were this not so, see the second Note on Act I. Sc. 1.

SCENE II.

p. 198. "—— *and soldiers dressed like countrymen*": — The old stage direction is, "*and four soldiers;*" for when this play was produced there were no supernumeraries.

" "—— *and her practisants*": — 'Practice' was used to mean practice by treacherous arts especially. So "would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use." *Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "*Where* is the best," &c.: — The folio, "*Here* is," &c. — an obvious misprint corrected by Rowe.

p. 200. "—— and hag of *all* despite": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "and hag of *Hell's* despite."

p. 201. "—— that stout *Pendragon*," &c.: — Uther Pendragon was King Arthur's father. It was Aurelius, the brother of Pendragon, who, as we read in Holinshed, caused him-

self to be carried forth in a litter, and by his presence so encouraged the Britons that they were victorious over the Saxons.

p. 202. "*Let* Heavens," &c.: — The folio has, "*Yet* Heavens" — a plain misprint, the correction of which was, nevertheless, left for Mr. Dyce to make.

" "Warlike and *martial* Talbot": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Warlike and *matchless* Talbot," correcting a tautology not uncommon in Shakespeare's time, and especially characteristic of this play, which, it should be remembered, has no claim to be corrected by the Shakespearian standard.

" "—— his *gleeks*": — See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "—— all *a-mort*": — See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

p. 203. "—— with his nobles *lie*": — So the first and second folios, 'with' having the force of a conjunction.

Scene III.

p. 205. "—— on her *lovely* babe": — The folio has, "her *lowly* babe" — a very easy and almost obvious misprint, corrected by Warburton, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. In no sense is 'lowly' admissible.

Scene IV.

p. 208. "*That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death*": — It was a capital offence to draw a sword within the precincts of a royal palace. The reader will remember the arrest and imprisonment of *Nigel Olifaunt* for drawing on *Lord Dalgardno* within the precincts of Whitehall.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 209. "—— at the *battle of Patay*": — The folio reads "Poictiers;" which error was left for Steevens to correct, according to the account of Holmshed that the action took place "neere unto a village in Beausse called Pataie. From this battel departed without any stroke striken Sir John Fastolfe the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of the St. George and his garter."

p. 210. "—— in *most* extremes": — i. e., in greatest extremes; according to a usage which had become somewhat obsolete when Mr. Collier's folio corrector read, "in *worst* extremes."

" "And now [*my*] Lord Protector": — The folio omits 'my,' which is supplied in the second. The constant appearance of the possessive pronoun, in like situations in the authentic edition, warrants the restoration.

" "*Pretend* some alteration": — 'Pretend' may mean, hold out, offer — and so must stand; but it is probably an easy misprint for 'portend,' to which it was changed by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Dyce suggests that, "'pretend' may be used here as an equivalent to 'portend;' the original author of this play having found the word not unfrequently so employed by earlier writers."

p. 211. "—— but that I am *prevented*": — We have here a fine exemplification of the manner in which this word has changed its meaning. Talbot does not mean to say that he is stopped, but that the King had been beforehand with him; by so doing, however, he had also, in the modern sense of the word, prevented him.

p. 214. "An if I *wist* he did": — i. e., it is hardly necessary to remark, An if I knew he did. The folio has, "And if I *wish* he did" — a slight and obvious misprint, yet left to be corrected by Steevens.

Scene II.

p. 215. "—— the offer of *our* love": — The folio has, "the offer of *their* love." But this means, the love of famine, steel, and fire; and even if we look beyond those words, there are, in the whole sentence, no other antecedents to 'their.' There can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which is Hanmer's.

p. 216. "—— '*due* thee withal": — 'Due' is put by elision for 'endue.' In the folio it is spelled *dew*.

" "Not *rascal*-like," &c.: — A lean deer was called a rascal.

Scene III.

p. 217. "And I am *lowted*," &c.: — Whether this mean, as Malone suggested, I am treated like a lowt, i. e., with contempt, or I am forced to submit, (lowt = bow,) the appropriateness of the word seems somewhat doubtful I suspect a corruption.

p. 217. "*Enter Sir William Lucy*":—He is simply called "*another* Messenger" in the old stage direction.

p. 218. "*All 'long of*," &c.:—See Note on "'tis 'long of you," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 452. It appears again a few lines below, "'Long all," &c.

Scene IV.

p. 219. "—— from his weak *legions*":—The folio has, "weak *regions*"—an obvious misprint, corrected by Rowe.

p. 220. "*Charles, Burgundy*":—The second folio has, "Charles *and* Burgundy." But here, Charles has the quantity, if not the pronunciation, of a dissyllable. See Walker on *Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 15.

"—— his levied *Horse*":—The folio, "his levied *hoste*." But see, in *Somerset's* reply, "he might have sent and had the horse," and in *York's* complaint, (Sc. 3,) "my promised supply of horsemen." Hanmer made the necessary correction.

Scene V.

p. 221. "—— and *unavoided* danger":—'Unavoided' is, in like manner, used for 'unavoidable,' in *Richard II.*: "unavoided is the danger now." Act II. Sc. 1.

Scene VII.

p. 225. "—— the *lither sky*":—'Lither' is lithe, or, rather, its comparative used positively; and the lither sky is the yielding sky or air.

p. 226. "—— raging *wood*":—Raging mad.

p. 227. "Great Earl of *Washford*":—'Washford' is an old corruption of 'Wexford.' Malone discovered that this long list of Talbot's titles is from an epitaph on his tomb in Rouen; and as it occurs in none of the Chronicles, and in no known book of an earlier date than 1599, there is an interesting question as to whence the author of this play derived it.

"Great *Marshal*," &c.:—In this line, 'marshal' and 'Henry' have the quantity of trisyllables. In Shakespeare's early years, they were written and fully pronounced as such.

p. 228. "—— let him have *'em*":—The old copies have, "have *him*," which Theobald needfully corrected. The

same mistake, made in the first folio, six lines below, was corrected in the same manner in the second folio.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 228. In the folio, this Act is mistakenly headed "*Scena Secunda.*"

p. 229. "That such *immanity*":— 'Immanity' is from *immanitas* = barbarity, cruelty.

" "—— near *kin* to Charles": — The folio has, "near *knit*," &c. — an easy typographical error, made easier by the occurrence of 'knit' immediately above. Pope made the correction, which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

SCENE III.

p. 232. "—— spells and *periapts*":— A periapt (from *περιάπτειν* = to hang about) is a charm or medicine of any kind hung about the neck or on any part of the body.

" "—— that are *cull'd* out of the powerful *regions*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "that are *call'd*," and Warburton read, "powerful *legions*." Both changes are plausible, and the typographical errors, on the supposition of which they are made, are not at all improbable. But the spirits were "choice [i. e., culled] spirits," as we see, a few lines above, and "powerful regions" needs neither defence nor explanation.

p. 233. "*La Pucelle and York fight*," &c.: — The old copies mistakenly have, "*Burgundy and York fight*," &c. *Burgundy* is not on the stage. They also neglect to direct the capture of *Joan*.

p. 234. "*I kiss these fingers . . . And lay them gently*," &c.: — Capell, and after him Malone and other editors, transpose these lines, making "them" refer to "reverent hands," in the line above: thus supposing *Suffolk* to handle *Margaret* before the audience, instead of kissing *her* hand and laying it gently back. But they may be right.

"—— *prisoners* underneath *her* wings": — The folio has, "*prisoner*" and "*his* wings." The last error was corrected in the folio of 1632; the first, in that of 1664.

" "—— is she not here [*thy prisoner*]?" — The words

'thy prisoner,' which, or their equivalent, are absolutely necessary to the sense, first appear in the second folio.

p. 234. "—— and makes the senses *crouch*":— The folio has, "makes the senses *rough*," which is absolute nonsense. The correction, which Hanmer silently made, suits the context, and conforms very nearly to the misprinted word. It must also be noted that 'senses,' used in the plural form by us only to mean the five senses, meant, in Shakespeare's day, the intellectual faculties, (though we still say, 'out of his senses,')— and that it is more than probable that both 'such' and 'crouch' had of old the vowel sound which we now give to *oo*. No other proposed emendation is worthy of attention.

p. 235. "—— that's a *wooden thing*":— Steevens was perhaps excusable for remarking that here 'wooden thing' means awkward business.

p. 236. "—— *to be my* ——":— Steevens conjectured that the last two words were interpolated, and that the Duke's incomplete speech was stayed at 'to'; and, for a wonder, a reading suggested by him adds not only smoothness to the rhythm, but delicacy to the sense of a passage.

p. 237. "—— the *county* Maine and Anjou":— The folio has, "the *country* Maine," &c.; and, considering the use of 'country' in Shakespeare's time, may possibly give the author's word.

p. 238. "—— and *modestly* directed":— The folio has "*modestie*," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "*And* natural graces":— The folio has, "*Mad* natural graces," which is plainly corrupt. The correction is Monck Mason's. Mr. Collier suggested "*Mid* natural graces."

Scene IV.

p. 239. "Decrepit *miser*":— The radical signification of the word. A miser came to be so called because he is miserable.

" "—— so *obstacle*":— A clownish corruption of 'obstinate.'

p. 240. "No, *misconceived!*"— i. e., says Steevens, "No, ye misconceivers." Other editors read, "No; misconceived Joan," &c.

p. 243. "—— of my *prison'd* voice":— The folio has, "*poisoned* voice." The obviously required correction was made by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

SCENE V.

p. 246. "*Yes, my lord*": — The second folio reads, for the sake of the verse, "Yes my *good* lord."

" "[*It*] most of all," &c.: — The folio has merely, "Most of all," &c. Rowe made the addition. 'It' or 'that' seems necessary.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. 4to. 32 leaves.

Reprinted twice in 1600 for the same bookseller, and about 1619 by T.[homas] P.[avier,] with the Second Part of the Contention, under the following title: "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London for T. P." 4to. 64 leaves.

The Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey, occupies twenty-seven pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 120 to p. 146 inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which Rowe first supplied.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS play first appeared under the title *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster;* and the question has been more than once asked, — How is it that if these three plays, by whomsoever written, were written with a designed interdependence, the second of the series was called *The* First *Part of the Contention*, &c.? The answer is not far to seek. The first of the series is devoted to the strange and stirring military incidents of the reign of Henry VI. It has nothing to do with the houses of York and Lancaster. In the period of its action their struggle had not yet begun; and it is but foreshadowed in the Scene in the Temple Garden (Act II. Sc. 4) and in one or two other passages of that play, which, it should be observed, show most the skilful touches of Shakespeare's hand. In the present play, the War of the Roses breaks out, and hence its original name. Shakespeare did not think it necessary to conform strictly to history, either as an original writer or a remodeller of this work. History affords no evidence, for instance, that York was the instigator of Cade's rebellion, although it happened opportunely for the purposes of the former. And, although Cade's party committed some outrages during their brief success, they seem not to have been the ignorant levellers that give this play so much of its zest and humor. Shakespeare, with justifiable dramatic art, transferred to them some of the traits as well as one of the acts of Wat Tyler and his followers. The period of the action is from 1445 to 1455.

Those parts of this play and the next which are taken bodily from the old plays on which they are founded are marked with brackets (]) in the margin; those which are modifications of the older version, with single quotation marks (') ; those which have no mark appeared originally in the folio of 1623.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of* Gloster, *his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
LORD CLIFFORD *and his* Son,
} *Of the* King's *party.*
EARL OF SALISBURY,
EARL OF WARWICK,
} *Of the York Faction.*
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his* Brother.
Sir JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, *and* Master's Mate.
Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with* Suffolk.
VAUX.
HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.* *A* Spirit, *raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armorer.* PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, *the Weaver*, MICHAEL *&c.*, Cade's *followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* King Henry.
ELEANOR, *Duchess of* Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.* *Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, *a* Beadle, Sheriff, *and* Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, *&c.*

SCENE: *in various parts of* England.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

WITH THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke *of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* Cardinal BEAUFORT; *on the other,* Queen MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

SUFFOLK.

AS by your High Imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace,
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King Henry. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen Margaret. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderlievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Gloster. [Reads.] "*Imprimis: It is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry, King of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. —— Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father*" —

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Winchester. "*Item, — It is farther agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*"

K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord Marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In Winter's cold and Summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Cardinal. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Salisbury. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy. —
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

Warwick. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.]
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With — "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"]
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buckingham. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat]
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Somerset. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the Cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey: —
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people. —
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis mine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought Queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter Gloster *and the* Duchess.

Duchess. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to Heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain: by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.
Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.
Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go. — Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must: I cannot go before
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there, Sir John? Nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? Majesty! I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, — to shew your Highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* Duchess.
Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER *and others, with petitions.*

1 *Petitioner.* My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. "*To my Lord Protector!*" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife, too! that is some wrong, indeed. — What's yours? — What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford." — How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. — We'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's Grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the Court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:

She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her:
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; Duke *and* Duchess *of* GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! — and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* Queen *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion, can you not? '
[*Giving the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you? '
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French- '
woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails, '
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her '
will.
Duch. Against her will! Good King, look to't '
in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby: '
Though in this place most masters wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.]
[*Exit* Duchess.
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand. —

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your Regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?
Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
Horner. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. —
I do beseech your Royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be Regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER'S Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the Duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Bolingbroke. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage,

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: — John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess *above, followed by* HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, &

SOUTHWELL, *reads*, Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spirit. *Adsum.*

Margery Jourdain. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said and done!

Boling. "*First, of the King: what shall of him become?*" [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks*, SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. "*What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?*"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "*What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?*"

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their* Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch. —
What, Madam, are you there? the King and common-weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. — You, Madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee. —
[*Exit* Duchess *from above.*
We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All, away!
[*Exeunt* Guards, *with* SOUTH., BOLING., *&c.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the Devil's writ.
What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "*The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
Aio, te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"*Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?* —
By water shall he die, and take his end." —
"*What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?* —
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans;

With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing*.

QUEEN MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could fly to Heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and Commonweal!
Glo. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it.
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly Lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good Queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on Earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.
Glo. [*Aside to the* Cardinal.] 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. — [*Aside to* GLO.] Come with thy two-hand sword.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. — [*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.
Car. [Aside.] *Medice teipsum:*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One *of Saint Albans, crying,* "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One of St. A. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.
One of St. A. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of* Saint Albans, *and his* Brethren; *and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife *and a great* Multitude *following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your Highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the King:
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simpcox. Born blind, an't please your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion: being call'd
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, — "Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now open them. —
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. — My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My Masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter Attendant, *and a* Beadle *with a whip.*

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the* People *follow and cry,* "A Miracle!"

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your Highness' Privy Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and Commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The Duke of YORK's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as King,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murther'd traitorously.
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March:
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been King,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's King!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your King
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. *Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* Duchess *of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —
You four from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*] From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
[*Exeunt the* Duchess *and the other* Prisoners *guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —

I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.
K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child. —
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.
Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen;
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrew'd a maim: two pulls at once, —
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught: — there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,
Left I the Court to see this quarrel tri'd.
K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, with a drum before him, HORNER *and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; he bears a staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and sand-bag, and* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 *Neighbour.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Prentice.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to

deal with my master; he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen: and, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his* Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. — Fellow, thank God and the good wine in thy master's way.

Pet. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. —
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after Summer evermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet. —
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Servant. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd Duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess *of* GLOSTER *in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.
Glo. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn Duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will;
For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all, —
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave: — and, Master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.
Sheriff. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man
Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stanley. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a Duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, Madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd. —
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Abbey at Bury.

A sennet. Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

I MUSE, my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the Commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, and York, —
Reprove my allegation if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.
York. Cold news for me; [*aside.*] for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial day!
No: many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your farther time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' land

I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life. —
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy. —
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected, —
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day. —
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false. ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with* GLOSTER.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery, —
For what's more miserable than discontent? —
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our Queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,
Say — 'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.' [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life;
The Commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death. —

But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither.
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
That bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay, then this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with. —

No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be still: —
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth th' enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to Heaven or Hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the Commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Murderer.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatched the Duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do! — What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much. —

Enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment! — I did dream to-night
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The* King *swoons.*

Q Mar. How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again. — Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding. —
Yet do not go away: — come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretch'd than he is.
What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous, too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well fore-warning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And He that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore.

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck —
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds —
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,

And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis to true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *to the* Commons *at the door.*

K. Hen. O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look! on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murtherers.
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som., *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murth'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to Hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Murmurs of a crowd within. Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to the* Commons *at the door.*] Sirs, stand apart: the King shall know your mind. — [*Coming forward.*
Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey di'd;
They say in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Com. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou do'st plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable. —
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the Devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated Hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone. —
O, go not yet. — Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more. — Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the King.
[*Exit* VAUX.
Ah me, what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the King, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away, though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal BEAUFORT's Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* Cardinal *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Di'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? —
O, torture me no more! I will confess. —
Alive again? then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him;
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. —
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O, thou Eternal mover of the Heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — **Kent.** The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them,* SUFFOLK, *disguised; and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And how loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore. —
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
The other, [*pointing to* SUFFOLK.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gentleman.* What is my ransom, Master? let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns.

And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —
Cut both the villains' throats! — for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and, therefore, spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitmore. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
[*To* SUFFOLK.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke:
[Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And, therefore, shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side,
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.
[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?]
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the
ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphr 's
death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of Hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to Franc
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the House of York — thrust from the crown
By shameful murther of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny, —
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus*,
The Commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. — Away! — Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter! —

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus:* — it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of Heaven and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot. —
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUF., *with* WHIT. *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the Queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

George. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy

vocation: which is as much to say as, Let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the* Butcher, SMITH *the* Weaver, *and a* Sawyer *with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us, — inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am King, (as King I will be)—

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent

lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. — How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of* Chatham.

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. — 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down! He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] — Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his* Brother, *with drum and* Forces.

Stafford. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The King is merciful if you revolt.

William Stafford. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be King.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. — Go to, sirrah: tell the King, from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this: can he

that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors. —
And you that be the King's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and* Forces.

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me. —
Now shew yourselves men: 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. *The* STAFFORDS *with the* King's Forces *and* CADE *with the* Rebels *enter, and fight, and both the* STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in

thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee, — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one, [a week.]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*putting on* Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD'S *armour.*] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* Duke *of* BUCKINGHAM *and* Lord SAY *with him: at a distance,* Queen MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;

For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general. —
But stay; I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, Madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O, graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!
K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal Court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.
K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. Hen. Farewell, my lord: [*to* Lord SAY.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Citizen.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Soldier. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his* Company; *on the other, the* Citizens, *and the* King's Forces, *headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs. — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to th' Inns of Court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the* Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dolphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read,

thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? — speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's

house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with* Lord SAY.
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Enter Rebels, *with the heads of* Lord SAY *and his* Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. — Away! [*Exeunt*

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade, *and all his* Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames— [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and* Old Clifford, *with* Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clifford. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say — God save his Majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have

given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, — I will make shift for one; and so — God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying — *Villiaco!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me; for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and Hell, have

through the very midst of you; and Heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. — [*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Killingworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE's Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And, with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him. —
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms!
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower; —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN *with* Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef] ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK, *attended, with drum and colours; his* Forces, *with his sons* EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *at some distance.*

YORK.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?]
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me?
The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou — being a subject as I am, —
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court.
York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —
[*To* BUCK.] Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field;
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, — nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade? — Great God, how just art thou! —
O, let me view his visage being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his King.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*he kneels.*] rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not King;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O, monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these [*Pointing to his* Sons.
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *at one side; at the other, with* Forces, Old CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the King. [*Kneels*

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edward. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Richard. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY *with* Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the be'r-'ard in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cri'd:
And such a piece of service will you do
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? —
Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! —
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth? —
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murth'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast;
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the be'r-'ard that protects the bear.

Young Clifford. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in Heaven you'll surely sup in Hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shewn ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action, both! —
York. A dreadful lay! — address thee instantly.
Clif. '*La fin couronne les œuvres.*'
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O War! thou son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — [*Seeing his* Father's *body.*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit Earth and Heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the House of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's House;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting;* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the Heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
Rich. My noble father,

Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
B' th' mass, so did we all. — I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death. —
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth. —
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES ON THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 269. "—— and *twenty* reverend bishops": — The quarto has, "and *then the* reverend bishops," which has hitherto been treated as a different reading, in spite of its want of meaning. It seems to have been merely the result of a mistake of the ear, 'twenty' sounding like '*then* the.'

p. 270. "—— mine *alderlievest* sovereign": — 'Alderlievest' (compounded of the superlative of the common word 'lieve,' and *aller* or *alder*, the genitive of 'all') means dearest of all. It is of rare occurrence even in books of Shakespeare's time, when, however, the use of 'lief' for 'dear' was common. The compounds 'alderfirst' and 'aldertruest' are also found in our early literature.

p. 271. "—— that the duchies of Anjou and Maine": — Just before, when *Gloster* reads the same document, we have "The duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine." Such variations in the reading of documents and the repetition of speeches are not uncommon in Shakespeare's works.

p. 272. "And *had* his Highness," &c.: — The folio gives, "And *hath* his highness," &c. — a slight and very common misprint in the books of Shakespeare's day, in which a final *d* is frequently printed *th*, and *vice versa*. *Gloster* asks if *Beaufort* and himself have studied, sat in councils, and had the young King crowned in Paris all in vain. Not seeing this, Rowe read, "And *was* his highness," &c.; and Steevens, retaining 'hath,' read, "*Been crown'd* in Paris." One or other of these more violent disturbances of the old text (the latter of which appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632) has hitherto been followed

p. 273. "—— that *rules the roost*": — Dr. Richardson queries, *in v.* 'roast,' whether 'rule the roast' (which he explains very improbably and inconsistently with our English tone of thought, in my judgment) may not be, 'rule the roost' — "an expression," he remarks, "of which every poultry yard would afford an explanation." Surely, 'rules the roast' seems likely to be near of kin to our other phrase, 'cock of the walk;' and the change from 'roost' to 'roast' may be a mere corruption consequent upon the former phonographic irregularity of our spelling; 'roast' and 'roost' having both been pronounced with the first or name sound of *o*, and both having been written *rost* or *rowst*. For instance, "— like bragginge cockes on the *rowst* flappe your whinges." Jewell. *Defence of the Apologie*, p. 35, (*apud* Dr. Richardson;) and in the present passage the folio has, "rules the *rost*." And see the following passage from John Studley's translation of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 1581, which also seems to me quite inconsistent with the supposed turnspit origin of the phrase: —

> "But valiaunt Agamemnon hee graund captayne of the Hoste,
> Who bare the sway among the Kinges, and ruled *all the roste*." fol. 141 b.

p 275. "—— *and thy house-keeping*": — Warwick's house-keeping was lavish and wasteful, even for a prince. It is related by Holinshed that "when he came to London he held such an house, that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and everie taverne was full of his meat, for who that had anie acquaintance in that house, he should have had as much sod and rost as he might carry upon a long dagger." Vol. iii. p. 678, Ed. 1587: again, remarking upon the love the people bore to Warwick, "they judged the verie sunn was taken from the world when he was absent." *Ibid.* p. 675.

And, *brother York*": — York had married the sister of Salisbury, who was son to Ralph Nevil, first Earl of Westmoreland, by a second wife, and acquired the Earldom of Salisbury by marriage with Alice, the only daughter and heir of Thomas de Montacute, fourth and last Earl of that name.

"While they do tend *the* profit of the land": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "tend *to* profit," &c.

p. 276. "'Tis *mine* they give away": — The folio, "'Tis *thine*" — an obvious misprint for the word in the text. The error is not uncommon.

" "—— wrings his *hapless* hands": — Mr Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*helpless* hands," which is quite possibly the true reading.

' "—— *the fatal brand Althea burn'd*," &c.: — Althea, the mother of Meleager, was informed by the Oracle that he would live only so long as a certain firebrand was unconsumed. She preserved the brand with solicitous care; but Meleager having slain her two brothers, who endeavored to take his mistress, Atalanta, from him, his mother, in a moment of revengeful fury, threw the brand into the fire, and as it burned away he died.

Scene II.

p. 277. "*Enter Gloster and the Duchess*": — This Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Cobham, daughter of Reginald Lord Cobham, whose beauty and fascination had made her the favorite of more than one nobleman before she became the mistress of the Duke. After openly living with her for some time in this relation, he married her; but her character did not change with her condition.

p. 278. "My troublous *dream*": — The folio has, "*dreames*" — a palpable misprint, as the context shows.

p. 279. "—— where kings and queens *are* crown'd": — The folio has, "*wer* crown'd." The misprint would be plain enough even if we had not in the quarto, "Where Kings and Queenes *are* crownde," &c.

" "—— *ill-nurtur'd* Eleanor": — The folio has, "ill-nur*ter'd*." See Note on "an inland man," *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 375.

p. 280. "—— *Sir John*": — Not a knight, but a priest. See the Note on "Sir Hugh," *Merry Wives*, &c., Act I. Sc. 1.

Scene III.

p. 281. "—— our supplications *in the quill*": — i. e., written supplications, as supplications in type would be printed supplications. Mr. Singer and Mr. Dyce suggest, 'in the quoil' = coil = confusion.

p. 282. "*To* my Lord Protector": — Capell, with great probability of correctness, read, "*For* my Lord Protector"— a surprised repetition of the last words of the petitioner, not a reading of the indorsement on the petition.

" "That my *master* was": — The folio has, "That my

mistress was" — an obvious misprint, probably caused by the use of M. which stood in old MS. for both 'master' and 'mistress.'

p. 284. "—— base-born *callat*": — See the Note on 'A callet," *Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 3.

" "Then let him be *denay'd*": — 'Denay' was often used for 'deny,' and even for 'denial.' See "bide no denay," *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 285. "To give his *censure*": — i. e., his judgment; — the word implying no detraction.

p. 286. "*I'd* set my ten commandments," &c.: — The folio has, "I *could* set," &c.; the superfluous word having been caught from the line above. The quarto has, "Ide set," &c.

" "*She shall not strike Dame Eleanor*," &c.: — For this characteristic scene we are indebted entirely to the poet. Eleanor and Margaret never met.

" "—— her *fury* needs no spurs": — The folio has, "her *fume* needs," &c. The ingenious correction, by which sense and rhythm are restored to the line by the least possible change, is Mr. Dyce's. The second folio attained only the latter by reading "her fume *can need* no spurs," which has hitherto been retained, in spite of its violence to the old text.

" "She'll gallop *fast* enough": — The folio has, "*farre* enough." The misprint was corrected by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 288. "*I humbly thank*," &c.: — Before this reply of *Somerset's*, Theobald inserted, from the old play, a brief speech by the King, —

> "Then be it so. — My Lord of Somerset,
> We make your Grace Regent over the French,"

because without them the King has not confirmed *Gloster's* decision, and *Somerset* has nothing to be thankful for. Malone, Capell, and Collier leave out the lines, supposing that the King assents by a nod or look; and Mr. Knight also omits them, because "the King has given the power of deciding to *Gloster*." Mr. Dyce restores them, because "the King has *not* given the power of deciding to *Gloster*," but merely puts a question to him. But the terms of that question clearly imply that *Gloster* is to decide the matter; and he pronounces doom, with the mere ceremonious expression of deference, "if I may judge." And that his judgment was considered final, is plain; for in the same breath with his appointment of

Somerset as Regent, he decides the question as to the accusation of the armorer by his man, and *Horner* adds to *Somerset's* expression of thanks, "*And* I accept the combat willingly;" although, even in the quarto, the *King says nothing about the combat*. The lines in the quarto were doubtless struck out as enfeebling the impression of *Gloster's* supremacy.

SCENE IV.

p. 289. "*Enter Margery Jourdain*," &c.: — This Scene is historical.

The *Duchess of Gloster*, or 'Dame Elinor,' as she was universally called, in the words of Holinshed, "by sorcerie and enchantment intinded to destroy the King to advance hir husband unto the crowne." Her accomplices were two priests named Thomas Southwell and John Hum, Roger Bolingbroke, a professed necromancer, and Margery Jordan, Jourdeine, or Jourdemaine, surnamed the Witch of Ely. They were all tried and convicted; the Duchess was condemned as in the play; Margery Jourdaine was burned at Smithfield; Bolingbroke was drawn, hanged, and quartered; Southwell died in the Tower on the eve of his execution; and Hum was pardoned.

" "To this *gear*": — i. e., this business.

" "—— the *silent* of the night": — This expression, akin to "the *vast* of night," (*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1,) is consistent, at least, with Shakespeare's use of language. Steevens and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly read, "the *silence* of the night." Just below, the latter also has, "ghosts break *ope* their graves."

p. 290. "[*Reading out of a paper*]": — This stage direction is not in the original; but in the quarto the Duchess says to Hume, "Take this scrole of paper here, wherein is writ the questions," &c.

" "*False* fiend, avoid!" — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "*Foul* fiend," &c.

p. 291. "*We'll see your trinkets*," &c.: — Some corruption of this line and the hemistich has probably taken place, owing to an imperfect correction of the MS. or a compositor's mistake with regard to 'all.' We should probably read, as Mr. Dyce suggests, "here all forthcoming. —*Away!*" ('here' having the time of a dissyllable,) or, "here forthcoming *all*, — *Away!*" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*are* all forthcoming." But there does not seem sufficient certainty as to the corruption or either of

the proposed emendations to justify a change in the text.

p. 291. "*Aio, te, Æacida,*" &c.: — This was the response of the Oracle to Pyrrhus.

" "*Tell me, what fate,*" &c.: — The slight variations between *York's* and *Hume's* reading of this paper will be noticed by the careful reader. Such oversights are not uncommon with Shakespeare, and are rather peculiar to him.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 293. "*Beat* on a crown": — So in *The Tempest*, Act V. Sc. 1: —

> "Do not infest your minds with beating on
> The strangeness of this business."

" "*With such holiness,*" &c.: — This line is not a verse, and may be corrupt; but the quarto reads, "Church-men so hote. Good uncle, can you doate?" [i. e., do't.] Note, by the way, 'hot' and 'do't' both pronounced with the first or name sound of *o*.

p. 294. "*True, uncle*": — In the folio, where only they occur, this and the two following speeches are given to *Gloster*, by an obvious mistake, which Theobald corrected.

p. 296. "—— *Simpcox*, come": — The folio has, "*Symon*," which seems to be clearly a misprint of '*Symcox*.'

p. 297. "Then, Saunder, *sit there*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, for the sake of rhythm, "sit *thou* there," &c. But in the quarto, this speech is printed as prose, and in the folio in rhythmless lines of variable length; some having six, some twelve syllables. Mr. Dyce supposes that the speech "was written by the original author in verse, and that his verse has been corrupted into prose." The folio has, near the end of the speech, "think *it* cunning to be great;" "*his* cunning" being found in the quarto and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 298. "A *sort* of naughty persons *lewdly* bent": — See Notes on "few of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1, and on "this lewd fellow," *Ibid.* Act V. Sc 1.

SCENE II.

p. 300. "*Edward the Third, my lords,*" &c.: — The folio version of this pedigree differs from those in the quartos of 1594 and 1619, and they differ from each other. All are incorrect. There is confusion, too, about Edmund Mortimer; but as it does not in the least affect the comprehensibility of the text, or the identification of the personages, or the progress of the play, those who wish to be satisfied with regard to it must go to the genealogists, or to Malone's two-page note upon the subject.

p. 301. "—— where, as *all you* know": — *York* addresses but two persons, *Salisbury* and *Warwick*, and yet uses 'all,' which now-a-days we never address but to three or more. Is this a remnant of the French idiom, *tous les deux?*

" "—— who was *son*": — In the folio this 'son' has accidentally dropped to the end of the following line, which thus reads: "fift *sonnes* sonne."

" "What plain *proceeding*," &c.: — The folio has "proceedings," which possibly the author wrote.

SCENE III.

p. 303. "—— for *sins*": — The folio misprints, "for *sinne*.

p. 304. "—— govern England's *realm*": — Dr. Johnson, Mr. Collier's folio corrector, and other editors, Mr. Dyce among them, read, "England's *helm*;" I cannot see with what justification. The mere repetition of the word is none. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, in *Gloster's* next speech, —

> "My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff.
> *To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh!*"

But, after such a speech, the laugh would not be all on *Gloster's* side.

" "—— this staff of honor *raught*": — i. e., reft or bereft. The word is sometimes the preterite of 'reach.'

" "—— in *her* youngest days": — Here 'her' refers to 'pride,' and is used for 'its,' as 'his' also is in the previous line. See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 305. "*Enter, on one side,*" &c.: — This very particular stage direction is found almost verbatim in both folio and quarto, except that in the old copies we have, as usual, "doun" for 'side,' and that *Peter* is simply called "his man." Gentlemen only had the privilege of fighting

with swords and spears: the staff and sand-bag was the appointed weapon for men of inferior rank in such trials by battle. This combat is a dramatic transcript of one which actually took place in the reign of Henry VI. upon a similar quarrel. The combatants were named John Daveys and William Catour. They fought in Smithfield, where barriers were erected: the body of the armorer was watched until it was drawn to Tyburn, where it was hanged and quartered as that of a traitor. The whole affair was a week in passing. See Nicholls' *Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times*. 4to. 1797.

p. 306. "—— *with a downright* blow": — Here the quarto adds, "as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart*," which some editors have restored for the mere sake of the allusion, though in defiance of authority, and to the detriment (it is safe to say what Shakespeare thought) of characteristic truth. For the story of Bevis of Southampton, see Ellis' *Early English Romances*.

Scene IV.

p. 307. "*Uneath* she may endure": — i. e., hardly she may endure. A. S. *eath* = easily. So in *Golding's Ovid*, —

"Behold how Atlas gins to faint, his shoulders though full strong
Uneath are able to uphold the sparkling extree long."
Ed. 1587, fol. 21 b.

"—— *laughing at thy shame*": — So both quarto and folio. The second folio has, "*still* laughing," &c.

" "—— *with verses written upon her back*": — This part of the stage direction is from the quarto; the rest only is found in the folio.

p. 308. "—— *deep-fet* groans": — i. e., deep-fetched groans. 'Fet' for 'fetched' frequently occurs in the first editions of the authorized translation of the Bible. It was unjustifiably modernized in a revised edition of the last century, which has since been followed.

p 309. "*Entreat* her not the worse": — So, "they entreated them spitefully," *Matthew* xxii., and "he shall be spitefully entreated," *Luke* xviii. 32.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 311. "*A sennet*": — 'Sennet,' like 'tucket,' meant the sounding of an instrument, not the instrument itself. The latter word is clearly from the Italian *toccare* = to

touch or play; but the etymology of the former is yet undecided. It has been supposed to be from the French *sonner* = to sound. Both words occur frequently in our old dramatists.

p. 313. "—— as is the ravenous *wolf*": — The folio has, "ravenous *wolves*." The correction, required by the verb, and justified by "a dove," "the raven," and "a lamb," in the preceding lines, was made by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*Welcome, Lord Somerset*," &c.: — An anachronism. Somerset did not assume the regency of France until three years after this parliament and the murder of Gloster.

p. 314. "*Well, Suffolk, thou*," &c.: — So the folio. The second folio supplies the deficient syllable by reading, "Well, Suffolk, *yet* thou," &c. But were any emendation to be admitted, we should read, 'Well, Suffolk's *Duke*,' &c., the quarto having, "Why Suffolkes Duke," &c.

p. 315. "—— from all *suspects*": — The folio has, "from all *suspence*." It was left for Steevens to see the error and make the correction.

p. 316. "My *liefest* liege": — i. e., my most highly regarded liege. See the Note on 'alderliefest,' Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 318. "*Fair* lords": — The folio has, "*Free* lords," which is meaningless, except to those who can believe that 'free' meant noble; as to which, see the Note on "the free maids," *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 4. The reading of the text, which supposes an easy typographical error, and which is justified by Shakespeare's frequent use of the phrases 'fair lord' or 'lords,' 'fair assembly,' 'fair prayer,' 'fair gentleman' or 'gentlemen,' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*The King will labour still to save his life*": — Yet, when, after the death of the Duke, his friends made many and powerful efforts in parliament to obtain a declaration of his innocence, they could not succeed while the government was in Henry's own hands. It is not clear that Gloster was murdered, or, if he was, that the King was not concerned in, or consenting to, his death. See the authorities quoted by the Right Hon. Peregrine Courtenay, in his *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, &c., pp. 276–282.

p. 319. "Which *mates* him first," &c.: — Here 'mate' may be used either with or without a reference to chess. "Mate, *exp.* Pined, Consumed, Tame, Daunted, Abashed, *à* Fr. *Mater*, *Matter* = *Vincere*, *Subjugare*, *vel* à Belg. *Mat*, Teut *Matt* = *Fessus*, *Defessus*." Skinner's *Etymologicon*, &c.

p 320. "It *skills* not greatly": — i. e., it avails not greatly, or accomplishes but little. The word occurs in the same sense in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 442, and in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 235. It hardly needs a gloss, and Scott uses it frequently.

" "—— a quick *expedient* stop": — i. e., an expeditious stop.

p. 322. "—— *nourish* a mighty band": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*march* a mighty band," which is a very plausible suggestion. But there was no need that *York* should *march* his band in Ireland; though great need that he should collect and foster [nourish] it while he was brewing rebellion in England.

" "—— *like a wild Morisco*": — See the Note on "as fit as ten groats," &c., *All's Well that Ends Well*," Act II. Sc. 2, p. 123.

SCENE II.

p. 323. "*Enter certain Murderers, hastily*": — The folio has, "*Enter two or three running over the stage from the murther of Duke Humfrey.*" In the quarto there is a direction that the Duke shall be "*discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed.*"

p. 324. "I thank thee, *Meg*": — The folio has, "I thank thee, *Nell*," which is wrong, of course, as the Queen's name is Margaret. It is remarkable too that in that text, the Queen, speaking twice of herself, in her long speech just below, calls herself both times "*Elianor.*" In the first instance the initial M might have been put for Meg or Margaret, and mistaken for N; but it is difficult to account for the two latter, unless, indeed, the same mistake occurred, and it being found that 'Nell' did not suit the line, the name was printed in full to preserve the rhythm. Capell first read 'Meg.'

p. 326. "Erect his *statua*": — The folio has, "his *statue*;" but we should clearly read, 'statua,' which was a common, perhaps the more common, form of the word in Shakespeare's time.

" "—— the *gentle* gusts": — Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's folios of 1632 read, "th' *ungentle* gusts;" but the gusts were gentle, i. e., kindly, in that they were "well-forewarning."

p. 327. "—— and *witch* me, as *Ascanius* did": — The folio has, "and *watch me*," &c., — an obvious misprint. — The act of Cupid in the guise of Ascanius, as well as the telling of Æneas' woes, is here attributed to Ascanius himself.

p. 328. "—— and to *drain*": — Steevens plausibly suggested that Shakespeare wrote, "and to *rain*," which reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open*," &c.: — Here the folio has merely the direction, "*Bed put forth;*" the quarto has, "*Warwicke draives the curtains and showes Duke Humphrey in his bed*," which, however, follows his request to stay with the Commons till he returns.

p. 329. "—— a *timely-parted ghost*": — i. e., the body of a person recently deceased. 'Ghost' was frequently thus used; and 'time,' in combination, or of itself, had much more latitude of meaning than it now has. For instance, just below, "Duke Humphrey's timeless death" means, his untimely death.

p. 332. "Unless *false* Suffolk," &c.: — The folio has, "unless *lord* Suffolk;" but as the quarto, from which these two lines are taken, has "*false*," and at the end of this speech the folio has also, "*false* Suffolk," there seems to be no reasonable doubt that, as Mr. Dyce first suggested, 'lord was here repeated by mistake from the line above.

" "—— *who'r* you will or no": — In the folio, "*where* you will," &c.

p. 333. "—— a *sort* of tinkers": — i. e., a company of tinkers. See the Note on "none of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"—— breathe infection *in* this air": — 'In' for 'into.'

p. 334. "—— to curse thine *enemies*": — The folio has, "thine *enemy*." But as the quarto has, "canst thou not curse thy *enemies*," and in both texts *Suffolk* replies, "wherefore should I curse *them?*" there can be no doubt that there was a misprint, owing probably to the spelling, *enemie*, in the MS.

" "—— as doth *the mandrake's groan*": — In Bulleine's *Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness*, folio, 1579, p. 141, is the following passage relative to the mandrake, which was first quoted by Reed: —

"They do affyrme that this herbe cometh of the seede of some convicted dead men: and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare

thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

It need hardly be remarked that the lizard's sting mentioned below is equally a nonentity with the mandrake's groan.

p. 335. "—— wert thou *thence*": — The second folio needlessly has, "wert thou *hence*."

p. 336. "Myself *to* joy in naught": — The folio has, "Myself *no* joy," &c. The obviously antithetical character of the two clauses of the sentence justifies the trifling correction, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 337. "—— a fretful *corrosive*": — Here 'corrosive' is to be accented on the first syllable. It was generally written *corsive* in Shakespeare's day.

Scene III.

" The hint for this Scene was taken from a passage in Hall's Chronicle, in which the Cardinal is represented as crying out in his despair, "Why should I die having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life I am able either by policy to get it or by riches to buy it." But Shakespeare borrowed neither dramatic effect nor language from this scene in the Chronicle. Lingard says that the Cardinal made his final exit in the odor of sanctity, and cheered by all the offices of the Church.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 339. "*Clip* dead men's graves": — i. e., clasp or span dead men's graves. See Note on "a kissing traitor," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 340. "*The lives of those*": — A full point instead of a mark of exclamation having been mistakenly affixed to this passage in the folio, and hitherto retained, (except by Mr. Knight, who substituted an interrogation mark,) there has been some difficulty found in it, and much fruitless and needless comment and conjecture expended upon it.

" "—— *that by water I should die*": — See Act I. Sc. 4, for this prediction.

p. 341. "[*Jove sometime went disguis'd.*" &c.: — This line is only found in the quarto, and without it the next speech has no pertinence; the passage having been bodily taken from the quarto.

p. 341 "*The honourable blood of Lancaster*": — Suffolk was by the mother's side a far off cousin of King Henry, but had no Lancastrian blood in his veins. His mother was great-great granddaughter of Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I., and great-great-great-grandaunt of Henry VI. In the folio, the first line of this speech is mistakenly printed as a part of the preceding speech, and 'lowly' is corrupted into "*lowsie*."

" "[*Yes, Poole, — Poole?*" — These two speeches are omitted from the folio. They are absolutely necessary to the connection of the text. The pronunciation of *oo*, remarked upon elsewhere, is illustrated by this punning use of the name, which was written indifferently *Pole*, *Pool*, and *Powl*, though generally *Pole*.

p. 342. "—— thy *mother's bleeding* heart": — The folio misprints, "thy *mother-bleeding*," &c.

" "—— *are* rising up in arms": — The folio misprints, "*and* rising," &c.

" "—— *our half-fac'd sun*": — An allusion to the device of Edward III., which was a sun breaking through clouds.

p. 343. "Than *Bargulus*," &c.: — Warburton first pointed out that this Bargulus is mentioned by Cicero in his treatise *De Officiis*. "Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum." Lib. II. C. 11. Mr. Dyce has noticed that the name in Cicero's treatise is a false reading, the Greek of Theopompus giving *Bardylis*. Hanmer had previously read 'Bardylis,' pointing out the passage in Diodorus Siculus, in which he is mentioned as the King of Illyria conquered by Philip of Macedon. In the quarto the comparison is to "Abradas the great Macedonian pirate," who is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*. See the Essay on the Authorship of the Three Parts of King Henry VI.

' "*Penè gelidus*," &c.: — The folio misprints, "*Pine*," &c. The author of this bit of Latin is not known. Mr. Verplanck suggests that it may be by Mantuan; as to whom see the Note on "good old Mantuan," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 463.

' "*Come, soldiers*," &c.: — The folio gives this line to the previous speech — an obvious mistake strangely left to be corrected by Hanmer.

" "—— vile *bezonians*": — See the Note on "Under which King, Bezonian," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 3, p. 562.

SCENE II.

p. 345. "—— a *cade* of herrings": — A cade of herrings was a vessel containing seventy-two thousand ["six hundreth, six score to the hundreth,"] of those odorous fish, according to an old authority, quoted by Malone.

" "—— shall *fall* before us": — The folio has, "shall *faile*," &c. — a palpable misprint.

p. 346. "—— she *washes bucks*": — i. e., she 'does family washing.'

" "—— never a house, *but the cage*": — In Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580, as quoted by Mr. Singer, we find, "Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place for harlots and vagabonds, we call cages." But the reader, remembering the confinement of *Christian* and *Faithful* in "the cage" at Vanity Fair, will not be obliged to go back to Baret for a definition.

p. 347. "*They use to write it on the top of letters*": — Public documents and even private letters were commonly prefixed with some one of the names or titles of Christ.

p. 348. "—— *I pass not*": — i. e., I care not. The quarto has, "I passe not a pinne." The phrase was in common use.

" "—— *a shearman*": — i. e., a cutter, a tailor, 'tailor' itself being from *tailler* = to cut.

p. 349. "—— *span-counter*": — A game played by the boys of Shakespeare's time, in which one threw a counter or piece of money, which was forfeit to him who could throw another within a span of it.

" "—— thereby is England *main'd*": — This form of 'maim' was in common use in Shakespeare's day, though rather as a provincialism or vulgarism; and the more should it therefore be here preserved.

p. 350. "—— in *clouted shoon*": — It can hardly be necessary to remark that 'shoon' is the old plural of 'shoe,' (or shoo,' as it was spelled of old,) formed in a manner which we still preserve in a few words called irregular, and which it is to be regretted that we ever laid aside. 'Clouted' may mean either strengthened with nails, (from the French *clout* = a large headed nail,) or mended with patches or strips of leather or iron. "*Cloute*, of a schoo, *Pictasium*," *Promptorium Parvulorum* "In Norfolk the terms cleat and clowt signify an iron plate with which a shoe is strengthened." Forby.

p. 351. "—— a hundred lacking one [*a week*]": — The last

two words are not found in the folio, but were inserted from the quarto by Malone. He was justified by the obvious necessity for some emendation of the text of the folio, and by the fact that in the reign of Elizabeth butchers were enjoined from selling flesh meat during Lent, but that some of the trade, having interest at Court, obtained licenses to kill a limited number of beasts *a week*. In the quarto the number is, "four score and one;" but a hundred lacking one was the more familiar reckoning, and known as the common term of years for long leases.

p. 353. "—— retire to *Killingworth*": — The name by which Kenilworth was almost universally known in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— the *traitors* hate thee": — The folio has, "the *traitors* hateth thee," which was changed by Rowe to "the traitors *hate* thee," and that reading has hitherto retained possession of the text; but we should surely read "the *traitor hateth* thee," not only because that involves the least possible change in the old text, and corrects one of the commonest of misprints, but because the corresponding passage of the quarto is,

"Come on Lord Say, go thou along with us,
For fear *the Rebell* Cade do find thee out."

" "—— for fear you *be* betray'd": — 'Be,' which was accidentally omitted from the first folio, owing, doubtless, to the repetition of the syllable, was supplied in the second.

SCENE VI.

p. 355. "—— go and set *London-bridge on fire*": — London bridge, in Shakespeare's time, and long after, was of wood, and lined on either side with houses.

SCENE VII.

" "—— *headed by Matthew Gough*": — This Matthew *Gough*, [*Goffe* in the old copies,] according to a passage in Latin, quoted by Steevens from William of Worcester, was the son of Ewen Gough, bailiff of the manor of Hangmer, in North Wales, and foster brother to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Holinshed says that he was "of great wit and much experience in feates of chivalrie," and had long served Henry VI. and his father.

" "—— pull down *the Savoy*": — The Savoy was a palace belonging originally to Simon de Mountford, Earl of Leicester. It was built on a plot of ground granted

by Henry III. to Peter, Earl of Savoy. It was magnificently rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, it having been purchased by Queen Eleanor; and it was torn down in Wat Tyler's rebellion, not Jack Cade's, (See *Introduction*,) in the time of which it lay in ruins It was rebuilt as a hospital by Henry VII.

p. 356. "—— *one and twenty fifteens*": — It may be well to remark that these fifteens, &c., were that proportion of the personal property of the citizen which was demanded by the King or his ministers to meet the expenses of any extraordinary state occasion.

" "—— thou *say*, thou *serge*": — Readers would miss the point of this taunt who did not know that 'say' was the old word for silken cloth.

" "—— thou hast caus'd *printing to be used*": — Printing was not used in England until about 1470, twenty years after Cade's rebellion.

" "—— and *because they could not read thou hast hang'd them*": — It may not be superfluous to remark that this is an allusion to the well-known privilege of ancient times known as 'benefit of clergy.'

p 357. "Thou dost ride *in a foot-cloth*": — A foot-cloth was a kind of housing or rich covering for the horse, which nearly swept the ground. 'In' is here used according to the idiom of Shakespeare's time, in the sense of upon, as in numerous other passages in these plays.

" "*Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ*," &c.: — "*Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt*," Lib. V. The notion was perpetuated by English writers. Golding, 1563, translated the passage "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."

"—— liberal, valiant, active, *wealthy*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "liberal, valiant, active, *worthy*."

"*But* to maintain," &c.: — The original has, "*Kent* to maintain," &c. Mr. Singer and Mr. Collier retain this reading, supposing the speech to be addressed to the Kentish men, who are called 'Kent!' There seems to be no reasonable doubt, however, that Dr. Johnson's conjecture that 'Kent' is a misprint for 'But' is well founded. As to the book which preferred Lord Say to the King, nothing is known. It may have been some official document; as any writing was called a book.

p. 358. "—— *and the help of hatchet*": — It is in the highest degree probable that, as Farmer first suggested, we

should read, "*pap with a* hatchet," as that phrase was in common use in Shakespeare's time, and Lilly had used it as a title to one of his tracts in the Martin Marprelate controversy. But there does not seem to be sufficient warrant for the alteration of the old text, which is preserved in the second folio with a trifling modification, (the insertion of 'a' before 'hatchet,') and which has a clear meaning.

p 359. "—— *Sir James Cromer*": — An error for Sir William Cromer, as Ritson pointed out.

" "—— *there shall not a maid be married*": — This alludes to an ancient feudal custom by which the lord of the manor had the privilege which Jack Cade declares it his intention to claim for himself. Blackstone thought that it never prevailed in England, but that it did in Scotland, which last opinion is confirmed by the mention of it (according to Malone) by Boethius and Skene, as existing in the time of Malcom III., about A. D. 1050. Beaumont and Fletcher founded their *Custom of the Country* upon it.

SCENE VIII.

p. 360. "Or let a *rebel* lead you," &c.: — The folio has, "Or let a *rabble*," &c. The correction, which is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and in Mr. Singer's, would be more than plausible under any circumstances, and is fully justified by the corresponding passage in the quarto: —

> "Who [the King] hath mildly sent his pardon to you
> If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here."

p. 361. "Crying — *Viliaco!*" — In the folio, "*Villiago.*" A term of reproach which, as Mr. Dyce remarks, is not unfrequently found in our old dramatists. "*Vigliacco*, a rascall, a base varlet, a knavish scoundrel, a scurvy fellow." Florio's *New World of Words*.

SCENE IX.

p. 363. "—— to be *advertised*": — It may be well to remark that 'advertised' is here a word of four syllables, accented on the second and fourth.

" "Of *Gallowglasses* and *stout Kernes*": — Kernes and Gallowglasses are again mentioned together in *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 2. They were varieties of the wild Irish forces — brave, but savage and undisciplined — which seem to have engaged as mercenary soldiers in the middle ages. The weapon of the Gallowglass was a poleaxe; the

Kerne used a sword and target. I am inclined to think that the *s* is superfluous in 'Kernes,' and that 'Kern' or 'Kerne' is a plural form. It has been conjectured with much probability, that a word of two syllables has been lost from this line: it was probably a correspondent epithet to 'stout,' qualifying 'Gallowglasses.'

p. 363. "Is straightway *calm'd*": — The folio has, "is straightway *calm*" — an obvious misprint, corrected in the fourth folio.

" "I *pray thee, Buckingham,*" &c.: — The most acceptable suggestion for supplying the deficient syllable in this line is Mr. Dyce's, — "go *thou* and meet him."

SCENE X.

p. 364. "Fie on *ambition*": — The first folio has, "*ambitions,*" the second, "ambition" — a variation hardly worth notice.

" "—— all the country *is laid for* me": — So in Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, "I have been laying all the town for thee." Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— but for a sallet, *my brain-pan had been cleft*": — Sallet was the name of an open helmet, as well as a generic term for cooling herbs eaten raw.

p. 365. "—— by others' *waning*": — The folio has, "by others' *warning*" — a palpable misprint, corrected by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 366. "—— I beseech *God* on my knees": — The folio has, "I beseech *Jove*," &c. But as this passage is taken bodily from the quarto, which has, "I beseech *God*," &c., there should be no hesitation in adopting the latter reading, instead of the inappropriate one of the folio, which was, doubtless, as Malone suggested, adopted in fear of the statute of 3 James I. so often alluded to before. 'Jove' was sometimes used for 'God' by our earlier writers, as Mr. Dyce suggests; but the quarto is in this case decisive.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 367. "—— *his Forces, &c., at some distance*": — The capacity of the old stage did not permit an arrangement so much in accordance with probability. The stage direction of the folio is, "*Enter Yorke, and his army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.*"

p. 368. "*On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury*": — Ajax Telamon, having gone mad because the armor of Achilles was awarded to Ulysses rather than to him, rushed out of his tent upon the flocks kept for the sustenance of the Greek army, and slaughtering great numbers of them, dragged the carcasses to his tent, thinking that they were his enemies.

" "*Buckingham, I pr'ythee*": — Thus the folio: the second folio, "*O* Buckingham," &c.; the quarto, "*Humphrey, Duke of* Buckingham, pardon me." The last line but one of the speech shows that here we must not insist strongly upon complete verses, or even measured rhythm.

p. 371. "—— first let me ask of *these*": — The folio has, "ask of *thee*." The trifling misprint was corrected by Theobald, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Theobald, with much plausibility, also supposed that a transposition had accidentally been made, and began the speech with the line, "Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail."

p. 372. "To *Bedlam* with him": — This well-known hospital for the insane, which stood near Charing Cross, was originally a priory of the Order of Bethlehem, (the brethren and sisters of which wore a star upon their mantles,) which was founded A. D. 1246, by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of London. It appears to have been given up to the use of lunatics about the end of the fourteenth century. Its name, (*th* being pronounced as *t*,) was at first corrupted into Betleham, and finally into Bedlam.

" "—— my *two brave bears*": — An allusion to the badge of the Nevils, the bear and ragged staff.

"—— the *be'r-'ard*": — i. e., bear-ward. See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 373. "Who, being *suffer'd*": — i. e., it is hardly necessary to remark, being permitted.

p. 374. "—— for death *or* dignity": — The folio has, "death *and* dignitie." The needful emendation was made by Pope and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— by thy *household* badge": — The folio misprints, "*housed* badge." The correct reading is found in the quarto, from which it will be seen the passage is taken bodily.

" "—— Foul *stigmatic*": — i. e., one stigmatized, branded, by Nature.

SCENE II.

p. 376. "—— and the *premised* flames," &c.: — i. e., the

flames sent before their time; — one of the numberless instances of Shakespeare's use of words derived from Latin in their radical sense.

p. 377. "As *wild Medea*," &c.: — Medea, flying from Colchis with Jason, cut her brother Absyrtus, into many pieces, that her father might be detained from following her.

" "*Somerset is killed*": — In the quarto the direction is, "*And Richard kils him under the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*"

" "*So, lie thou there; — For, underneath*," &c.: — This passage is altogether inconsequential and somewhat obscure, owing to corruption, or to very careless alteration of the corresponding passage in the quarto, which is as follows: —

"So lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
What's here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe
The Castle in Saint Albones
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death."

The change would not be justifiable; but we should probably fulfil the author's intention by reading, —

"So, lie thou there. — *What's here? the sign of the Castle! So then the prophecy is come to pass;*
For, underneath an ale-house paltry sign," &c.

For the prediction referred to, see Act I. Sc. 4.

p. 378. "—— of all our present *parts*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "present *friends*."

SCENE III.

" "*Old* Salisbury": — The folio has, "*Of* Salisbury." The emendation, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is solicited by the construction of the line, and supported by the reading of the quarto, "But did you see *old* Salsbury?" In the third and fourth lines of this speech the same volume has "all *bruise* of time," and "the *bloom* of youth," which latter reading occurred to Dr. Johnson — emendations so happy and so specious that, although 'brush of time' and 'brow of youth' must be retained as having a clear figurative meaning were I to print a text of Shakespeare for myself alone, I should read with the old corrector.

p. 379. "—— I *holp* him": — The old strong preterite of 'help.'

ESSAY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

VOL. VII.

Twenty-five copies of this Essay, as originally written, were printed for private circulation, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., with the following dedication:—

TO

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,

OF SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

A TOKEN OF HIGH REGARD.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS SCHOLARSHIP AND TASTE,

AND A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTEREST

SPONTANEOUSLY MANIFESTED IN THE LABORS

OF WHICH THIS ESSAY FORMS A PART.

AN ESSAY

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

IT has long been a question of much interest in English literature, whether Shakespeare was in any proper sense the author of either of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. More than a hundred years ago, Theobald cast a doubt upon their authenticity,* and Warburton, as his manner was, denied it without reserve and with little reason. Johnson then opposed these conjectures and assertions by a few solemnly uttered truisms, and the brief assertion of opposite opinions upon the merit and style of the plays;† while Farmer, Steevens, and Tyrwhitt skirmished still more lightly upon the same field, the

* "Indeed, tho' there are several master strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakespeare, yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I shou'd rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage, and so have receiv'd some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions." *Theobald's Shakespeare*, 1733, Vol. IV. p. 110.

† "From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every authour's works, one will be the best and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of stile, and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed authour. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures are Shakespeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of K. John, Richard II., or the tragick scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What authour of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?" *Johnson's Shakespeare*, 1765, Vol. V. p. 225. [It is very doubtful whether Johnson had read a page of either "authour of that age," except Shakespeare, to whom *Henry the Sixth* might be attributed with any semblance of probability.

former as an opponent, the two latter as allies of "the great moralist." Malone was the first who gave the subject careful consideration and systematic treatment. To use his own words, he "was long struck with the many evident Shakespearianisms" in the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and did not doubt either "that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person," or that "they were properly ascribed" to Shakespeare. This was Malone's opinion before his edition of Shakespeare's works was published, in 1790; but during the preparation of that edition, he reached an opposite conclusion, and wrote a long dissertation to show that this three-part dramatic history was not Shakespeare's, that it had only been altered and enriched by him, and that the first part was written by another person than the author of the second and third.

Malone's arguments were accepted as conclusive, and his opinion prevailed without open dissent, until the appearance of Mr. Knight upon the field of Shakespearian letters. Indeed, Dr. Drake proposed that the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* should be excluded from future editions of Shakespeare's works, because it "offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the master bard." * Mr. Knight opposed himself directly, and upon all points, to Malone and his supporters. He held that Shakespeare, so far from having been the mere furbisher of *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, the two old plays which are undoubtedly earlier versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, was the unaided author of the whole of those old plays or earlier versions, and also of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, no earlier version or impression of which is known than that of the folio of 1623. Malone had written with much ingenuity; but his argument rested mainly upon mere points of verbal criticism. His examination was minute, but his view was the narrowest that could possibly be taken of the subject; and by this method of treating it he was blinded to so much that was inconsistent with his position, that what was really a failure of perception, seemed, or was easily made to appear, a lack of candor. Mr. Knight, on the contrary, writing upon the subject at great length, and with an enthusiastic fervor nearly equalled in degree by the ability which he displayed, could not be

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, Vol. II. p. 297.

reproached with narrow mindedness, although he might be charged with prejudice. He discussed the authorship of these plays almost entirely upon the highest critical grounds; and sought to establish identity of motive, unity of plan, an interdependent dramatic interest, and a homogeneous characterization between all the parts of *Henry the Sixth* and *Richard the Third*, an undoubted work of Shakespeare's.

From the nature of the question to be decided, it may be doubted whether this mode of discussion was well chosen; and whether, dependent as it was for its arguments upon mere impressions received from the passages compared, — impressions which must vary more or less as to character and deepness with various readers, — it could by any disputant have been followed to a satisfactory conclusion. But Mr. Knight certainly did show that some of the most important objections brought by Malone against the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* as Shakespeare's work, would apply equally to those passages of the Second and Third Parts of that play, which Malone himself, and all the world besides, acknowledge to be Shakespeare's. Mr. Knight demolished Malone's theory; but he failed to establish his own. He was over subtle; and the connection between his premise and his conclusion is sometimes too filmy and fanciful to be seen by eyes less eager and excited than his own. It may be safely averred, that very few of even the most admiring readers of Mr. Knight's Essay could peruse the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy*, and accept those plays as Shakespeare's entirely in plot, characterization, rhythm, and diction; — and that they are so is the keystone of Mr. Knight's argument.

Soon after Mr. Knight's Essay on *King Henry the Sixth*, appeared Mr. Collier's edition of the works of Shakespeare, in the Introductory Essays of which to these plays the latter gentleman put forth the monstrous opinion that Shakespeare wrote the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, but was not concerned in the production of the *First Part of the Contention*, or *The True Tragedy*. For such an opinion, however, there is support in the external evidence, — aside from the testimony of Heminge and Condell, — and Mr. Collier reasoned logically, though like an antiquary rather than a critic.

Next, Mr. Halliwell, editing the Shakespeare Society's reprint of the old plays just named, brought forward in his Prefatory

Essay, as a not improbable conjecture, the suggestion that "when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals." Mr. Halliwell, also, finding some words and parts of lines in an impression of these plays printed in 1619, which appear in the impression of 1623, but not in those of 1594 and 1595, concluded that there was "an intermediate composition" between the earliest and the latest impressions. But such slight differences as those pointed out by Mr. Halliwell, which are similar to others that I have myself remarked, hardly seem to warrant the conclusion that he drew from them. At the period during which these various impressions appeared, two editions of the same play, even when published within a year or two of each other, were rarely without variations as important, at least, as those in question.

Last of all, Mr. Dyce, in his edition of the works of Shakespeare, published in 1857, avows "a strong suspicion that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are wholly by Marlowe" — an opinion previously broached by Mr. Hallam in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*.

Were it desirable, it were quite impossible within the limits at my command, to state, much less to meet, in detail, the arguments of the editors and critics whose views of this subject it seemed proper to bring to the knowledge of the reader, before his attention was solicited to an examination of the question which has led me to a conclusion entirely different from that reached by any of my predecessors in this inquiry.* I will merely remark that Mr. Halliwell's conjecture that the plays which he edited contain Shakespeare's first additions to the [supposed] originals, seems to me by far the most reasonable solution of this interesting literary problem that has yet been offered. It has one point of contact with an opinion which I had formed some two or three years before I met with Mr. Halliwell's excellent reprint of these old plays, and which it is the object of this Essay to set forth and establish. That opinion is,

* Malone's Dissertation will be found in the Variorum of 1821, Vol. XVIII. p. 555; Mr. Knight's Essay, in his Pictorial Edition prefixed to Vol. II. of the Histories; Mr. Collier's views, in the Introductory remarks to the three parts, respectively, of *Henry the Sixth*, in Vol. V. of his edition of Shakespeare of 1842–4; Mr. Halliwell's, in Vol. IV. of the *Supplement to Dodsley's Old Plays*, published by the Shakespeare Society; and Mr. Dyce's, in Vol. I. p. xlii. of his edition of Shakespeare's Works, 1857.

that *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*, and, probably, an early form of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* unknown to us, were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare (and perhaps Peele) together, not improbably as co-laborers for the company known as the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, soon after the arrival of Shakespeare in London; and that he, in taking passages, and sometimes whole Scenes, from those plays for his *King Henry the Sixth*, did little more than to reclaim his own.

II.

The only direct testimony that Shakespeare was the author of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, is that of his fellow-actors and copartners, John Heminge and Henry Condell. It is certain that they knew whether these plays were his; for the final chorus to *Henry the Fifth* bears witness that they had often been performed at the Blackfriars and the Globe.

"Henry the Sixth in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shewn; and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

And it is equally sure, that when the first folio was published, there were in London many other persons, actors, authors, and play-goers of the better sort, who were sufficiently well-informed upon the subject to correct the error or expose the fraud of Heminge and Condell, had they committed either, and who would have done so. Ben Jonson would certainly have had something to say upon the subject. But no record or hint of any such denial has been found in the thoroughly sifted literature and private MSS. of the time; and it is therefore clear that Shakespeare's connection with these works as their reputed author, was sufficiently established with his contemporaries for them to be accepted without question as his. And with regard to the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, there is no external evidence of any moment, positive or negative, as to its authorship, except its publication as Shakespeare's in the folio of 1623.

As to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts, there

are several other points of external evidence which must be taken into consideration. The first is negative. Meres makes no mention of *King Henry the Sixth* in his citation of the plays of Shakespeare, which he published in 1598. This omission, of course, applies to the First Part as well as to the Second and Third, but not at all in a like degree. For, in that often quoted passage, Meres did not profess to give a catalogue of Shakespeare's then existing plays. He but cited certain of them which occurred to him as justifying the high praise which he bestowed upon their author; and as the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* contain some of the finest passages written by Shakespeare, and we know that they were popular, the omission of them from a list in which *Titus Andronicus* appears, goes far to show that as late as 1597 Shakespeare was not known as their author. But the same inference cannot be drawn as to so comparatively a poor a play as the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.

The second point is also negative. In the years 1594 and 1595 were published *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*, more than three thousand lines of which, word for word, or modified in language only, are found in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* in the folio of 1623, of which latter plays these lines are very nearly two thirds; and yet Shakespeare's name does not appear in the entry on the Stationers' Register or on their title pages as the author of either *The First Part of the Contention* or *The True Tragedy*, although in 1594 he had reached eminence as a poet and dramatist; nor, on their republication in 1600, were they announced as his, although after 1598 none of his undoubted plays were published without his name. And more than this. *The True Tragedy* is announced on the title page of 1595 as having been "sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants" — a company of players with whom Shakespeare had no direct connection that we know of from other sources, and which is never mentioned on the title pages of the early editions of any of his unmistakable and undisputed works. It was not until 1619, three years after Shakespeare's death, that these plays were published as his by a bookseller, Thomas Pavier, who did the same with *Sir John Oldcastle*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, *The Puritan*, and other plays which we know were not his. These circumstances strongly

corroborate the conclusion towards which we are drawn by the silence of Meres — a conclusion which is made absolute by the third point of external evidence. This, though indirect, is affirmative in its nature.

In 1592, the wretched life of Robert Greene came to a miserable end. Greene, whose *Pandosto* furnished Shakespeare the plot of *The Winter's Tale*, though Master of Arts in both Oxford and Cambridge, and a prolific writer of plays, tales, and satires, which were very popular, seems to have been afflicted with all the faults and all the sorrows which are generally regarded as the peculiar heritage of authors and artists. The vicissitudes of his shifting life were from bad to worse; but they were so, not because Robert Greene was a man of letters, but because the man of letters was Robert Greene. He died from the effects of a debauch, in squalid want, at the house of a poor cobbler, dependent upon the charity and care of his host's wife. In the pangs of his last remorse, he repented of his life; and his repentance seems to have been sincere; for he not only did all in his power to secure the payment of the money that he owed his host, but he earnestly endeavored to dissuade his late companions from continuing the irregular and dissolute course of life which had brought him to so lamentable an end. He left behind him a manuscript, which was published in 1592, soon after his death, by his friend Henry Chettle, with the title, *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte; Bought with a million of Repentance: Describing the Folly of Youth, the falshood of Make-shift Flatterers, the miserie of the Negligent, and mischiefes of deceyuing Curtezans.* It is an autobiography concealed behind a thin veil of fiction. Appended to it is an address to his fellow-playwrights, with this heading: "To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintaince, that spend their wits in making Playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to prevent his extremities." The persons addressed by Greene were Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. After reproving and counselling each of them, he thus exhorts them collectively: "Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those Puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome

they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow beautiful with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shakescene in a Countrey. O that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses: and let those Apes imitate your past Excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred inuentions." *

At whom Greene's allusions in this paragraph were pointed, there could have been no doubt; and neither Shakespeare nor his contemporaries failed to appropriate them rightly. We know this from a passage in the Preface to the *Kind Heart's Dreame* of Henry Chettle, who had edited poor Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. The *Kind Heart's Dream* appeared in the same year with the *Groatsworth of Wit*, although, as we have seen, the latter was not published until after Greene's death, which took place on the 3d of September. Referring to the offence taken by Marlowe (whom Greene had represented as saying "like the fool in his heart, There is no God") and by Shakespeare, Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be; the other whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of living writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no less ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approoues his art." †

From this passage, we learn that Shakespeare was naturally indignant at Greene's slander, and that his indignation was not regarded as unjust by Greene's editor. But although there is apology, there is no retraction of the charge that Shakespeare had used Greene's material; and if that charge could have been truthfully withdrawn, surely it would have been on such an

* I believe that attention was first directed to this remarkable and important passage by Tyrwhitt, in 1766.

† From Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce.

occasion and in an apology made in such a spirit. On the contrary, Chettle, in a passage in the body of the *Kind Heart's Dream*, says, "of whom [Greene] however some suppose themselves injured, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singuler plesaunce, the verye supporter, and, to no man's disgrace bee this intended, the only Comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Here is another allusion to the umbrage taken by Shakespeare; and although further offence is deprecated, there is an assertion of Greene's eminence as a comic writer, noteworthy for its firm and almost defiant air.* There has been also discovered, in "a lytel plaunflet," *Greene's Funeralls*, by R. B. Gent., 1594, preserved in the Bodleian Library, a passage which corroborates the external evidence which we have thus far examined. It is the following so-called "Sonnet," the ninth in that volume:-

> "Greene is the pleasing Object of an eie:
> Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vpon him.
> Greene is the ground of euerie Painter's die,
> Greene gave the ground to all that wrote vpon him.
> Nay more, the men that so Eclipst his fame
> Purloyned his Plumes, can they deny the same?" †

Could there be a doubt upon this cumulative evidence, were there no more, that there was some ground for the charge of plagiarism made against Shakespeare in Greene's posthumous pamphlet?

But Greene not only made the general charge; he indicated, unintentionally perhaps, although his malice was prepense, one work at least in which he thought that Shakespeare had "purloyned his plumes." The phrase "tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide," is a parody on a line in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (Act I. Sc. 4,) "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide;" and the use of it by Greene as a part of his sneering detraction of Shakespeare, shows clearly enough that the play in which it occurs was one of those to the credit of which the dying dramatist thought that he had a claim. But this line is one of the large number in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* which are taken bodily from *The True Trage-*

* Before 1592, Shakespeare had probably produced no other comedies than *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors*.

† From Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce.

dy,* which was published in 1595. It was to a share in the latter play, therefore, that Greene meant to set up a claim for himself, Marlowe, and Peele, when he accused Shakespeare of being a crow beautified with their feathers. We have already seen that *The True Tragedy* was published as having been "sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants;" and there is this support of Greene's claim, — that while Shakespeare is not known to have had any connection with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, we have the testimony of Nash, in his *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, published in 1593, that Greene was "chief agent of the companie, for he writ more than four other." Against such an array of evidence as this, positive and negative, direct and indirect, brought from various quarters, and given by competent witnesses, who, whatever might have been their prejudices, did not know that they were giving testimony in the matter of Robert Greene and William Shakespeare, concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he would show himself either incompetent or foolhardy, I think, who denied that Greene's title to the older versions of those two plays (for one is but the continuation of the other) was thus far more clearly established than Shakespeare's.

III.

Are we then to reject the uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell, in 1623, that Shakespeare was the author of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and award to him only the lines and parts of lines which are found in those two plays, but not in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, assigning all the others to Greene, or to the trio, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele? I cannot think so; nor can I understand how any intelligent reader of the works of the four poets could for a moment seriously entertain the proposition. For, in the first place, we find that nearly three thousand five hundred lines, entire or modified, have been transferred from *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy* to

* The reader will observe, by referring to this line, Vol. VIII. p. 27, that the whole of the long speech, and indeed of the Scene, of which it forms a part, is taken from *The True Tragedy*.

the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, of the former of which they form nearly one half, and of the latter more than two thirds! It was indeed the custom of Shakespeare's time for playwrights to add to and rewrite the works of their elder contemporaries; but such wholesale "conveyance" as this would surely fix upon Shakespeare, or upon his friends for him, a plagiarism which for unblushing boldness would be without a parallel.* Is it probable that he of whom "divers of worship reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty," would have been so unscrupulous? is it possible that he who had so charmed them by "his facetious grace in writing that approves his art," could have been all at once so barren of invention as to be put to so desperate a shift?

And what kind of work was it that, on the contrary supposition, Shakespeare appropriated from other playwrights, or which was appropriated for him? For the character of the passages common to the two versions of the two plays is a very important part of the remaining evidence in the case — the internal evidence, to which we must now direct our attention.

If we examine the later version of the first of the two plays — the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* — we shall find that the first passage of any consequence which is common to this play and the *First Part of the Contention* is in the second Scene of the third Act. Previous Scenes contain many passages which are based upon corresponding passages in the *First Part of the Contention*, also some comic Scenes which differ but little from their earlier counterparts, and a few isolated lines which have been bodily transplanted; but the following is the first poetical passage of any length or moment which the later version adopts without material change from the earlier: — †

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,

* This view of the question has heretofore been taken by Mr. Knight.

† The reader will find his examination of this and similar cases aided by the manner in which the text is printed here and in the plays themselves in this edition: the lines within brackets are taken bodily from the old plays; those having single quotation marks are modifications of lines in those plays; and

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suff. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge, —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som. *and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suff. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

those unmarked are found only in the folio of 1623. The passage above quoted is said to exist without material variation in both versions, because the difference between "Who finds the heifer" and "Who *sees* the heifer," between "But will imagine" and "But *may* imagine," (the second readings being those of the *First Part of the Contention*,) are surely of no importance to the present discussion. And although *Queen Margaret's* first speech and the first line in *Suffolk's* second are marked as variations, the reader will see, by the corresponding lines in the earlier version, of how unessential a character the variation is.

"*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolk the butcher, where's his knife?"

"*Suffolke.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in thy words,-"

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to Hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!
Suff. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

If Shakespeare filched from some of his elder contemporaries all that exists unmodified in both versions of these plays, here is the first example that we find of his thieving; and upon this showing only, it must be admitted that he stole with taste as well as boldness. But from whom did he steal? Who among the subjects of Good Queen Bess, about the year of Grace 1590, had such wares as this to be stolen? Marlowe? Greene? Peele? One of them, if any one; and they are the complainants. But unfortunately for their case, they cannot prove their property in this gear. If it be possible that these lines are not Shakespeare's, it is almost certain that they are neither Marlowe's, Greene's, nor Peele's. Not one or all of them could have produced forty such consecutive lines at the time when these were written, though the grade of these is low in Shakespeare's scale of merit. They could, either of them, "bombast out a blank verse" indifferently well; but their united skill would have failed to produce a dialogue in heroic verse, in which thought, diction, and rhythm sprung up together to flow on in such a consentaneous stream. Certainly neither of them had then done so in any of his acknowledged compositions; and therefore it may be assumed that neither wrote in an anonymous work the parts peculiarly distinguished by such merit. At that time they all had failed to attain, perhaps even to aim at, the union of variety of pause with measured beat of rhythm by which Shakespeare made blank verse untiring mental music. The passage above quoted was written, whoever wrote it, when Shakespeare was a young and comparatively unpractised writer of what Milton calls "English Heroic verse without Rime;" but if he did not write —

"Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

> Thy mother took into her blameful bed
> Some stern, untutor'd churl; and noble stock
> Was graft with crab-tree slip, — whose fruit thou art,
> And never of the Nevils' noble race," —

the man who did it yet to be discovered. For Marlowe, Greene, and Peele were the acknowledged master workmen of their craft when *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were written; and let us look at specimens of the best that they could do. And first from Marlowe. Marlowe's best play, without a doubt, is *Edward the Second*, in which, especially in the Scene of *Edward's* murder, he attained a dramatic power and a freedom of versification not found elsewhere in his own undoubted works, or in those of any other of Shakespeare's early contemporaries. But this play affords unmistakable evidence that it was Marlowe's last; and he was killed in a fray in June, 1593, the year in which *Edward the Second* was entered upon the Stationers' Register. Whereas *The True Tragedy* had surely been long enough upon the stage when Greene died, in 1592, to be well known — a year or two, we may safely assume; and *The True Tragedy* was a later play than *The First Part of the Contention*. That *Edward the Second* was written some time after the appearance of *The True Tragedy*, and still longer after that of *The First Part of the Contention*, seems therefore to be sufficiently well established to exclude it from present consideration.* To quote, then, from a passage of more than average merit in the best of Marlowe's other works: —

> "*Barabas.* Ay, policy! that's their profession,
> And not simplicity, as they suggest —
> The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
> Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
> Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
> And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
> I ban their souls to everlasting pains,

* It may be objected that if Marlowe could write *Edward the Second* in 1593, he might with probability be supposed to have been able to write a play nearly as good four or five years before. But according to the best evidence (i. e. what we know that he did write) he had not that ability; and it was only in the latter part of the play which he wrote after the appearance of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* that he so greatly surpassed his former efforts, as well in kind as in degree of excellence

And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!
First Jew. Oh, yet be patient, gentle Barabas.
Bara. Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?
First Jew. Why Barabas, as hardly can we brook,
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
Bara. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
And of me only have they taken all.
First Jew. Yet brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bara. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only have I toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me."

The Jew of Malta. Marlowe's Works, Vol I. p. 252, Ed. Dyce.

Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England* furnishes the following verses, which are in his best style: —

"*Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors,
Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viceroys are, the cavaliers,

That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness.
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycas' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And *for to* deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honor at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judea's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds," &c.

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's Works. Ed. Dyce. Vol. I. p. 59.

Peele's plays afford no better lines than these from *David and Bethsabe*: —

"*Cusay.* The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever, like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men,
Sustain'd the stroke of well deserved death.
Dav. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon;
And make these cursed news the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade, the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,

Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.
[*He goes to his pavilion and sits close awhile.*
Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell;
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe, [*She kneels down.*
Whose heart is pierced with thy breathy swords,
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs," &c.
Peele's Works, Vol. II. p. 75. Ed. Dyce.

A comparison of these passages with that above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in common, will make it sufficiently clear to every reader that the writer of the former had instinctively adopted a principle of rhythm, and possessed a facility of thought and verse, and especially a dramatic freedom of diction, which are not indicated by either of the latter. But the comparison in other respects would not be fair; for the passage cited from the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* and *The First Part of the Contention*, is taken only because it is the first of any importance which is common to both those plays; while the passages quoted from Marlowe, Greene, and Peele are selected as being among the best in thought, rhythm, and diction to be found in the works of their several authors. They gain little, it is true, in any one of these respects, even if they do not suffer in all, by comparison with the passage from *The First Part of the Contention*; but for the complete attainment of our end, they must be compared with some of the finer passages common to the earlier and later versions of the two plays, the authorship of which is the present subject of our inquiry.

So little of *The First Part of the Contention* was retained without essential change in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*,

that, for the present purpose, it will be better to turn to the other play. The intelligent reader can note for himself, among the thirteen hundred lines which are common to *The True Tragedy* and the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, so many passages which in thought, diction, and rhythm are far superior to those quoted above from the works of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, that it is necessary to transfer but one to these pages for the purpose of immediate comparison. We have not far to look before we find the following lines in both the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (Act I. Sc. 4) and *The True Tragedy*. They form a part of a long and highly dramatic Scene which is taken almost bodily from the latter play.

"*York.* Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford, do not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught* at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance;
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

* i. e., reached.

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown, —
A crown for York; — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on." —
[*And so on to the end of the Scene.*

This fine passage exhibits, in a greater degree, the same on-flowing rhythm, the same unobtrusive skill in moulding emotional utterance into the symmetrical form of verse without constraint of its dramatic freedom, that appear in the extract previously made from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. But it is also marked with a superior mastery of language and a more vigorous tone of thought. The imagery, no longer confined to the more obvious comparisons suggested by commonplace occurrences, occasionally rises to the higher regions of fancy, where it soars with strong and steady wing, in striking contrast with the fitful and extravagant flights which are characteristic of Elizabethan dramatic poetry of the middle period. *Margaret's* long speech is especially noteworthy for the freedom of its verse and the strength of its invective. Its rhythm is perfect; and yet the callat queen's tongue runs with as little restraint of prosody as dignity. The speech opens, too, with an image unsurpassed, almost unequalled, in simple grandeur and expressiveness by any other in the whole range of poetry.

"Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That *raught at mountains* with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand."

What a thought to have sprung from the mere imagination of a vanquished soldier placed upon a mound of earth to be insulted! And yet it is thrown off with as little apparent care as if it were the merest commonplace. Who was there in England before 1592 who scattered such jewels with an open hand? Marlowe, the only poet of that day who could have even sought to grace his verse with such an image, would have compassed only a monstrous caricature of it. No, there can be no doubt that in 1590 there was but one man living who could have written this passage; and that man was William Shakespeare. With him who does doubt, I must dispute, not of this question, but of the worth and the distinctive traits of Shakespeare's undoubted works. Such a man must convince me that

he knows in what consists the dramatic and poetic supremacy of *Hamlet* and of *Lear*, of *The Tempest* and of *Romeo and Juliet*, before I can discuss with him the authorship of a play written in the nonage of Shakespeare's literary life. And this conclusion is true, in a greater or less degree, of all the poetical passages that are common to the elder and later versions of the two plays under consideration.

But there are other passages in one of these plays which must not be passed over in this examination. These are the comic scenes in prose of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*-those in which *Jack Cade* and his followers appear. These Scenes have a comic power which depends not merely upon whim, or drollery, or the laugh-provoking faculty; they are humorous presentations of a weak side of human nature; and having been true to that nature once, are true to it for ever. In the hands of an artist of even secondary rank, they would have been so stiffly overlaid with the costume of his own time, or of the time in which they were placed, that they would be without general interest now, as is the case, for instance, with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*. But the contrary is the case; and it is entirely owing to these scenes that a vulgar, destructive demagogue is called *Jack Cade*, just as a pompous, foolish justice is called *Dogberry*, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Of these comic Scenes, only a few passages were retained without some change in the later play. But although the necessary limits of this Essay preclude copious quotation, it would not be well to leave this point of our subject without seeing, by comparison, how little was the change, and how comparatively unimportant in its nature. Here is a brief passage, quite illustrative in its character, from corresponding parts of the play in its elder and later form.

From the First Part of the Contention.	*From the Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, Act IV. Sc. 7.*
"*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say, which sold the Townes in France.	"*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay
"*Cade.* Come hither thou	one and twenty fifteens, and

Say,* thou George, thou buckrum lord, What answere canst thou make unto my mightinesse for delivering up the townes in France to Mounsier busmine cue, the Dolphin of France? And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built up a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Justises of Peace in every shire to hang honest men that steals for their living, and because they could not reade thou hast hung them up. Onely for which cause they were most worthy to live. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man than thyselfe goes in his hose and doublet."

* An error for 'thou serge;' and one of the many mistakes of the ear noticeable in the earlier versions of these plays. 'Serge' was pronounced *sarge*.

one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the* Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ay, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dolphin of France! Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they

could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets." *

Now, who was the playwright who, about 1590, (and rather before that date,) wrote this passage and others of the same character in *The First Part of the Contention*, and so first brought the great comedy of human life upon the English stage? We can soon decide this question; for we have help from two men of the time. Robert Greene was not only, according to Francis Meres, among "the best for comedy," but according to Chettle, as we have already seen, (p. 411,) "the *only comedian* of a vulgar writer" in England.† There can be no reasonable doubt that Chettle expressed the general opinion of his contemporaries; and he himself seems to have been no incompetent critic according to the received canons of his day. Let us see then the best that could be done by the comic playwright most in favor in Shakespeare's early years of authorship. It is somewhat difficult to select a passage for quotation from Greene's comic Scenes. The funniest speeches of his comic characters are generally unquotable; and not because they touch upon those relations of the sexes which according to present notions of propriety are forbidden subjects, but because, like much other comedy of the period, they abound in what Dr. Johnson, speaking of Swift's verses, called "ideas physically impure." And

* The other comic Scenes of which *Cade* is the hero are the 2d, 3d, and 8th of this Act. The reader will find them marked almost all through with the inverted commas which indicate a rewriting of the old text; but the variation between the elder and the later versions is never greater than in the passage above quoted, and generally not so great.

† Greene's comedy is "vulgar" enough in one of the modern acceptations of the word; but Chettle means, a writer in the vulgar or English tongue. Plays were written and performed in Latin in Greene's time.

if the Dean had been as dull as he was dirty, he might have written comedy much in the style of Greene. In the following passage, however, Greene is cleaner and cleverer than it was his wont to be.

"*First Ruffian.* Come on smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in town is.

Adam. Come on, in faith, my colts: I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us?

Adam. Paltry smith! why you incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentleman! good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors; your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working days, and then he kept the town stage,* and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas! sir, your father — why sir, methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some four and ten, his beard rat's colour, half black, half white, his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was a nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruff. Well said, smith; that crost him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily into thy scabbard hold in your rapier, for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter. Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him; for mark the words, a paltry smith! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades, cuts, hacknies, and mares: whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee

* Query, 'the town *caye*,' or minor prison?

this curse, thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year."

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's Works, Vol. I. p. 65. Ed Dyce.

This being the best that "the only comedian" of England could do before Shakespeare came upon the stage, and with characters not unlike *Cade* and his followers, and on an occasion not unlike that in which the latter first appear, the reader can easily guess what must have been the 'style of article' turned off by inferior workmen; and he will not hesitate long in deciding to whom it is that the world owes the political economist who proclaimed that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that it should be felony to drink small beer.

IV.

Thus far this inquiry into the internal evidence upon our subject has been directed to those parts of the elder version of the two plays which are found word for word, or very slightly modified, in the later version; the object being to ascertain why they were retained by Shakespeare. In taking this course it was inevitable that we should pass over ground which had been previously explored, though with a different purpose, and in a somewhat different manner.* We must now turn our attention to an equally important, though hitherto neglected branch of the subject, — those passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* which are not found in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, — to discover, if possible, why Shakespeare rejected them from the latter plays. We have found — and the 'we' here and elsewhere in this Essay is not the editorial plural, but includes reader as well as writer — we have found then, I trust, that Shakespeare retained the first-named passages because they were his own. We concluded that they were his, because we found that they were not only superior to the work produced by the most eminent playwrights contemporary with his early days of authorship, but entirely unlike it; — because neither of those contemporaries having written any thing like those passages in his acknowledged works.

* Mr. Knight's able Essay on the Three Parts of *Henry the Sixth* is especially referred to.

it is fair to infer that he did not waste such excellence on dramas which (because he had either small interest in them, or none) he did not claim as his own, — and because the conclusion is unavoidable, that if neither Marlowe, Greene, nor Peele wrote these passages, Shakespeare did. For the only alternative — the supposition that there was another playwright of the time, an obscure man unvoiced by rumor and forgotten by tradition, who wrote such dramatic poetry and such comic scenes as we find in the passages that we have examined, — dramatic poetry and comic scenes which are so much in the style of Shakespeare — is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. If, then, turning from the passages of the elder versions that were retained by Shakespeare to those that were rejected by him, we find that the latter are not only inferior to *his* earliest work, but unlike it, and that they have traits in common with the work of the contemporaries of his first years of authorship, and especially with the work of the man who accused him of "purloining his plumes," may we not safely conclude that Shakespeare rejected these passages not merely because of their inferiority, but because they were not his own.

Passages of many lines in the earlier version of the two plays which were entirely rejected from the later, do not abound. For nearly all of that part of the earlier version which was not adopted bodily was rewritten; it having been generally much amplified, though sometimes condensed. As it is in *The True Tragedy*, which corresponds to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that we find much the greater number of passages that are common to both versions, so it is in *The First Part of the Contention*, which corresponds to the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that we find most of the few passages that were altogether rejected from the later version. Even from those there can be but sparing quotation for these pages. The following speeches in *The First Part of the Contention* were wholly rejected from the later version in the first part of Scene 4 of Act I. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (p. 289): —

> "*Elnor.* Here sir John, take this scrole of paper here
> Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
> And I will stand upon this Tower here.
> And here the spirit what it saies to you,
> And to my questions write the answeres downe.

Sir John. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiends *for to* obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.
Witch. Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the Earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them *for to* obey my will.
Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

* * * * *

Bullen. Then downe, I say, vnto the damned poule
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes
The rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames.
Rise Iordaine rise and staie thy charming Spels.
Sounes we are betraide."

First Part of the Contention, &c., pp. 17, 18.
Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

The following speech in the earlier version was rejected from the last part of Act II. Sc. 2 of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (p. 302,) where only a modification of its last two lines appears: —

"*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe the *for to* win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my mind presageth I shall live
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King."

Id. Ibid. pp. 26 27

This speech in the old version was rejected from the new after "God save the King! God save the King!" Act IV. Sc. 9 (p. 363): —

"*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie.
Id. Ibid. p. 62.

It is not assuming too much, to say that the intelligent reader, who will compare these passages with the extract given on p. 417 from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, can hardly fail to detect in the former the same poverty of thought, the same united meanness and exaggeration of style, and the same feeble monotony of verse which characterize the latter. But that the means of comparison may be directly present, I quote the following lines from Greene's *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*: —

"*Beli.* Thus far, my lords, we trained have our camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.
Now, as we are enformed by our scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest seat,
Naples, I mean; that city of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about,
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same as erst he other did;
If which should hap Belinus were undone,
His country spoil'd, and all his subjects slain;
Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet,
For to prevent the fury of the foe.
And Naples succour that distressed town,
By entering in, ere Arragon doth come
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery."
Greene's Works, pp. 13, 14. Ed. Dyce.

But in addition to their likeness in thought, diction, and rhythm, these rejected passages from *The First Part of the Contention*, and those from Greene's Works, have one little ear-mark

in common which goes far to show that they all belong to the same family. In deciding the identity of authorship, as in proving the personal identity of men, it is upon minute traits that we are obliged finally to rely. Height, figure, complexion, eyes, and hair, — the very voice, may be sufficiently alike in several men to deceive all but the most acute and practised observers, and to make it impossible for even them to establish a proof, except to one another. But little blemishes or beauties, whether congenital or accidental, inveterate habits, and trifling tricks of speech, — these, when stronger traits have failed, by their presence establish, or by their absence disprove, identity, as far as that is possible. It was *Prince Hal's* trick of the eye and foolish hanging of the nether lip that betrayed his paternity. And so it is in literature. Mr. Dickens might write a tale — a short one — without either humor or pathos, and in which an exaggerated character or description could not be found; — Mr. Thackeray might compose a few pages — a very few — infelicitous in style, and with a tendency to beget a trust in human nature or one hope for it; but neither could lay aside certain of those habitual turns of expression, which are to a writer as *Daniel Doyce's* unconscious use of his thumb was to him, or even as the movement of the involuntary muscles is to all men.

The reader must have observed that in the passages from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, &c., quoted on p. 417, and *Alphonsus*, quoted just above, the phrase 'for to' occurs in this manner — "for to encounter," "for to begirt," "for to prevent," "for to deck," and so forth. He has probably, however, not noticed the important fact that *Shakespeare and Marlowe never use this uncouth old idiom*, which, though found in some of the literature of their day, seems even then to have been thought inelegant; and it is remarkable that in passages which are found in *both* the earlier and later versions of the plays under consideration, *this idiom does not once occur in either* version. Peele, although he was much the senior of the other three, avails himself of it but half a dozen times throughout all his works; but Greene seems to have had a fondness for it; or rather to have been driven, by the poverty of his poetical resources, to eke out his verses with this phrase, which is not found in any of the humorous prose passages of his dramas. It occurs four times in the short extract given from *Alphonsus*, —

three times in eleven lines.* Now, in the first passage just above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention*, (p. 428,) this phrase occurs twice within seven lines; and in the second (p. 429) it again appears. Turning to *The True Tragedy*, we find it in the following rejected speech (one of the very few entirely rejected passages in that play) in the Scene which corresponds to Scene 4 of Act II. of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where it is replaced by the four lines beginning, "Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone:" —

* It may be well to give here some additional examples of Greene's use of this idiom: —

"A question over haughty for thy meed,
Fit for the King himself *for to* propound."
Orlando Furioso. Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce, Vol. I. p 39.

"His wooing is not *for to* wed the girls."
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. Ibid. p. 167

"I come not monarchs *for to* hold dispute."
Idem. Ibid. p. 186.

"*For to* eschew the danger imminent."
"*For to* commit so vile a massacre."
Alphonsus. Ibid. Vol. II. p. 40.

"*For to* withstand the fury of my blows."
Idem. Ibid. p 56

"False traitrous Scot, I come *for to* revenge
My daughter's death."
James the Fourth. Ibid. p. 152.

"And here upon my sword I make protest
For to relieve the poor, or die myself."
George-a-Greene. Ibid. p. 163.

Examples might be multiplied; for I find more than sixty instances indicated in the margins of my copy of Greene's Works, the phrase occurring frequently twice, once thrice, and once four times on one page; and how many more might be found it is needless to know. Not a single instance of its use is to be found in any of Marlowe's works, except the *Massacre of Paris*, in which it appears two or three times. But the text of that play has notoriously come down to us not only so mutilated, but so garbled and patched up by another and inferior hand, that it should be entirely excluded from present consideration, especially as the idiom in question is found only in passages which have manifestly suffered most corruption. (See, for instance, Vol. II. p 322, Ed. Dyce, where the greater number of cases occur.) Besides, I am quite sure that Greene assisted Marlowe in the composition of this play, which was evidently what the French call a *pièce de circonstance*, and was produced in great haste. (See p. 348, as above, for a speech manifestly not by Marlowe, and as manifestly, I think, by Greene.)

"*Rich.* Now Clifford, for young York and Rutland's death.
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made."
The True Tragedy. Shak. Soc.'s Reprint, p. 146.

Now, it is remarkable that in this very short Scene, which consists of but three speeches and contains but fourteen lines, Shakespeare retained from the old version one speech of eight lines in its entirety, while he utterly rejected the immediately preceding one (that just quoted) of four. The eight lines that he retained are these — being *Clifford's* response to *Richard's* threat: —

"*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe
And so haue at thee."* *Id. Ibid.*

Could two contiguous speeches be more unlike in all traits of thought and diction! What worthy reader of Shakespeare could have doubted that he wrote the eight lines that he retained, and some other playwright the rejected four with the Pistolio-Nym-ic bombast, "Shall lop thy limbs and slice thy cursed heart," even if we had not found in them "*for to* revenge," — Robert Greene, his mark? — and even if we did not find the following speech in the Induction to Greene's *James the Fourth* — "Thus, then, thou wear't best begone first: for ay'l so *lop thy limbs*, that thou's go with half a knave's carcass to the deil," (*Greene's Works*, Vol. II. p. 74. Ed. Dyce,) and the following in his *Orlando Furioso*: —

"Seek not, unless as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-swains traces with thy sword
Or *slice* the tender fillets of my life."
Ibid. Vol. I. p. 21.

And finally, in a Scene of *The True Tragedy* which bears the most unmistakable indications that it was not written by the author of the numerous passages common to that play and to

* See the Second Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 4, Vol. VIII. p. 44

the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, and which, though unimportant, was entirely rewritten for the later version (where it is Scene 7 of Act IV.,) we find the following speech in the mouth of the *Mayor of York*: —

> "My lords we had notice of your comming,
> And thats the cause we stand upon our garde,
> And shut the gates *for to* preserve the towne.
> Henry now is King, and we are sworne to him."
>
> *Ibid.* p. 171.

In the rewritten version this speech appears thus: —

> "My lords we were forewarned of your coming
> And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
> For now we owe allegiance unto Henry." —

the objectionable words having been carefully eliminated. Now, if this idiom is not to be found in the authentic copies of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's undoubted works, which a careful examination has convinced me is the case, its appearance in several passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, no less than the style of those passages, forbids us to believe, with Mr. Knight, that Shakespeare was the sole author of those plays, or, with Mr. Dyce, that they are wholly by Marlowe.*

Further evidence of a confirmatory nature that Greene had a hand in those passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, which Shakespeare rejected from the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, is furnished by the following speech in the first of the two elder plays: —

> "This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais
> Threatens more plagues than mightie Abradas
> The great Masadonian Pyrate."
>
> Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 49.

In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act IV. Sc. 1, this

* Others, without number, of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's contemporaries, and even of their successors, did use this idiom; but it must be constantly remembered that we are not seeking hap-hazard among Elizabethan writers for the author of this play, but deciding upon the pretensions of three or four claimants. — It is worthy of note that in the surreptitious and garbled edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1597, the phrase in question occurs several times, but that in the edition printed from the genuine text, which was published only two years after, it is not to be found.

speech is replaced by one of eleven lines, of which, however, the following three are a part: —

"Small things make base men proud, this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate." *

Shakespeare, while he preserved the old comparison, rejected the name 'Abradas,' although that suits the measure as well as 'Bargulus;' and it is remarkable that the only other mention yet discovered of the deposed pirate is in *Penelope's Web*, a pamphlet by Greene, which, although not known to have been published earlier than 1601, was certainly written at least ten years before; for Greene died in 1592.† Nothing is known of Abradas; and it is more than probable that Shakespeare rejected his name because it would have less significance to his audience than that which he substituted for it. ‡

V.

Men have been hung, and, if ever justly, justly hung, upon evidence less conclusive than that brought forward in the foregoing pages that Shakespeare, when he transferred passages bodily from *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, took only what was his own; — and that at least a considerable part of what he rejected or rewrote was the work of Greene. But Greene himself left evidence that another pen than his own and Marlowe's and Peele's had contributed to *The True Tragedy*, (and if to that, to *The First Part of the Contention*,) and that that pen was Shakespeare's. When the disappointed playwright, pouring from his death-bed the gall of his cherished bitterness, the last dregs of his undying hate, upon his successful rival, sneered at him as "an upstart crow," "a Johannes Factotum,"

* See the Note on this passage, p. 393 of this volume.

† "Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles on the sea." *Apud* Steevens: Variorum of 1821. Vol XVIII. p. 289.

‡ Mr. Halliwell thinks that the change was "perhaps made for the sake of the metre." But,

"Than Abradas the Macedonian pirate"

is quite as good a verse as that found in *Henry VI.*

and satirized him as having "a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide," he indicated not only one of the works in which he meant to accuse Shakespeare of obtaining success by appropriating his ideas, but one passage of one of those works that was original with the offending upstart. For Greene, in looking for a line to be parodied into a vehicle of his malice, would choose not one of his own, but one written by the man whom he wished to wound. Otherwise the satire would lose the keenness proper to its edge, the sneer be without the venom ready for its sting. And consistently with this view, and with the supposition that Shakespeare wrote those parts of the older versions of these plays which are retained in the later, we find that this line is part of a long speech by the *Duke of York* which Shakespeare transferred bodily, with the entire Scene in which it occurs, from *The True Tragedy* to Act I. Scene 4 of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.*

VI.

Thus far as to the relations of Greene and Shakespeare to the elder versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. Marlowe quite surely, and Peele probably, had some hand in their production; though I think that the former contributed little and the latter less to *The True Tragedy*, the greater part of which seems to have been the work of Shakespeare. It is very difficult, and perhaps impossible, to distinguish the passages that Marlowe and Peele may have written in the elder versions; for in respect to their contributions we are without the aids of external, and, in a great measure, of internal evidence which exist as to the parts written by Greene and Shakespeare.

Although Marlowe's genius has, in my opinion, been somewhat overrated by the critics who have formed the generally received opinion upon the subject, still the author of *Faustus* and *Edward the Second* was undoubtedly the most gifted dra-

* See Vol. VIII. p. 27. Small knowledge of human nature in general, and of man-of-letter nature in particular, would seem sufficient to lead the way to this conclusion. Yet it appears to have been hitherto taken for granted that, in the words of Mr. Collier, "Greene, when charging Shakespeare with having appropriated his plays, parodies a line of *his own*, as if to show the particular production to which he alluded." Ed. of Shakespeare's Works, Vol. V. p. 226

matic writer of his time, except Shakespeare. His imagination sometimes shaped out living forms, though monstrous; and from the murky clouds of his bombast there shoot fitful gleams of real poetic fancy. Therefore it is not at all surprising that Malone, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Dyce, and others have attributed *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to him. Mr. Hallam's judgment is based on the opinion that "the greater part of the plays in question is . . . far above the powers of either Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification called by Jonson the mighty line of Christopher Marlowe." * Mr. Dyce, too, because Greene and Peele were manifestly unequal to the production of the best Scenes in the old plays, thinks that "we might therefore confidently ascribe to Marlowe a large portion of both, even if both did not in some passages closely resemble his *Edward the Second;*" and he adds, "Indeed I have a strong suspicion that the *First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are wholly by Marlowe." † Malone merely remarks that he "is inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both;" ‡ which is but an unsupported opinion, to be received at each reader's valuation of Malone's judgment. Mr. Hallam's decision, as we have seen, is of the same nature; and thus both he and Malone, as well as Mr. Dyce, give the finest passages in the two old plays to Marlowe, chiefly because, as they well determine, those passages were very far beyond the powers of Greene and Peele. But they do not seem to have considered the question, whether the Scenes in evidence were not much beyond the powers of Marlowe. The two later critics were manifestly influenced, if not entirely swayed, by a foregone conclusion, adopted from Malone, that Shakespeare had no share in the two old plays; and therefore they almost inevitably decided that Marlowe must have written the best if not the greatest part of them. For myself, venturing to oppose opinion to opinion, I cannot admit that the passages of the two older versions which are retained line for line, and almost word for word, in the later, are much more nearly approached by passages in any play of Marlowe's (except one or two Scenes of his *Edward the Second*) than by passages in one or two of Greene's

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 171. Ed. 1858.

† *Some account of the Life of Shakespeare.* Dyce's Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. xlii

‡ *Variorum* of 1821. Vol. II. p. 313.

and Peele's; while in dramatic diction and manner of portraying character, the dissimilarity of the works of the two latter playwrights to the passages retained by Shakespeare from the two old plays, is surely not greater than the dissimilarity of any one of Marlowe's, *Edward the Second* again excepted. And I venture to declare that no reader of Shakespeare who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to take a real interest in this question, and who can free himself from the influence of previously expressed opinion, can compare the passages which are common to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* and the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* with Marlowe's *Faustus* or *Jew of Malta*, and arrive at a different conclusion.

Mr. Dyce, however, does not rest his decision upon mere opinion; but partly upon the "close resemblance of five passages in Marlowe's *Edward the Second* to six in the *First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*." He quotes them together, thus: — *

"I *tell* thee Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stolst away our ladies' hearts *in France*," &c.
First Part of the Cont., p. 13, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"*Tell* Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I *ran at tilt in France*," &c.
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 282.

"Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild Oncle, my lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of *Irish Kernes*, that *vncontrold*,
Doth plant themselues *within the English pale*."
First Part of the Cont., p. 37, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"*The wild Oneil with* swarms of *Irish Kerns*
Lives *uncontroll'd within the English pale*."
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 208.

"Stern Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*."
The True Tragedie, p. 124, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"The haughty Dane, *commands the narrow seas*."
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 208.

* *Some Account of Marlowe and his Works.* Dyce's Marlowe, Vol. I. p. lxii

"A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch."
Edward the Sec., Vol II. 201.

"What, will the *aspiring bloud of Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.
The True Tragedie, p. 185, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*"
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 169.

"[And,] highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
Id. Ibid. 257.

This parallelism is not regarded by Mr. Dyce himself as bearing very strongly upon the question in hand; but it has even less weight than he attributes to it. For it rests entirely upon passages taken from a play which, according to all external evidence, was written after *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and which in some parts exhibits such a very great superiority in style and in general conduct to Marlowe's other plays, that an improvement so marked, so sudden, and of such a kind cannot but be attributed to some external influence. And what so likely to have exerted such an influence as the novel and masterly style of certain passages in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* especially as we know that they rapidly attained high favor It is, then, quite probable that the parallelism which Mr. Dyce points out between the passages above quoted, proves, if i prove any thing, that Marlowe had been so strongly impressed by some parts of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* that he not only strove to emulate their power and freedom, but unconsciously reproduced some of their language. And it may be particularly remarked of this parallelism, that the important phrase in the first instance, the expression 'run at tilt,' is common to all our old writers who allude to knightly sports: that the words which make the parallelism of the second are entirely excluded from the later version of the play in which it is found; — that the fourth is common to Shakespeare and poets of his time; * — and that the fifth is but seeming; for

* For instance, Shakespeare has "our *aiery* buildeth in the *cedar's top*," *Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 3, and "which foreshewed our *princely eagle*," *Cymbeline*, Act V. Sc. 5.

while in *The True Tragedy* the distinguishing thought is, that "the *blood* of Lancaster" is supposed figuratively to mount, in *Edward the Second* it is *a real lion*, which is most extravagantly, if not absurdly, supposed to mount bodily into the air, as will be seen by the quotation of the passage with the context: —

"But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And, highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
P. 257. Ed. Dyce.

It is, then, far more reasonable to suppose that the parallelism of these passages is corroborative proof of the evidence before adduced in this Essay that *Edward the Second* was written after the production of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, than they tend at all to show that the latter plays "are wholly by Marlowe."

But, in deciding a question of disputed authorship, how little we can depend upon such similarity of thought and phraseology as that which has just been noticed, the following instances of like parallelism between passages in the undoubted works of Shakespeare and of Marlowe will clearly show: —

'But stay, *what star shines yonder in the East?*
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail."
The Jew of Malta, Act II. *Ibid.* Vol. I. p. 264.

"But soft, *what light through yonder window breaks?*
It is the East, and Juliet is my sun."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 2.

"Are not thy bills *hung up as monuments?*"
Doctor Faustus. Ibid. Vol. II. p. 7.

"Our bruised arms *hung up for monuments.*"
King Richard III., Act I. Sc. 1.

"Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd: *despair and die!*"
Doctor Faustus. Ibid. p. 72.

"Think on the Tower and me: *despair and die!*"
[Repeated eight times.] *K. Richard III.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

"Tut, I am simple, without mind to hurt,
And have *no gall at all to grieve my foes!*"
Dido, Queen of Carthage, Act III. *Ibid.* p. 400

"for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and *lack gall*
To make oppression bitter." *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

[*Going to execution.*] — "weep not for Mortimer
That scorns the world, and as *a traveller*
Goes to discover countries yet unknown."
Edward II. Ibid. p. 288.

The *undiscover'd country*, from whose bourn
No traveller returns." *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 1.

To these may be added two others, quoted by Mr. Dyce himself, with the remark that Shakespeare "had sometimes in his recollection plays which we know for certain to be by Marlowe."

"He wears a lord's *revenue on his back.*"
Edward II., Vol. II. p. 196. Ed. Dyce.

"She bears a duke's *revenues on her back.*"
Second Part of *K. Henry VI.*, Act I. Sc. 3.

"*These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.*"
The Jew of Malta, Act III. Vol. I. p. 289. Ed. Dyce.

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart sweet boy *shall be thy sepulchre.*"
Third Part of *K. Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 5.*

But the truth is, that from such similarity of thought and expression no conclusion whatever can be drawn, except, perhaps, as to contemporaneousness of production. Certain phrases, certain tricks of composition or color, certain cadences, are more or less common to the poets, painters, and musicians of the same period. They borrow and lend them back and forth without thought of obligation on either side; he of the richest mint having, of course, most to lend, but being himself, sometimes, the thoughtless borrower. They are the "unconsidered trifles" which any one may snap up; and we know that he who of all men had least need of them — Shakespeare — was not ashamed to take them when, like *Worcester's* rebellion, they lay in his way.

* Both this and the passage from Shakespeare just above are from the very plays the authorship of which we are endeavoring to determine. But they do not appear in any part of the elder versions.

We have been able to sustain Greene's claim to the partial authorship of *The True Tragedy*, and, consequently, *The First Part of the Contention*, by various circumstances of external and internal evidence, and especially by the detection in those plays of an idiom (not a parallel thought or similar expression, be it noticed) which he alone of their four possible authors was in the habit of using, and which repeatedly occurs in passages that have all the air of his productions. We look in vain for any such support of Marlowe's claim to be reckoned a contributor to those works. Yet the great probability that he would be called upon to assist Greene in the preparation of a series of historical dramas, the exhortation to him in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and, chiefly, the character of certain Scenes of the old plays, (which, though rejected or entirely rewritten by Shakespeare, and much inferior in kind as well as degree to other Scenes not rejected or rewritten, yet in strength of passion, power of characterization, and high fantastic flight of fancy, mount far above the plane of Greene's pedestrian muse,) * warrant the conclusion that Greene's friend, the "famous gracer of tragedians," was joined with him in the production of the two old plays in question. But we find in those plays whole Scenes, and Scene after Scene, that, bearing no such idiomatic brand, and being of a quality far beyond the power of either Greene or Marlowe to produce, are transferred bodily to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. Therefore, and upon the other evidence adduced, may we not safely conclude that Greene and Marlowe were concerned in the production of the elder plays, but that they received mighty help from another hand? Those plays were surely written neither by Greene alone, nor by Marlowe alone, nor wholly by Greene and Marlowe together.

Thus far the main purpose of this inquiry has been to ascertain whether *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were written by one playwright or by more than one; and, in the latter case, to discover if Shakespeare were one of the colaborers, and, consequently, if, in transferring certain passages from those plays to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he may with reason be assumed to have but

* For one of these Scenes, see *The First Part of the Contention*. Shak. Soc.'s Reprint, p. 33.

claimed his own. If this inquiry can be satisfactorily answered, the answer, as far as Shakespeare is concerned, is made neither better nor worse by the identity of the person with whom he may have worked, or by the number of his coworkers. The problem would be just as effectually solved whether our unknown quantity were Greene, or Peele, or Marlowe, or Greene *plus* Peele, *plus* Marlowe. It was Greene, however, who accused Shakespeare of strutting in his feathers, (for although he says "our feathers," he is plainly speaking one word for his friends and two for himself;) and it is a matter of not a little, though of secondary interest, to know what ground there was for the accusation.*

VII

We have seen that many passages of the older versions of the two plays which Shakespeare rejected, were incongruous in thought, rhythm, and diction with those that he retained; it remains for us to examine whether the latter are homogeneous with the new matter side by side with which they appear in *King Henry the Sixth*. To compare in these pages all the passages in which new and old matter appear, would be to reprint a large part of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, and even more of the Third Part than the necessary limits of this Essay would admit. Our end will, in all respects, be best attained by comparing passages taken bodily from the earlier versions into the later with some of those which appear for the first time in the later. For if the matter retained from the earlier versions were by another hand than that which wrote the new matter in the later version, the contrast would be more striking between a new passage and an old one entirely unaltered, than between a new passage and an old one that had been more or less rewritten.

In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. Sc. 2, is the following passage, which is taken without any change of consequence from *The First Part of the Contention*: —

* After much consideration of the subject, I have little or no doubt that Greene alludes to other plays beside the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.*, — to *The Taming of the Shrew* and perhaps to *Titus Andronicus*, and even *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the old *King John*. See the Introductory Remarks to those plays, and the Memoir of Shakespeare, Vol. I.

Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screechowls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated Hell —
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Let this be compared with the following passage of the same play, Act V. Sc. 2, for which one in *The First Part of the Contention* is entirely rejected: — *

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

* Here is the rejected speech which Shakespeare very clearly did not write at any period of his life. I believe it to be Marlowe's.

"*Young Clifford.* Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

O! dismal sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberland's true house
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth,
[*He takes him up on his backe.*
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But stale here's one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate."

P. 70, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

The latter shows a bolder, freer hand; but it is the same hand that we trace in the former, grown bolder in the confidence of power, and freer by the use of freedom. In the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. Sc. 2, the following lines, forming part of a speech by *Gloster*, are almost entirely new: —

"And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my Heaven — to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down."

In Act V. Scene 6 of the same play, the following speech by the same character is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy;* and not only does there seem to be no room to question that the two are coinage of the same brain, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover in them any evidence that they were not struck at the same time: —

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell; and say, I sent thee thither;
[*Stabs him again*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. —
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cri'd,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine.
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone, —
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

The short Scene between *Richard* and *Clifford* in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act II. Scene 4, which has been previously noticed on p. 433 of this Essay, and in which one speech in the elder version is retained word for word, while that to which it is a reply is utterly rejected and replaced, is especially interesting and important in this branch of the inquiry, on account of the style of thought and diction in both the rejected and the substituted speech. The entire dissimilarity in style of the two speeches in the old version — a dissimilarity which produces an effect almost ludicrous — has been already pointed out in the passage of this Essay just alluded to, where both speeches may be found and compared. The similarity of the speech which Shakespeare wrote for the new version and that which he retained from the old, with the entire congruity and harmony of the whole Scene as he thus left it, cannot but strike every reader who will but turn to it.* We have before found circumstantial proof that the rejected speech was not written by Shakespeare: we know that the substituted speech is his: is farther proof needed of his property in the speech that is common to both versions?

But in the two passages last quoted from the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* — the one old, the other new — there is to be noticed another unity beside that of rhythm and diction, — a unity of characterization, which extends into *Richard the Third*. The *Gloster* who speaks the new speech is the same *Gloster*, brain, heart, and body, who utters the old one, — the same *Gloster* who reappears in the soliloquy that introduces the last of these internecine dramas, and bustles, without pity for others or trepidation for himself, through the bloody horrors that lead to his own destruction. A like unity of characterization between the elder and the later versions of these plays is remarkable in some other personages; for instance, in *Warwick*, *Margaret* of Anjou,

* Third Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

and *King Henry*, — though the facile proneness and ascetic pietism of the last is much developed and perfected in the later version. This unity, however, cannot be strongly insisted on as evidence of identity of authorship in the old and new versions For it is manifest that if it were desired (and it plainly would have been desirable) to preserve a seeming as well as a nominal identity in the prominent personages common to the historical plays presented at the same period on the same stage, the characterization of a later work might easily be made to correspond with that of an earlier. It also materially affects the weight of an argument drawn from this certainly remarkable unity, that the outlines and grand features of the characterization of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are taken from the chroniclers. Yet the characterization in the earlier versions is often so strong and so natural, with a strength which Greene could not even endeavor to put forth, and a naturalness which Marlowe did not seek to attain, that this must be added to the probabilities that accumulate in favor of the conclusion that Shakespeare had a hand both in the shaping and the filling out of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*.

The connection between the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* and of its Third Part with *King Richard the Third*, — each of the three latter plays opening with a reference to the closing Scenes of its predecessor in the order of chronology, and each containing allusions to incident and reminiscences of language in the other, — is too plain to have escaped the notice of any observant reader of them all. But although this connection is very surely not accidental, much dependence cannot be placed upon it as evidence that the four plays were, even in part, the work of the same author. For, the first play being upon the stage, this connection would, to a certain degree at least, be established, and these allusions made, by any author of tact who wrote a second, or, again, a third play on the incidents of the same reign for the same theatre. Still, as in the case of the unity of characterization, we have here another addition to our weight of probability; for the connection seems too intimate, direct, and natural, to have been established by any hand but one that was concerned at least in the production of all the plays; and the reminiscences and allusions are so casually made as to be without apparent purpose, and yet so unmistakable that

they are manifestly the result of an intimate and ever present knowledge of the work to which they refer.*

VIII.

There are other points of evidence upon the question of the authorship of the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*: but none the importance of which would justify the prolongation of this Essay; none which can appreciably help or harm the maintenance of the position into which our investigation has led us. In looking back upon the ground over which we have passed, that we may see how and why it is that we stand where we are, we find first, the fact that of nearly six thousand lines in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, two plays published as Shakespeare's in 1623, more than three thousand four hundred lines are taken bodily from, or based upon passages in, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, which were published in 1594 and 1595; — that although *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were remarkable works for the time when they were produced, and high in popular favor, neither they nor the plays with which they have so much in common were cited by Meres in 1598 as Shakespeare's, although he mentions at least one other play less worthy of Shakespeare's genius, and lower in the general estimation of his time; — that these plays, although published not less than three times before Shakespeare's death, and at a period when his name upon the title-page of a book added largely to its mercantile value, were not published as his until after his death, and then by a bookseller who in other cases attributed to him works that were not his; — that these plays had been performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, a company of actors to which there is no evidence that Shakespeare ever belonged, and for which none of his undisputed plays were written; — that Robert Greene, a playwright whom we know to have worked much for that company, in a pamphlet written in his

* Those who wish to see these subjects — the unity of characterization and the connection between the plays — examined much more in detail than the importance assigned to them in this argument would warrant, will find it very ably done by Mr. Knight in his Essay on the Three Parts of *Henry the Sixth*.

last illness, and published soon after his death, directly accused Shakespeare (under the name of Shake-scene) of being tricked out in the feathers of Greene himself, Marlowe, and Peele; that he indirectly designated one of these plays as having furnished the plumes of which they had been despoiled; and that Shakespeare took the accusation to himself, was offended at it, and received an apology from the editor of Greene's pamphlet, who, however, made no retraction of the charge; — and that at least one other contemporary writer took up and sustained Greene's imputation that the men who had "eclipst his fame" (and there was then but one such man) had "purloyned his plumes." We find that many passages in these two old plays, and especially in the first of them, are not only much inferior to, but in many respects unlike, the productions of Shakespeare, even in his earliest years of authorship, while they are notably marked with the characteristic traits in some instances of Greene's style, and in others of Marlowe's; — that these passages contain, beside, an idiom which Shakespeare never uses, but which was habitually employed by Greene, and which was carefully excluded from the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth;* — and that the name of an apocryphal pirate which occurs in one of these plays has been found nowhere else in the whole range of literature, except in a pamphlet by Robert Greene.

We find, on the other hand, that these two old plays, as they were not published under the name of Shakespeare, so were they not published under Greene's or Marlowe's, although in 1594 and 1595 those authors were high in public favor; — that the extent of Shakespeare's undisguised appropriations from the old plays brands him, if he had no property in what he took, with a plagiarism without a parallel in literary history, and inconsistent alike with his established character for probity and the spontaneous fertility of his pen. We find that the passages common to the old plays and to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, are so much superior to and unlike the rejected parts of the former, that it is impossible to believe that they were written by the same person; — that it is equally incredible that passages of a kind and degree of excellence unknown on the English stage before they were produced were the work of some unknown nameless man, and that therefore they must have been written by either Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Shakespeare, the only known dramatists of the time

to whose works the dramas in which they occur bear any likeness in point of style; — that they are no less different from than superior to the acknowledged works of the three former. while they bear all the marks of the latter's early hand; — that in the passages common to the old plays and to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, a little idiomatic earmark of Greene, which is found in the rejected passages, does not appear. We find that in the two old plays a new style of comedy was brought upon the English stage; a comedy which, in its application to universal nature, and no less in the subtlety of its humor, was beyond the imagination of Marlowe, whom the gods had not made humorous, and in comparison to which the best efforts of Greene, the great comic dramatist of his day, are unmeaning childish babble. We find that the passages which Shakespeare rejected from or thoroughly rewrote for the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, are, with slight and unimportant exceptions, incongruous with those that he retained; and that those which he retained exhibit in thought, rhythm, and diction a notable likeness to the passages side by side with which they appear in the later plays, and which are of Shakespeare's undoubted production. We find, too, that this incongruity in the old plays and congruity in the new is to be traced not only in long and important Scenes, but even in a short Scene of fourteen lines; where Shakespeare's rejection of four lines by one of the authors of the old version, and substitution of four by himself, affords a satisfying consistency in place of an absurd incongruity. We find between the principal characters in the old versions and those in the new and in *King Richard the Third*, a unity of characterization which could hardly have been produced by a writer who was not concerned in the planning of the older versions; and also a connection between the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*, and *King Richard the Third*, with a frequent reference and allusion from one to the other, which seems to argue a more intimate knowledge of them all than would have been acquired by a person who merely undertook to rewrite and amend them. We find that the line which Greene selected to be the vehicle of his venom against Shakespeare is part of a long passage transferred bodily from one of the old plays to one of the new. And finally, as the rivet of this chain of circumstantial evidence, we find in the folio of

1623 the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, a play which is little other than a reprint of *The True Tragedy*; and we have the positive and uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell that the plays in that volume are "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies."

If, from this evidence and this testimony, we cannot confidently conclude that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* contain the work of Greene, of Marlowe, and of Shakespeare, and that such material parts of them as Shakespeare transferred to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* were his own, it would seem that we must abandon all hope of reasoning upon moral possibility, and believe only what we can see or demonstrate.

IX.

How, then, came *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to be made up of the work of Greene and Marlowe and Shakespeare? There are but three answers to this question, one of which, I confess, did not occur to me. That is, that those two plays are themselves but modifications or adaptations of two earlier plays, and that they contain "the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals." This is the ingenious supposition of Mr. Halliwell; and at the first blush it appears to meet all the requirements of the case. But on a closer examination it proves entirely inadequate. For, in the first place, it is quite incredible that Shakespeare, undertaking to rewrite and polish the two supposed old plays, at a time when he could write the passages in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* which he retained in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, would allow those puerile, halting passages which he rejected from the latter plays, to remain in his revised and polished version of the former. Would the man who could write the passages quoted on p. 413, and p. 420, and p. 447, as common to what I have for convenience called the elder and the later versions of these plays, allow the passages quoted on pp. 428, 429 and 433 from the older versions to remain as a part of the same work? Would, for instance, the man who, in rewriting and adding to an old play, inserted *Clifford's* spirited speech in Act II. Sc. 4, of the Third Part of

King Henry the Sixth, which is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy*, have allowed the four miserable lines to which it is a reply in the latter play to remain, when with what *Jeanie Deans* calls "three scarts o' his pen" he could have replaced them with a speech as good as that which he did insert? * It is morally impossible that he should have done so. But this is only an example, brief and convenient for reference, of numerous passages, most of them of far greater importance and extent, where it is impossible to believe that the author of certain parts, revising and rewriting an older play, would have allowed the other parts to remain. *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are mosaics of semi-barbarous design, into which rubbish and jewels were worked, side by side; † and it is not reasonable to believe that he who furnished the jewels, and subsequently showed that he knew the worth of what he brought, would have allowed the rubbish to remain when he had the opportunity to remove it.

But in the second place, this supposition that the two old plays, or versions, are two older plays with Shakespeare's additions and emendations, fails entirely to account for the very great and striking difference between the merit of the two in their supposed transition state. For in construction, in characterization, in rhythm, in poetic imagery and dramatic diction, *The True Tragedy* is very much superior to *The Contention*. And it is better, not so much by a general improvement in all those respects, — though that is discernible, — as by a diminution of passages in the poorer style predominant in the antecedent play, and an increase of those in the new and masterly manner which there occasionally appears. It contains much less rubbish and many more jewels. So, as we have seen, when Shakespeare came to write the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he adopted or altered for the former but one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine of its three thousand and fifty-seven lines (less than one half) from *The First Part of the Contention*, while for the latter he adopted or altered one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one of its two thousand eight hundred

* See these two speeches on p. 433; and see the Scene in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Vol. VIII. p. 44.

† Of this the reader of the foregoing pages must have been convinced. But should he doubt, or desire confirmation of this opinion, let him read the reprints published by the Shakespeare Society.

and seventy-seven lines (more than two thirds) from *The True Tragedy*.* This fact is very much at variance with the supposition that he had rewritten and amplified both of those old plays; for they were manifestly produced about the same time.

And finally, this supposition is entirely inconsistent with the facts, that the speeches of certain characters in both the old plays are written throughout, with slight and unimportant exceptions, in the one new style which is so marked and so superior to the others noticeable in these plays; and that these speeches are transferred, with few alterations of moment, from the old to the new versions. This is most notably true of the part of *Warwick*, which, except a few unimportant changes, is the same in the older and the later versions of both plays; so that as it appears in *King Henry the Sixth*, it is almost entirely made up of the old part and new passages, there being very little of it rewritten.† It will be found not only that the Scenes and the groups of speeches in which *Warwick* appears are much less rewritten than others generally are, but that in certain of these Scenes which were much altered in the other parts, that of *Warwick* remains essentially unchanged, except by additions of entirely new matter. See, for instance, Act III. Sc. 3, of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where that part of the Scene which precedes the entrance of *Warwick* is entirely new, and is substituted for two speeches that were very surely not written by Shakespeare, or by the writer of what succeeds them, whoever he was. Those speeches, which here follow, were, I think, written by Greene or Peele: —

"*Lewis.* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right

* As the lines referred to include many prose passages, their number will, of course, vary somewhat in various editions of the plays in question. The proportion mentioned above, however, will not be materially affected by this difference.

† The reader of this edition of the plays in question will find many lines of these passages with the mark that indicates a rewriting; but the change in all these cases is of the merest verbal kind, and generally very slight; not so great as many authors make in the correction of their proofs. This observation upon the part of *Warwick* was made by me, and noted as important, before I met with Mr. Halliwell's conjecture, to which it appears to me to be opposed

And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat,
And place King Henry in his former rule.
Queen. I humblie thanke your royal maiestie,
And pray the God of Heauen to bless thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs."
P. 158. Shak. Soc. Ed.

But after *Warwick* enters, although the speeches of other characters are rewritten, so much of the Scene as he speaks, or as his speeches elicit, (and he is the most important person present,) is transferred bodily from *The True Tragedy* to Shakespeare's page in *King Henry the Sixth*, and, I do not hesitate to say, is unmistakably in his style. This indicates, and I think very clearly, that the part of *Warwick* and the dependent passages of the Scenes in which he appears were originally written, for the most part, if not altogether, by Shakespeare himself. For he, or any dramatist, in undertaking to rewrite and embellish an old play, would, of course, bestow his labor impartially throughout the piece upon those parts which he thought most in need of his perfecting hand; and Shakespeare, if he had worked over two old plays into *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, would surely not have left some parts of them in their primitive rudeness, while he brought the speeches of certain characters into such a condition that they required no retouching when he again worked over the two plays into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. It seems clear, then, that Shakespeare originally wrote the part of *Warwick*, and perhaps those of *Clarence*, *Clifford*, and others; for the only alternative supposition — that those parts, nearly as they appear in *King Henry the Sixth*, were found by him in two plays yet older than *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* — is almost too absurd to bear statement. This argument is similar to one which has been advanced before in this Essay; but it is peculiarly pertinent to the theory that we are now examining. In our view of the subject, too, it is not only interesting but important to find that Shakespeare can be traced as the contributor, in the main, of certain characters and Scenes to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; which is in accordance with the division of labor naturally and, I believe, usually made when two or more writers are engaged upon one dramatic work.

Another way has occurred to me of accounting for the fact that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are made up of the mingled productions of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare: — it is the supposition that those plays were written by Shakespeare for the Blackfriars Theatre, and obtained so much money and applause that the Earl of Pembroke's Company sought to procure them for their own use from actors' parts and stenographic reports, (common means to such ends in those days,) and did procure them in a much mutilated form, which Greene and Marlowe were employed hastily to patch up, partly from memory, and partly by their own invention. This supposition would account for the remarkable contiguity in those plays of passages which are manifestly the production of different hands, and some of which are so miserably poor, while others that immediately precede or follow them are so admirable; and at the same time it would be consistent with the fact that many of the inferior passages are more extended than those in the corresponding Scenes of *King Henry the Sixth*, which is fatal to the supposition that the elder versions of these plays are merely surreptitious and imperfect copies of the later. It would also account for a certain confusion in the order of lines, and for certain corruptions which appear in the elder versions, and which are manifestly due, not to the pen or the types, but to the ear. But it is almost needless to remark that had it been so plainly the Pembroke bull that gored the Blackfriars ox, Greene would not have ventured to make his accusation, or his friend R. B. to echo it in *Greene's Funerals;* and that Chettle in his Apology would not have neglected to retract the charge which he had been instrumental in making public. This supposition also fails, like the previous one, to account for the great difference in merit between the two old plays, and for the fact that certain parts in *King Henry the Sixth* are either taken bodily from the old plays or composed of entirely new matter

X.

How then are we to account for the existence of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* in the composite state in which we find them? and how are we to reconcile all the

external evidence on the one side and the other as to their authorship? Simply by the supposition, which accords entirely with the circumstances and relations of the respective claimants and with the theatrical custom of their day, — that they — Greene, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele — wrote *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* together for the Earl of Pembroke's Company,* and that Shakespeare afterward made these plays into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* for the company with which he became exclusively connected, by rewriting and rejecting the parts contributed by his former colaborers, and retaining his own contributions, with only such addition and amendment as might be expected from any writer upon the revision of a work produced in his earlier years of authorship. This being the case, we see that Shakespeare had the right to take three thousand four hundred and ten lines from those old plays; that Meres did not mention them as his, simply because they were not known as his; and that being medleys of authorship, made merely for theatrical purposes, they were not published as either Greene's, Marlowe's, Peele's, or Shakespeare's. We see how it is that, in the elder versions, passages distinguished by the marks of Greene's or Marlowe's style are found side by side with those which are stamped with Shakespeare's; and how it was that the latter were retained in the rewritten plays, and there are quite homogeneous with the new matter; — how, Shakespeare being but one of three or four, the youngest man and the least experienced playwright, the plot and construction of the old plays would be somewhat after the rude fashion of the stage before it had been subjected to his influence; — and yet how, from the consultation and interchange of thoughts and plans inevitable in such a partnership performance, his suggestions would naturally lead to a certain unity of characterization that would afterward require but slight modification to accord with his subsequent labors, either in working over the same plays without remodelling their plots, or in writing another in which the same personages appear. And, taking the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* into our observation, we see, too, how it is that rudeness of construction is

* That it was the custom of Shakespeare's day to engage two, three, and even four or more writers on one play, is a fact too well established to require support or illustration here.

less, and unity of characterization more apparent, as we pass from the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* to *The First Part of the Contention*, and from *The First Part of the Contention* to *The True Tragedy*, and how it happened that *The True Tragedy* furnished so many more unaltered passages than *The First Part of the Contention* to Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth*.

For if three or four playwrights of that day undertook to dramatize the events of Henry's reign, and the young Shakespeare were one of them, it was inevitable that the work should gradually fall more and more into his hands. His judgment, his constructive ability, his facility of execution, no less than his poetic genius, made this sure, let his colaborers have been whom they may. And I think we may safely conclude that so it did happen; until Shakespeare, either in accordance with the will of his pleased employers, or because his strength grasped, as strength will grasp, at the labor fitted for it, wrote much more than half of the last play of the series — *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. And finally, when, in consequence of his rapidly rising reputation as a successful dramatist, the services of *Johannes Factotum* were exclusively secured for the company which performed at the Blackfriars Theatre, and he worked over the three old plays, in the production of which he had been concerned, into his First, Second, and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and by that series and by other plays rose still higher in public favor, Greene thinking, as other authors under such circumstances might have thought, that his part in these plays was the best of them, although it was then no more than Holinshed's part in *Macbeth*, or Fox's in the fifth Act of *King Henry the Eighth*, looked upon his successful rival as an upstart crow beautified with the feathers of other birds, of which those of a green tint were most numerous and most to be admired.

It is also interesting and important to observe that Malone's strongest position with regard to the authorship of these plays is easily and entirely reconcilable with this supposition and with all the facts of the case as we have found them. In Malone's Essay (Variorum of 1821, Vol. XVIII. p. 565,) the remark of the young King, "I do remember how my father said," &c., in the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act IV. Sc. 4, is cited as evidence that the writer did not know Henry's age at his father's death. But in a passage of the Second Part which does not

appear in the earlier version, the same character is made to say, consistently with the truth, "But I was made a King at nine months old;" and this is urged as evidence that Shakespeare, who wrote this passage, was not the author of the First Part. Again, however, we find in *The True Tragedy*, (the earlier version of the Third Part,) this line, "When I was crown'd I was but nine months old," which Malone sets up as decisive proof that the First Part was written neither by the author of *The True Tragedy* nor by Shakespeare. In so far as conclusions may be drawn from such discrepancies, these conclusions are warranted. But the fact that a passage which first appears in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* and an original passage in *The True Tragedy* agree exactly upon this point of Henry's age is in favor of the conclusion that the latter was written by Shakespeare; and we find, in accordance with that conclusion and with the theory of the authorship of the old plays to which we have been led, that the line in *The True Tragedy* occurs in a passage that was transferred bodily to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. The passage in the First Part was probably written by one of Shakespeare's colaborers, and being unimportant, on the revision was left unchanged.

And if, as a last resort, it be objected that the two old plays were performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, the answer is plain and sufficient — that until Shakespeare became a shareholder in the Blackfriars company, it is not at all strange that he should have written for any other company that would employ his pen. Beside, Mr. Collier has remarked that "it is probable that prior to the years 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little understood and less recognized; and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although they had been bought by one company for its sole use." (*History of the Stage*, Vol. III. p. 86.) We know, from the title page of its earliest known quarto edition, that *Titus Andronicus* had been performed before it was published, not only by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, but by the Lord Chamberlain's, (Shakespeare's company,) the Earl of Sussex's, and the Earl of Derby's.

We have thus every exigency of our case complied with, every objection fully met, and in a manner which entirely accords with Shakespeare's position and with the custom of the London

theatres in his day. For, matchless as his genius was, his career must have had a beginning; and when the best playwrights of that day wrote two and three together, the admission of the rising young man from Stratford into a partnership performance with such established favorites of the public as Marlowe, Greene, and Peele was a compliment to his abilities; and they doubtless patronized the tyro who, ere they had done with him, was to show himself their master.

Instead, then, of deciding with Malone, that of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* all those lines which Shakespeare adopted from the elder plays "were written by some author or authors who preceded him," that all those which he altered or expanded "were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors," while only those which originally appear in the folio of 1623 "were entirely his own composition," we reach the conclusion, that to him must be assigned, not only the lines which first appeared in the folio, but all those, or to all intents and purposes all those, that are taken bodily from the earlier versions of the play; while to many of the passages which are alterations or expansions of corresponding passages in the earlier versions, he may have originally contributed something at least by way of suggestion. But Shakespeare may, of course, have received as well as given aid. It is not intended here to limit the bounds of authorship in these plays with rigid exactness: indeed, from the nature of the case, such partition would manifestly be impossible.*

* I will indicate the latter half of *York's* last speech in the Second Part, Act 1. Sc. 1, from the line, "Anjou and Maine *both* given unto the French," as a passage of the revised version, the first twelve lines of which, at least, were, in my judgment, written by Greene. I think that he wrote them, nŏt merely because the following are two of them, —

"And when I spy advantage, claim the crown
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit,"

and these again are in his *Orlando Furioso*, —

"And to the crown; for that's the golden mark
Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem."

Vol. I. p. 14. Ed. Dyce.

(though, as Greene was in the habit of repeating himself, this has some weight,) but because the thoughts are meagre with his thin-decocted meagreness, and each line jogs on with his feeble trot to its five-paced journey's end. In the last twelve lines, "Then York be still," &c., I think a livelier spirit and a freer movement are discernible. It will be observed that the speech begins with the

How much, then, of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* may be regarded as Shakespeare's own? Although Malone's arithmetical criticism has been much sneered at, we must number our marked lines as he did his; for when to know how many things there are of one kind and how many of another is a desideratum, the ingenuity of man has yet discovered no surer or speedier way to obtain the information than to count them. We find, then, that, according to our marks, (referred to in the note on p. 413 of this Essay,) Shakespeare retained two thousand two hundred and ninety-nine lines of the old version in the new, that he wrote two thousand five hundred and twenty-four lines especially for the new version, and that one thousand one hundred and eleven lines of the new version are alterations or expansions of passages in the old. That is, more than three fourths of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* may be regarded, with slight allowance for unobliterated traces of his colaborers, as Shakespeare's own in every sense of the word; and to the remainder he probably has as good a claim as to many passages which he found in prose in various authors, and which were transmuted into poetry in their passage through the magical alembic of his brain.

XI.

The foregoing inquiry has been necessarily limited to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. For as to the First Part, we have it, as we have the Second and Third, with Shakespeare's revision; but we are without such an unrevised version as we have in the case of the other two, for comparison with the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It is not improbable that Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Shakespeare were all engaged upon it; for traces of the styles of the two former writers, as well as of Shakespeare's, are discernible in it. That he wrote at least a part of it as it appears in the

same line (one word excepted) which is the first of the last twenty-four, and that the twenty-one lines that follow it are first found in any shape in the folio version. The dramatic purpose of these twenty-two new lines is identical with that of the twelve old lines that follow them: and I believe that Shakespeare wrote the twenty-two as a substitute for the twelve, which last were printed by mistake, thus making the soliloquy begin itself again in the middle.

folio of 1623, we have the testimony of Heminge and Condell; and as it was quite surely written between 1585 and 1590, he may have written much of it that, from its resemblance to the bombastic style then in vogue, seems altogether unworthy of him. The first efforts of genius are always imitative; it is difficult to distinguish the earliest pictures of Raffael from those of the master whom in Goldsmith's time it was always safe to praise; the first quartets of Mozart might have been written by Haydn, and Beethoven's first symphony by Mozart. The First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, though primitively rude and puerile in its structure and stage effect, is much less antiquated in its fashioning, and more polished in its diction and versification, than *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and is very far superior to any other surviving play that was produced before 1590 or 1592. But we must remember that, as we have just observed, it exists in no earlier form than that in which we find it in the folio of 1623, where we doubtless have it with an entire revision of its diction by Shakespeare, though it retains the rude form which he could not have changed without entirely reconstructing it — a task that he would hardly have thought worth his while for a drama of such quality, and one which had entirely fulfilled the purpose for which it was written.

We are therefore left entirely without external help toward even the proximate apportionment of the various passages in this play to their several authors. In the case, too, of contemporaries like Greene and Peele, and perhaps Marlowe, whose minds, having no very broadly distinctive traits, easily assumed each other's forms of action, — as melons and cucumbers growing side by side become neither melons nor cucumbers, — it is difficult, almost impossible, to distinguish what parts each may have written in a not very strongly marked work, to which they all may have contributed. It may be that some closer student of their works and of Shakespeare's than I have had the time to be, some critic of an acuteness to which I cannot pretend, will hereafter discover a test sufficiently delicate and sure to determine this nice question; but I do not feel competent to undertake the task. Nevertheless I will venture to express the opinion that the greater part of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* was originally written by Greene, whose style of thought and versification may be detected throughout the play beneath the

thin embellishment with which it was disguised by Shakespeare, and especially in the first and second Scenes of the first Act; — that traces of Marlowe's furious pen may be discerned in the second and third Scenes of Act II.; — and I should be inclined to attribute the couplets of the fifth, sixth, and seventh Scenes of Act IV. to Peele, (for their pathos is quite like his in motive, and it must be remembered that Shakespeare has retouched them,) were it not that Peele could hardly have written so many distichs without falling once into a peculiarity of rhyme which constantly occurs in his works, and which consists in making an accented syllable rhyme with one that is unaccented.* But perhaps Shakespeare amended the passage in this respect as

* As in these instances, which are all from one play, (though far from being all that occur in it,) and the first three of which occur in four, and two others in two, consecutive couplets: —

"*Flo.* Where Phœbe means to make this meeting *royal*,
Have I prepar'd to welcome them *withal*.
Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora, say,
That we may wend to meet them on their way?
Flo. That shall not need — they are at hand by *this*,
And the conductor of the train, hight *Rhanis*.*
Juno hath left her chariot long *ago*,
And hath returned her peacocks by her *rainbow*."
Arraignment of Paris, Act I. Sc. 2.

"*Ven.* But wend we on; and Rhanis, lead the *way*,
That kens the painted paths of pleasant *Ida*."
Idem. Act I. Sc. 4 [and *passim*.]

"*Ven.* But pray you tell me Juno, was it *so*,
As Pallas told me here the tale of *Echo*?" *Idem.* Act II. Sc. 1.

"*Juno.* If then this prize be but bequeath'd to *beauty*,
The only she that wins this prize am *I*." *Idem. Ibid.*

"*Jun.* And for thy meed, sith I am queen of *riches*,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great *monarchies*."
Idem. Act II. Sc. 2

"*Merc.* If, as my office bids, myself first *brings*
To my sweet madam these unwelcome *tidings*."
Idem. Act III. Sc. 6.

"*Ven.* And crave this grace of this immortal *senate*,
That ye allow the man his *advocate*.
Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven *deny*
A man to plead or answer by *attorney*." *Idem.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

[* My ingenious friend Mr. Q. Nunc will be glad to have his attention directed to this evidence of the antiquity of railways.]

well as in others; and indeed, as he quite surely did add to and improve this play, all attempts to parcel out its authorship must be sheer conjecture.

XII.

As to the period at which all this writing and rewriting was done, we cannot expect to determine it with the certainty with which astronomers calculate a past conjunction of planets. But there are five dates, as to only one of which can there be any doubt, that enable us to decide the question with at least a high degree of probability. The first is the date of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592; the second, that of Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, in which the *Talbot* of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* is mentioned as "embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least," 1592; * the third, that of a remonstrance or petition of the Blackfriars company, in which the name of Shakespeare appears as a shareholder in that theatre, 1589; † the fourth, that of *Greene's Funeralls*, in which are the verses upon those that so "eclipst his fame," 1594; ‡ the fifth, that of an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, London, by which *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*

> "*Pul.* I grant ye may agree, but be *content*
> To doubt upon regard of your *agreement*." *Idem. Ibid.*
>
> "*Jup.* We here dismiss thee hence, by order of our *senate:*
> Go take thee hence, and there abide thy *fate*." *Idem. Ibid.*
>
> "*Jup.* Then, dames, that we more freely may *debate*,
> And hear th' indifferent sentence of this *senate*." *Idem. Ibid.*
>
> "*Ven.* Behold I take thy dainty hand to *kis*
> And with my solemn oath confirmed my *promise*."
> *Idem.* Act V. Sc. 1.

* "How would it have joy'd brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tombe he should triumph againe on the stage; and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at seuerall times) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding." *Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil.* P. 69, Shak. Soc. Reprint.

This is clearly a reference to the pathetic scenes of Talbot's last interview with his son, and his death, in Act IV. Sc. 6 and 7 of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.

† The authenticity of this document has been called in question.

‡ Quoted on p. 411 of this Essay.

are assigned to Thomas Pavier as the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, 1602.*

For as Greene, in the sneer at his successful rival, quoted in August, (if not earlier,) 1592, a line from *The True Tragedy*, and in a manner which shows that that play then was well known to the public, it is clear that it could hardly have been written before the end of the preceding year; and as it was manifestly preceded, in historical order, by the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in its original form, and *The First Part of the Contention*, the composition of the former play, the first of the series both in the order of writing and in the historical order, cannot with probability be placed later than 1590.† And a limit at least as early, and I think earlier, is fixed for the production of this Part by the passage cited from *Pierce Pennilesse*. For, making all reasonable allowance for hyperbolical phraseology, a play which about the middle of 1592 had drawn the tears of "at least ten thousand spectators" in the small theatres of that day, must have been on the stage quite two years; which places the production of the First Part not later than 1589. But even in 1589 Shakespeare had attained a position altogether inconsistent with his writing plays with Greene and Marlowe for "the Earl of Pembrooke his servants;" for whatever may have been the looseness of the notions and practices then prevalent in regard to dramatic copyright, it is quite incredible that a shareholder in the Blackfriars company desired to contribute to the gains and the reputation of another company by writing for it as the colaborer of its principal maker of plays, or that

* The entries in the Stationers' Register, relative to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, as given by Malone, are as follows: —

"12 March 1593–4.

"Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Suffk.* and the tragicall Ende of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne."

"19 April 1602.

"Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the 1st and 2d parts of Henry the VI.: ij. books."

† The order of writing and the historical order are not necessarily the same; for, as Mr. Collier has remarked in a note on a passage in Middleton's *Widow*, (Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 270, Ed. 1827,) it has been ascertained in more than one instance that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause.

he would have been allowed to do so. Shakespeare's work, then, upon *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* must have been performed before 1589. And it is clear that he must have done something before that date which showed that his services were well worth securing, in order to make him a proprietor in the leading theatre of London within four years from the time when he arrived there, a penniless youth, to seek his fortune.*

But in 1594, R. B., the author of *Greene's Funeralls*, writes, in the past tense, of men who had eclipsed Greene's fame by purloining his plumes. Now, there was but one man who at that date had eclipsed Greene's dramatic fame, and that man was William Shakespeare. It appears, then, that as early as 1594 Shakespeare's superiority as a playwright was so far beyond cavil, that even Greene's friends were obliged to admit it publicly, and save his reputation by taking a hint from him, and claiming that he had furnished his rival with the materials out of which he made his success. But as far as the plays under consideration are concerned, Shakespeare's superiority could not have been established by performances in which Greene had such a large share as he had in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy;* by which joint composition neither could Shakespeare have been charged with *purloining* Greene's plumes. When, however, he had worked those plays over, and made them all his own, according to the custom of the time, the case of Greene's encomiast, Mr. R. B., was at least specicusly made out; and therefore we must place the date of that *rewriting* of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* before 1594. And finally by the entry in the Stationers' Register we find that these two plays had become part of the series of three, and were known as Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, before 1602.

* I believe, too, that it is to Shakespeare as well as to Marlowe that Greene alludes in the following passage in the 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers' prefixed to his *Perimedes*, published in 1588: "If there be anye in England that set the end of scollarisme in an English blancke verse, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with self loue, or to much frequenting the hot house (to vse the Germaine proverbe) hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits," &c. (*Apud* Rev. A. Dyce. Greene's Works. Vol. I. p. xlvi.) It seems to me that Shakespeare is the novice referred to, and Marlowe the debauchee. Both preferred blank verse to couplets. This opinion may have been previously expressed without my knowledge.

If, therefore, we may conclude, that within two or three years of Shakespeare's arrival in London, that is, about 1587 or 1588, he was engaged to assist Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, in dramatizing the events of *King Henry the Sixth's* reign for the Earl of Pembroke's servants, or on a venture; — that by the facility with which he wrote, as well as by the novelty and superiority of his style, he gradually got most of the work into his own hands, and at last, in the course of a year or two, achieved such a marked success in *The True Tragedy* (which seems to be chiefly his) as to provoke the envy and malice of one at least of his senior colaborers, and be offered a share or more in the Blackfriars Theatre if he would write for that company exclusively; — and that after he had accepted this offer and had been for a short time a shareholder, he undertook to rewrite the three plays in the composition of which he had taken so remarkable, and, to him, so eventful a part, and work them into a form in which he might not be unwilling to have them regarded as his own; — and that he accomplished this about 1591 with so great applause as to embitter still more the jealousy of the playwrights whom he had deposed, and thus gave occasion, if not reason, for a charge of plagiarism which soon was stilled by the death of both his colaborers, and yet more by the fertility of his own surpassing genius, — we have arrived at a solution of the question which reconciles all the circumstances connected with it in a manner entirely accordant with the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day and the probable exigencies of his early career. And we have had the pleasure of finding that the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, instead of being plays foisted upon us as his, either by his own want of probity, or the hardly less culpable indifference of his fellows and first editors, are doubly interesting as containing some of the earliest productions of his genius wrought into a contemporary monument of his initial triumph.

END OF VOL. VII.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME VIII.

—

HISTORIES.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. PART THIRD.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. VIII.

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Cambridge.

NOTE.

It was the intention of the editor to add to these volumes a few supplementary notes, referring to passages both in the Histories and Comedies. But as these, like those published with the Comedies, would necessarily be embodied in the Addenda and Corrigenda which will appear with the first volume, it has been thought not worth while to prepare and print matter which on the completion of the work would be entirely superfluous. — The subject of the pronunciation of certain letters and syllables in Shakespeare's time, has been made the subject of special, though brief, consideration, in a Note which will appear on the completion of this work.

It may be well to say that the results of the recent investigation at the British Museum into the character and the age of the marginal corrections in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, be those results what they may, can have no effect upon the congruity or the value of this edition of Shakespeare, which has been prepared from the beginning on the assumption that that volume, though containing many valuable suggestions, is utterly without authority, and was corrected at a date at least so late as to make the age of its emendations entirely worthless as evidence of the authenticity of the source whence they were derived. (See *Putnam's Magazine*, October and November, 1853, and *Shakespeare's Scholar*, 1854, pages 33–81, 483–504.)

In some quarters the text of this edition has been confidently spoken of as that of the folio of 1623; but erroneously; for the unimpeachable authenticity of that text is not held by the editor to extend its authority over the many and manifest corruptions that crept into it, to the correction of which all available helps must needs be assiduously applied.

Ravenswood, L. I., Aug. 13, 1859

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

"The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* good King Henrie the Sixt, *with the whole contention betweene* the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters* Church in *Cornwal.* 1595." 8vo. 40 leaves.

Reprinted in 1600 for the same bookseller; and about 1619 for T.[homas] P.[avier], with the First Part of the Contention. See the reverse of the bastard title to the Second Part of *Henry VI.*

The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke, occupies twenty-six pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 147 to p. 172, inclusive; in the division of Histories, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, these numbers are twice inserted. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which Rowe supplied.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the authors of *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster* completed, in the early version of the following play, their dramatic picture of Henry the Sixth's eventful reign, they did not call the third compartment of their work The Second, or The Last Part of the Contention, but *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* The reason which has been sought for this disappointment of natural expectation may not improbably be found in the overshadowing importance to which, under the hand of Shakespeare, the character of *Richard* shot up in the writing of the third part of this "dramatic trilogy," and in the hatred of the last Yorkist king, which had been grafted on the popular mind, and well nurtured during the reigns of his four successors. The play which was intended to present only a continuation of the struggle between two factions became a historic tragedy, from the dramatis personæ of which stepped forth a hero whose name and whose traditional character were known to every Englishman, and to the representation of which the public could be invited, to feed at once their hatred of a tyrant and their love of those bloody horrors upon the rising degrees of which tyrants of old mounted to their thrones. This, in my judgment, determined (as in a similar case with a shrewd manager it would now determine) the name first given to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.

The Essay upon the Authorship of these three plays renders other introductory remark upon this one superfluous, except that the period of its action is from the battle of St. Albans, 1461, to that of Tewksbury, 1471.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *his Son.*
LOUIS XI., *King of* France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} *On* King Henry's *side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.

EDWARD, *Earl of* March, *afterwards* King Edward IV.
EDMUND, *Earl of* Rutland,
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of* Glocester,
} *His Sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} *Of the* Duke of York's *party.*

Sir JOHN MORTIMER,
Sir HUGH MORTIMER,
} *Uncles to the* Duke of York.

HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to* Lady Grey. Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY. Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *During part of the Third Act, in* France; *during the rest of the Play, in* England.

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

WITH THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. *Some* Soldiers *of* YORK's *party break in.* *Then enter the* Duke *of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

WARWICK.

I WONDER how the King escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edward. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Montague. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Richard. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the* Duke *of* SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons. —
But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. — Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close:
This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in perforce.

Norf. We'll all assist you: he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. — Stay by me, my lords: —
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
[*They retire.*

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

King Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Northumberland. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clifford. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exeter. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-House!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* Duke.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to* YORK.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours — often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow —
Shall be my winding sheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say: my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. And if he may, then am I lawful King;
For Richard, in the view of many lords.

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as King.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this to England and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whil'st I live,
To honour me as thy King and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry! — Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The* Lords *come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his* Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the Court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the* Prince *of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Queen Margaret. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had di'd a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there
Rather than have made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me, sweet son: —
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The Duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thy honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of York.
Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET *and the* Prince.

K. Hen. Poor Queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. —
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No; I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate

That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
Messenger. The Queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and* Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman-general! what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! — though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rutland. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder. —
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore —
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death. —
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons — God knows what hath bechanc'd them;
But this I know, — they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, — "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cri'd, — "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cri'd, — "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swam against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? — what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life. —
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
What! was it you that would be England's King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York! — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. —
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable. —
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
Unless the adage must be verifi'd,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
And say, — "Alas! it was a piteous deed." —
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! —
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to Heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord North-
umberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's
death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
King. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their* Power.

EDWARD.

I WONDER how our princely father 'scap'd:
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who, having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his son. —
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord.
Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face, and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy:

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen,
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me! —
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their* Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[And very well appointed, as I thought,]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, — we at Saint Alban's met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went:
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the King unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick come to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,

Have wrought the easy-melting King like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the House of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march [amain,]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry — Charge! upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me;
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *the* Prince *of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown?
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Did'st yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child, —
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, did'st thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son

Whose father, for his hoarding, went to Hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York; would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently. —
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason, too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? — O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou did'st kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callat know herself. —
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a show'r for him
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Had'st thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
George. But when we saw our sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, ungentle Death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, — if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey, —
Yet that thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul. —
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in Heaven or in Earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; — and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory. —
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. *Enter* RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, — the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. *Enter a* Son *that hath killed his father, bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. —
Who's this? — O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O, heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did; —
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. —
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O, piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his son, with the body in his arms.*

Father. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —
But let me see: — is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son! —

Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —
O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds! —
O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity! —
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfi'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfi'd!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Misthink the King, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet:

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince *of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
[The common people swarm like summer flies;]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, had'st thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the Earth!
And, Henry, had'st thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day had'st kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint. —

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy; for 'tis Clifford,
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft. —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee? —
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou did'st love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath. —
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands. —
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster; —
And George, of Clarence: — Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 *KEEPER.*

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best·
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right:
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the *quondam* King: let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My Queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French King's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says — her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says — his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the King from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be! and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, [that] talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least; for less I could not be:
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the King King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed King at nine months' old,
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were King.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded:
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the King, — King Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry
If he were seated as King Edward is.
1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name lead; your King's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* Lady GREY.

King Edward. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the House of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. [*Aside.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.
Lady Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your Highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then, I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then, her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou do'st say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen. —
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean my Queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children:
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *come forward.*
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself?
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nobleman. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower. —
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension. —
Widow, go you along. — Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt* King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities. —
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much.

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:

And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Simon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. *Enter* Louis, *the* French King, *and* Lady Bona, *attended: the* King *takes his state. Then enter* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, *and the* Earl *of* Oxford; King Louis *rising as she enters.*

King Louis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou should'st stand while Louis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lou. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ti'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis.
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud, ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow! —
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*He descends.* Queen MARGARET *rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious Madam, [*to* BONA.] in our King's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Louis, — and Lady Bona, — hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice, —
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not Queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; —
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, — you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.
War. And I the House of York.
K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*
K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lou. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lou. Then farther; all dissembling set aside;
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine. —
Yet I confess, [*to* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus: — our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd. —
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*
K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague. —
These from our King unto your Majesty. —
And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.
K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lou. What! has your King married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the House of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me, —
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel and this English Queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lou. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Louis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy King withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit* Post.
K. Lou. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—

That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion. —
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.

GLOSTER.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. *Enter* King EDWARD, *attended;* Lady GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Louis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And shall have your will, because our King;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I.
No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's Queen.—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge.
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Queen Elizabeth. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters, or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Louis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:—
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's Queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:—
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I.
My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen.

And haste is needful in this desperate case. —
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so; then am I sure of victory.
Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD *with* French *and other* Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry*, Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* King's *tent.*

1 *Watchman.* Come on, my masters; each man take his stand:
The King by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and* Forces, *silently.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK *and the rest cry all,* Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the* Guard, *who fly, crying,* Arm! Arm! WARWICK *and the rest following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding; enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted [last,]
Thou call'dst me King!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down. —
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind be Edward England's King: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true King indeed; thou but the shadow. —
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him: —
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit* King EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Rivers. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I farther have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and, by that, our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Huntsman. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand. —
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the* Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieutenant. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov'reigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, Warwick, after God thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly, therefore, I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for Protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now, then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods [be] confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But with the first of all your chief affairs.
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him.
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, *and* Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made fast! — Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his* Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise, stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and* Forces.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Montgomery. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and begone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd. —
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Soldier. [Reads.] "*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,*" &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier. —
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. —
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. *Enter* King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st: —

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord; — and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing* HENRY's *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., *and* MONT.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dri'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England. —
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb. —
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* King HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor *of* Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague? —
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Somerville. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's King is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood, —
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with* Forces.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. The gates are open; let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with* Forces.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall 'by this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with* Forces.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the House of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with* Forces.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love. —
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here; I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. —
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way. —
Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King Edward, *bringing in* Warwick *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all. —
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shews;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from Winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said — "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might hear, delivered with a groan, —
"O, farewell Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the Queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The Queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum! cry, Courage! and away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, — that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame. —
O, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both* Armies.

Scene V.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and* Forces; *with* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *as prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* Oxford *and* Somerset, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, *with* Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward, — and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, — I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[GLO. *stabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLAR. *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King, my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence, perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By Heaven I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that Devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murther is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*She is taken out.*
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather.
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster and good Devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deni'd our course:
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murthering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd, when first thou did'st presume,
Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, — that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye, —
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' [fate,]
[And] orphans for their parents' timeless death, —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cri'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Glo. I'll hear no more; — Die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house! —
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cri'd,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone. —
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry and the Prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne*, Queen ELIZABETH *with the infant* Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security. —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. —
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat.

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. [*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back. —
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his Master,
And cri'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France. —
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shews,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, sour annoy,
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES ON THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 7. "*I wonder how the King escaped our hands*": — This reference to the last Scene of the preceding Part is a mere dramatic contrivance to establish an intimate connection between the two. Between the battle of St. Albans, with which the Second Part closes, and the Parliament at which the ineffectual compromise between Henry VI. and the Duke of York was made, five years elapsed: — the date of the latter was 1460. Indeed, the reader of these plays must constantly remember that he is not reading a chronicle, or even a history; and that Shakespeare grouped the events of the reigns which he undertook to illustrate with a single eye to dramatic effect.

p. 8. "—— or wounded *dangerously*": — The folio has, "or wounded dangerous," which has been hitherto retained. But as the passage is taken bodily from the earlier version of the play, which has, "or woundded *dangerouslie*," and as 'dangerous' is never used as an adverb elsewhere in Shakespeare's works, it seems clear that the omission of the adverbial termination in the folio must be attributed to accident.

p. 9. "—— if Warwick *shake his bells*": — The allusion is to the little silver bells with which falcons were decorated.

p. 10. "*But when the Duke is slain*": — In the folio this line has the prefix *West*[*moreland*], by a mistake, which the octavo enables us to correct.

" —— *I am thine*": — The octavo has, "*Thou art deceiv'd*: I am thine," which some editors retain.

p. 10. "—— as the *earldom* was": — The octavo has, "as the *kingdom* was;" and the change, as Malone remarked, does not appear to have been for the better. The earldom alluded to was that of March.

"*Thy* father was," &c.: — The folio has, "My father," &c., by a common error of the press: the octavo has, "*Thy* father," &c.

p. 12. "*Prove it, Henry*": — The second folio reads, "*But* prove it," &c.

p. 13. "—— to *Henry* the Fourth": — Here, as in some other passages, 'Henry' is a trisyllable. In the quarto of 1600 it is printed "*Henerie*." The pronunciation still lingers in England.

p. 14. "—— hear *me* but one word": — The folio has, "*hear but* one word." But as the octavo has "hear *me* speak," there can be no doubt that 'me' was accidentally omitted. It was restored in the third folio, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 16. "Rather than *have* made," &c.: — Steevens very plausibly suggested that 'have' is here an accidental repetition of that word in the preceding line.

" "*Stern Faulconbridge*": — "The person here meant," as Ritson remarks, "was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, 'a man (says Hall) of no less corage than audacitie, who for his evel condicions [illegible] such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea."

p. 17. "—— with victory *from* the field": — The folio has, "*to* the field" — a palpable error. The octavo, the quarto of 1600, that called of 1619, and the second folio have, "*from* the field."

" "Will *coast* my crown": — i. e., will watch and follow, or hover around it, as a bird its prey. The word was commonly used in that sense, which indeed it has not yet lost in America. The folio prints, "Will *cost*," &c., which, although it is a mere instance of phonographic irregularity of spelling, some editors have retained, in the sense, will cost *me* my crown.

Scene II.

p. 19. "*Until the white rose that I wear*," &c.: — This sentiment is expressed almost in these very words in another part of the octavo version: —

"I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster."

" "*Witty*, courteous," &c.: — It should be remembered that 'witty' of old was synonymous with 'sensible' now.

" "*The Queen, with all*," &c. . . . "*Intend* here," &c.: — Here 'with' has the force of 'and.' Mr. Robson pointed out to Mr. Dyce a similar construction in Latin: "*atque ipse dux cum aliquot principibus capiuntur*." Livy, xxi. 60.

p. 20. "A *woman-general!* what should we fear?" — The folio has, "A *woman's* general," &c., which has hitherto been retained, and, I believe, without question. A general is to be feared for his ability and the force under his command, whether *he* command under a Queen or a King; and Queen Margaret, a woman-general, took the field instead of her feeble husband. The misprint, easily made, is as easily discovered.

Scene III.

p. 22. "*Dii faciant*," &c.: — Steevens remarked that this line is from Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.

Scene IV.

p. 23. "We *budg'd* again": — The folio has, "we *bodg'd* again," which has been hitherto retained on the supposition that 'bodg'd' was a form of 'botch'd,' and the stranger supposition that the sense of the latter word suited the context. But considering the antithesis evidently intended between this word, whatever it may be, and "charg'd," in the previous line, with the comparison to the swan beaten back by the tide, and the fact that 'budge' was especially used to express the giving ground in fight, there should be no doubt as to the emendation, which is of the obvious kind, and was suggested by Dr. Johnson. As to 'budge,' see "O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a' foot," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4; "as they did budge from rascals," *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 6: "let the first budger die!" *Ibid.* Act I. Sc. 8.

p. 24. "But *buckle* with thee blows": — The folio misprints, "But *buckler*," &c. The octavo gives the right word.

p. 26. "*Stamp, rave, and fret*," &c.: — This line appears here in the octavo, but in the folio after the fourth line below, "And I, to make thee mad," &c., where it was placed by accident, as will be plain from an examination of the passage. This, it will be seen, is taken bodily from the old octavo version, except that two new lines are added; and these two lines are added to make the transition from the allusion to *York's* tearless eyes to "Thou wouldst be fee'd," &c., less abrupt; which intention the transposition of the line "Stamp, rave," &c., and the interposition of it between the added lines and the remainder of the passage, entirely defeats; as, in that case, this line is isolated, whereas in the old octavo, as will be seen in our text, it has a direct relation to the one which immediately precedes it. The transposition was doubtless an accidental consequence of the alteration made in the old text. Malone printed the passage as it appears in this edition, but without properly supporting the change. Knight, Collier, and Dyce restore the disorder of the folio.

" "And will you *pale* your head?" — i. e., impale, which is the word in the old octavo.

" "—— *too, too* unpardonable": — Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Dyce print "*too-too*," &c. See Notes on *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 6, and *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 27. "—— whom fortune *captivates*": — The special metaphorical sense now almost universally attached to this word justifies, perhaps, the remark that here it means, reduces to bondage.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 30. "Methinks 'tis *pride* enough," &c.: — Thus the old octavo; the folio having, by a slight and palpable typographical error, "'tis *prize* enough," in support of which Malone suggested that here 'prize' means privilege, as in the previous Act, p. 25, "It is war's prize to take all vantages"! But what can be plainer than that there 'prize' means, not war's right to take, but what it takes? Support for Malone's gloss has yet to be produced. The line, it will be seen, is adopted bodily from the old octavo version; and it is impossible to believe that Shakespeare,

in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and pertinent signification for one for which, in its present connection, no proper meaning can be found.

p. 30. "—— *do I see three suns?*" — This incident is recorded by the chroniclers.

" "—— with the *racking clouds*": — i. e., the clouds which are being blown into rack.

p. 33. "[*And very well appointed,*" &c.: — This line, which appears in the old octavo, and which is necessary to the continuity of the speech, is omitted in the folio, by accident, very plainly; as the whole speech, with the exception of two or three very trifling variations, is taken bodily from the old version.

" "—— I was *advertised*": — It should hardly be necessary to remark that 'advertised' is here a word of four syllables, accented on the second and fourth.

p. 35. "—— will we march [*amain*]": — The folio only omits 'amain,' and by manifest accident.

p. 36. "Why then *it sorts*": — i. e., it goes, accords, or agrees with our wishes.

Scene II.

p. 37. "—— had ever *bad success*": — i. e., bad consequences, the proper signification of the word. The common use of the word in the present day, to mean good fortune, accomplishment of wishes, prosperity, i. e., good success, is illogical and unwarranted. All through Elizabethan literature we have 'good success' and 'bad success.'

p. 38. "And this soft *courage*": — Monck Mason, for obvious reasons, proposed to read, 'soft *carriage*,' which correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But the old word must be retained, and seems clearly to be what the author intended. Not, however, because, as it has been suggested, courage was used formerly in the sense of heart, spirit, mind; for no instance of such a use of it has yet been discovered. In our early, our very earliest writers, it means heart, indeed; but heart *par excellence*, i. e., boldness of heart, fearlessness. But 'courage,' in the passage under consideration, means encouragement. As Dr. Richardson remarks, in his invaluable Dictionary, "*Courage*, the verb, is used in our old writers as we use *encourage*, and the noun as *encouragement*." See the instances quoted from Tyndall and the Bishop's Bible by Dr. Richardson *in v.* The *Queen* means to say that the

King's tame replies to her and to *Clifford* are poor encouragement to those who are fighting his battles.

p. 38. "*Darraign* your battle": — The old octavo has, "*Prepare* your battles." The word 'darraign,' used in the connection in which we here find it, is not uncommon in our early writers. Its etymology, and so its precise signification, is yet undetermined; but perhaps 'prepare,' 'bring about,' or 'bring to an issue,' would be its modern equivalent. See, —

> "And this shall hap, that all the worlde may know it is the race
> And yssue of a cursed Syre that *darraygnes* such a case."
>
> Newton's trans. of Seneca's *Thebais*. 1581. fol. 46.

p. 39. "*Since when his oath*," &c.: — The speech from this line is assigned to *Clarence* in the old octavo, where it appears thus: —

> "*George*. Since when he hath broke his oath,
> For as we hear you that are king
> Though he doe wear the Crowne,
> Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
> To blot *our brother* out and put his owne son in."

But Shakespeare, in revising the play, changed 'our brother' to 'me,' and thus it is clear that he meant these four lines to be a continuation of *Edward's* reply to *Queen Margaret*.

p. 41. "*Whoever got thee*," &c.: — This speech is assigned to *Warwick* in the folio, but to *Richard* in the octavo. That the latter is right the *Queen's* reply makes clear.

" "—— whence thou art *extraught*": — i. e., extracted. The old octavo has "*deriv'd*." In the next line '*detect*' is used in its radical sense, to uncover or expose.

" "*A wisp of straw*," &c.: — Scolds and strumpets were customarily decorated with a wisp of straw. As to '*callat*,' see Notes on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 42. "Since thou *deniest*," &c.: — Thus the octavo: the folio has, "Since thou *denied'st*," which, it may be safely assumed, is an error of the press.

Scene III.

p. 44. "*Forslow* no longer": — i. e., delay no longer. The word occurs in several other writers of the time. It has always been printed, here, *fore*slow; but that spelling, which appears in the old copies, is a mere phonographic

irregularity. The word is not like 'foresee' or 'foretell,' but like 'forspent,' in the first line of this Scene, 'forbear,' 'forget,' &c.: and we should write *forgo*.

SCENE V.

p. 45. "—— the shepherd, *blowing of his nails*":—i. e., of course, his fingers, chilled in the keen air of the early dawn. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, *Song*:—

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail."

p. 46. "How many *hours*," &c.:—In this and in the following lines 'hours' is a dissyllable.

" "—— *days, months, and years*":—Rowe read, "days, *weeks*, months, and years," and in the line above, "So many *months* ere," &c., which latter correction was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 48. "*O boy, thy father gave thee life*," &c.:—In the octavo version, this very obscure passage appears thus:—

"*Poore* boy thy father gave thee life too *late*,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too *sone*."

This reading Hanmer adopted and Steevens preferred; but, although it seems at the first blush to dissipate some of the darkness that hangs over the passage, because there is a semblance of sense in the last line, yet what can the father mean by saying that he gave the son life too late? And why was the transposition made? The passage seems to be quite inexplicable. Warburton, who was the first to comment upon it, was of the opinion that, in the reading of the folio, "gave thee life too soon" meant, "because, had he been born later, he would not have been of years to engage in this quarrel," and that "bereft thee of thy life too late" meant, "he should have done it by not bringing thee into being." Henley, adopting the same view of the former phrase, explains the latter, "had the father recognized him before the fatal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved [to save] him from death." Malone and Steevens consider 'too late' to mean recently; and such may have been the sense in which it was used. There may be some readers to whom these explanations will be satisfactory: I am far from being sure that they would have been so to Shakespeare. And yet he may possibly have written the passage as it stands in the octavo, and have changed it to the reading of the folio. This I am the more inclined to believe since my discovery of the following line, in a speech of *Andromache* concerning *Hector*, in Heywood's

translation of Seneca's *Troas*, 1581, with which Shakespeare was familiar. See *Memoir*, Vol. I.

"O sonne begot to late for Troy, but borne too soone for me." Act III. fol. 108 b.

It is at least not improbable that the line in *The True Tragedy* was a reminiscence of this one, and that on the revision and rewriting of that play, the ineffectual change was made, hastily and without sufficient thought, in the hope of improving the passage.

p. 49. "*E'en* for the loss of thee": — The folio misprints, "*Men* for the loss," &c. The correction which appears in the text occurred independently to Mr. Dyce and the present editor; but both had been anticipated by Capell, who read, "*Even* for the loss," &c. Rowe read, "*Sad* for the loss," &c.; and Mr. Collier has, "*Man* for the loss," &c.

SCENE VI.

p. 50. "[*The common people swarm*," &c.: — This line, plainly necessary to the introduction of the succeeding query, is omitted from the folio. Theobald restored it from the old octavo version, from which this speech is taken bodily. The presence of the superfluous line below, "They never, then, had sprung like summer flies," which appears only in the folio, I believe to be due to the accidental transposition of the line in the octavo, and its subsequent alteration by the players or the printers to fit it to its new place. Capell omitted it altogether, which was hardly justifiable.

p. 51. "*Whose soul is that*," &c.: — Thus the octavo, from which this passage is taken, distributes this and the three following lines. The folio gives from this line to "See who it is," inclusive, to *Richard*, an arrangement which, as it makes *Richard* ask who it is that groans, and give directions to see who it is, and comply with his own command and answer his own question, must be regarded as corrupt. Malone, Steevens, Mr. Singer, and Mr. Dyce follow the octavo, and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier the folio. It is noteworthy that the octavo reads, "*his* heavy flight," the folio, "*her* heavy flight;" neither intending an impersonation, and both avoiding 'its.' See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 53. "So shalt thou *sinew*": — The folio prints this word *sinow*, a common spelling of old, a final *e* silent being frequently added. A correspondent pronunciation of the word still obtains in New England.

p. 53. "*For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous*": — "Alluding, perhaps," says Steevens, "to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster." Both were murdered.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 54. "*Enter Two Keepers*": — Thus the octavo. The folio has, "*Enter Sinklo and Humphrey.*" These were quite surely the names of the players who assumed these unimportant parts.

" "—— this *laund*": — The old form of 'lawn.'

p. 55. "—— *thee*, sour *adversity*": — The folio has, "the sower *Adversaries*," which Pope plausibly changed to "*these* sour *adversities*;" and this reading has hitherto been accepted. But Mr. Dyce has asked, (*Remarks*, &c.,) "Did not Shakespeare write, 'Let me embrace *thee*, sour *adversitie*'?" I have not a doubt that he did, because *King Henry* adds, "For wise men say that is the wisest course," which shows that he was quoting a maxim or well known opinion of general application.

p. 56. "Say, what art thou [*that*] talk'st": — 'That,' found in the octavo version, is omitted in the folio, accidentally, without a doubt.

SCENE II.

p. 58. "Sir *John* Grey": — The octavo and folio have, "Sir *Richard* Grey." Hall tells us that it was Sir John; but, nevertheless, the correction may not be fully warranted. It has held its place, however, since Pope's time. In the next line, the folio has, "this *land*," a misprint hardly worth notice.

p. 62. "To *whom*, my lord?" — The folio has, "To *who*?' &c.; the octavo, "To *whom*?" &c.

p. 63. "Lords, use her *honourably*": — The folio has, "use her *honourable*;" but as the octavo and the second folio have 'honourably,' and *Gloster*, in his sneering repetition of the phrase, says, 'honourably,' that must be the true reading.

SCENE III.

p. 70. '—— an *eternal* plant": — So the octavo: the folio has, "*external* plant" — a palpable misprint.

p. 71. "*Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick*": — The second folio completes this line by adding "*Peace!*" It is very probable that this restores the original text; but the mere lack of a syllable does not warrant an addition.

"*Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings*": — The reader will remember that these very epithets, which *Margaret* applies to *Warwick*, *Edward*, in a previous Scene, (Act II. Sc. 3,) addresses, with an immaterial variation, to the Deity. In the former case, the passage is from the old octavo version; in the latter, it is an addition to that version. It has been supposed that in the old version it is *Warwick* who in the first instance is thus designated; but how strange and unwarrantable this supposition is, the passage itself makes clear: —

"Lord Warwicke, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter-vp and puller-downe of kings
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to us,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie."

The construction, in spite of the comma at the end of the second line, is, "Vouchsafe, thou setter-up and puller-down of kings, a gentle victory," &c. It is noteworthy that in the passage in which the line appears in both versions it was altered on the revision — 'plucker' being substituted for 'puller;' but that in the present passage we have the line as originally written. In the latter case, it was probably at first an unconscious reminiscence, which was left undisturbed after it was perceived.

p. 72. "—— *th' abuse done to my niece*": — "Other affirm other causes [of Warwick's defection] and one speciallie, for that King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his neece, the certainty was not for both their honours openlie revealed) for surelie such a thing was attempted by King Edward." Holinshed, p. 668, Ed. 1586.

p. 74. "I'll join mine *eldest* daughter": — Edward, in fact, married Anne, Warwick's *second* daughter.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 75. "*Enter King Edward*," &c.: — Of the nine principal personages now upon the stage, it is directed in the folio with singular particularity that "*four stand on the one*

side and four on the other;" the *King*, of course, being in the middle.

p. 75. "*And shall have your will*":— Rowe read, "And *you* shall have," &c., and has been almost universally followed. But the pronoun is not necessary to the sense — on the contrary, it rather weakens the assertion; and the octavo version has, "And shall, because our king," &c.

p. 78. "—— *thy supposed King*":— The folio misprints, "*the* supposed king." See *Louis*' speech, Act III. Sc. 3, p. 73.

SCENE II.

p. 81. "—— in the *towns* about":— Both versions have, "in the towne about." But in old MS. it is difficult to distinguish a final *e* from a final *s*; and see, in the next Scene, the second speech of the third *Watchman*, which is not in the old version.

SCENE III.

p. 83. "—— when we parted [*last*]":— The folio omits 'last,' accidentally, without a doubt, as the word appears in the octavo version, from which the passage is taken bodily.

p. 84. "*I'll follow you*," &c.:— This verse is imperfect, and a word of one or two syllables has probably been lost. They are not necessary to the sense, however, and there is no justification or ground for the attempts which have been made to restore them.

SCENE V.

p. 87. "—— and *ship* from thence":— The folio has, "and *shipt* from thence," which form should, perhaps, be retained, — the full reply being, 'we shall go to Lynn, and shall be shipped from thence to Flanders.' Rowe made the change.

SCENE VI.

p. 89. "—— and goods [*be*] confiscate":— The folio reads, "*and Goods confiscate:*" the syllable which the rhythm requires Malone supplied. The second folio gives, "and goods confiscate*d*," which not only requires the accent to be thrown upon the second syllable, but makes a word which Shakespeare never used. He always wrote, "confiscate," a form of the participle which he was inclined to prefer in all verbs that would admit of it.

Scene VIII.

p. 95. "*Enter King Henry . . . Exeter and Oxford*": — The folio has, with manifest error, "Oxford and *Somerset*."

" "*Let's levy men*," &c.: — Dr. Johnson remarked that this line expresses a warlike spirit unsuitable to the character of Henry; and Malone, for this reason, and because in the old version the second speech is given to *Oxford*, assigned this line to him — an arrangement very generally followed to this day. But this line does not appear in any form in the old version, where *Oxford's* speech is, —

> "'Tis best to look to this betimes
> For if this fire do kindle any further
> It will be hard for us to quench it out."

It will be seen that in the revised version, the second and third lines are made the basis of the two line speech assigned to *Clarence*, while for the first the line is substituted which is assigned to *King Henry*. And although it is so bellicose, and not improbably should be assigned to *Oxford* or some other lord, or made a part of *Clarence's* speech, under these circumstances the change would not be justifiable.

p. 97. "*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster*": — It was a part of King Edward's plan that his soldiers should shout, 'Long live King Henry!'

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 98. "By this at *Daintry*". — i. e., Daventry.

p. 99. "—— from the *deck*": — i. e., from the pack. The word was in use even in the last century. It has been supposed to be derived from the A. S. *decan* = to cover, because one card covers another — a fanciful and unsatisfactory etymology, in my judgment.

p. 100. "—— shall '*by* this treason": — The folio prints, "shall *buy* this treason," which spelling has been hitherto retained. But that *buy* merely represents the contracted form of 'aby' is shown by the corresponding line of the old version — "Shall deerly *abie* this rebellious act." This passage is not correspondent with "thou shalt buy this dear," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2, where yet, with strange inconsistency, all editors, except Mr. Knight, read, "thou shalt '*by*," &c. See the Note on that passage, Vol. IV. p. 116, and on "thou aby it dear." *Ibid.*, p. 113.

p. 101. "—— *an* upright zeal": — The folio misprints, "*in* upright zeale."

" "*Taking the red rose,*" &c.: — The folio has no stage direction here. The octavo has, "*Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers togither, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat and throwes it at Warwike.*"

SCENE II.

p. 104. "—— like a *clamour* in a vault": — The folio has, most absurdly, as a comparison for the last accents of a dying man, "a *cannon* in a vault," which, beside, very certainly *might* be distinguished; whereas a *clamour* in a vault "might not be distinguished," but would seem an indistinct murmur. These reasons would justify a correspondent conjectural emendation of the passage; which however is not needed, the line in the old version being, "Which sounded like a *clamor* in a vault," for which the folio reading is a mere error of the ear. The folio has, "that *mought* not be distinguished" — a form still in use in this country; for was not the lady who "pulled up her petticoats and waded" told that "seein' it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he mought go"? This form was so commonly used in Shakespeare's time that it might with propriety, perhaps, be retained in the text.

SCENE V.

p. 109. "—— or I will *charm* your tongue": — See the Note on "charm your tongues," *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 405.

p. 110. "*The* Tower, the Tower": — The folio accidentally omits the first article.

p. 111. "—— *where is that Devil's butcher?*" — The folio, superfluously, as regards both sense and rhythm, reads, "where is that divels butcher *Richard?*" That this is a mere accidental repetition, appears from the passage in the old version, from which this is taken bodily: —

> "Whears the Divels butcher hard favored Richard
> Richard where art thou?" &c.

SCENE VI.

p. 112. "*A Room in the Tower*": — The old version places this Scene "*in the Tower;*" the folio, "*on the Walles.*"

" "—— the *hapless male* to one sweet bird": — Monck

Mason remarked upon this passage, "The word *mate* is here used in a very uncommon sense, not for the mate of the female, but for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward." The remark is almost equally applicable to the true reading, about which there can be no doubt, the folio having "Male" the octavo "Maile."

p. 112. "*Why, what a peevish fool,*" &c.: — This speech appears thus in the old octavo version: —

> "Why, what a foole was that of Crete?
> That taught his sonne the office
> Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
> Fowle was drownde."

The verse of the other parts of the Scene in the old version is measured and musical; but here we have no semblance of rhythm, and none of verse, except the capitals at the beginning of the lines. Yet the thought is exactly the same in both versions. The variation is clearly due, in a great measure, if not entirely, to accidental corruption of the original text; and therefore the passage is marked as common to both versions.

p. 113. "—— wives for their husbands' [*fate*]": — 'Fate,' at the end of this line, and '*And*,' at the beginning of the next, are not found in the first folio, but are supplied in the second. The lines here are irregular in the old version, and appear to have been carefully re-written on the revision; and the construction of the two preceding lines, to which these two parenthetical lines are plainly intended to conform, warrants the emendation.

" "The raven *rook'd* her": — In illustration of the meaning of this word, to squat, Mr. Collier quotes the following passage from *The Fardle of Fashions*, 1555: — "After a mooste comely sorte she rucketh downe upon the grounde, not muche unlike the sitting of our gentlewomen oftentimes here in England."

' "—— in dismal *discord* sung": — The folio has "*discords;*" but the old version, from which the passage is taken bodily, has "*discord;*" and Shakespeare would not needlessly be at the trouble to write, 'discords sung.'

' "*To wit, — an indigested and deformed* lump": — In the old version, "To wit: an *unligest created* lumpe;" and Mr. Dyce very plausibly conjectures that Shakespeare having expanded the latter clause into a complete verse, 'To wit' was accidentally retained in the folio, contrary to his intention.

SCENE VII.

p. 115. "—— threefold *renown'd*": — It is hardly worth while to notice the folio's misprint, "*renowne*."

" "—— *undoubted* champions": — i. e., unwavering, fearless champions.

p. 116. "—— and *that shall* execute": — The folio has, "and that *shalt* execute," — a trifling misprint, or perhaps the result of an imperfect correction of the passage in the old version, which has, "and *thou shalt* execute." "That" refers, of course, to *Richard's* shoulder: the preceding "thou" to his head.

" "*Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence*," &c.: — The folio assigns this line to *Clarence*, with a new prefix, "*Cla.*," which is evidently a misprint of "*Qu.*;" for the line is assigned to her in the old version, and most appropriately, when *Clarence* kisses her son in token of reconciliation. Theobald restored it to her. In King Charles I.'s copy, however, his Majesty, in the plenary exercise of his royal prerogative, and in ignorance of the old version, changed *Cla.* to *King*, which Steevens discovering, that distribution was loyally adopted, and has hitherto been preserved, although in defiance of authority, and in opposition to the finer significance of the speech.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

"THE TRAGEDY OF King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his iunocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. AT LONDON, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the Signe of the Angell. 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

The same, "By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 47 leaves.

The same, "Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

The same, "London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

Richard the Third occupies thirty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 173 to p. 204 inclusive, in the division of Histories.

KING RICHARD III.

INTRODUCTION

SIR THOMAS MORE, Henry VIII.'s great Lord Chancellor, furnished Shakespeare with the materials of which this historical tragedy is built. More wrote a *History of King Richard the Third*, which, although he left it unfinished, was nearly complete enough for the world's purposes and Shakespeare's; for it relates the incidents of Richard's life and reign down to the period of the Duke of Buckingham's defection, after the murder of the Princes in the Tower. This history was copied and continued in his chronicle by Grafton, (who is supposed to have had access to More's sources of information,) and again by Hall and Holinshed in theirs; and so Shakespeare, going to the latter authors, as his custom was when he had a historical play in hand, found in their pages an almost contemporary sketch of the events and personages which he embodied in this most vigorous and vivid dramatic picture of the character and the career of the last of the Plantagenets. He adhered closely to his authority; and except in the composition, the light and shade, the color, and the spirit of his work, — in a word, all that which makes it a work of art instead of a record of facts, — we have in Shakespeare's play a faithful copy of Sir Thomas More's carefully limned portrait of Richard.

This fact directly touches the question so much discussed, whether the humpbacked tyrant and red-handed usurper of the play is a fair representation of the Richard of history. For if wrong has been done in this matter, it is of Sir Thomas More's and not of Shakespeare's doing. Shakespeare took the Richard that he found in chronicle and in tradition: it was not for him to seek farther than was written, or to know more than was reported. But had he searched for evidence and weighed it carefully, it is difficult to believe that he would have discov-

ered any reasons for making essential change in the *character* of his hero; and as to a murder, more or less, what was that to his purpose, or what is it to ours? Surely before the Boswellism of these latter days there was never biography more worthy of belief than the royal one written by that under-sheriff of London. Richard ascended the throne, and the two Princes were murdered in 1483: More was born in London in 1480, and wrote this biography about 1513, when Dighton, one of the murderers of those poor boys, was yet alive. "Dighton," he says, speaking of the fate of those concerned in the murder, "yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged ere he die." The Lord Chancellor to be was the son of a judge that was, of the King's Bench, — the bench from which Richard had just been ousted, the King's who had just ousted him, — and he was brought up in the household of the *Bishop of Ely* of this play, — that Morton who is "fled to Richmond," and who had his reward in the Archbishopric of Canterbury. He had seen Jane Shore,— her very self, though ancient, decrepit, and forlorn. Better opportunity than More's to know the truth about Richard there could not be; unless, indeed, he had been of that king's own household, instead of his chief and chiefly trusted ecclesiastical supporter's; and even then caution might have concealed that from him, Richard living, which, Richard dead, tradition truly told him. Add to this his monumental probity, his goodness of disposition, his penetration, his professional training as a sifter of evidence, and the calm, impartial tone of his narrative, and there can hardly be conceived a higher degree of credibility than that which attaches to his work. And besides all this, it was received, not only without protest, but without doubt, and was adopted by Grafton and Hall, who both lived near enough to Richard's time to know if any ground of doubt existed, and the latter of whom was a man of character and position, as well as ability. Notable unanimity of opinion with regard to Richard among all whom he left behind him forbids us to believe that More wrote with malice, or prejudice, or even carelessness. Such universal condemnation of one man, and he a king, is not told of in history. It was a living force in Shakespeare's time, and is to be traced even in the title pages of the early quarto editions of this play. For Shakespeare did not write those; and the crafty bookseller

knew his public and its feeling towards Richard III., when he enumerated "his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephews: his tyranicall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life and most deserved death." Crafty booksellers did not, unless trade habits have much changed, thus waste type, to say nothing of rhetoric purchased at cost of sack, if not of coin, in making title pages without interest, and that of approving sort, to those to whom they hoped to vend their wares; and the nine editions that have survived of this separate play — three published after the appearance of the folio — are witnesses of the approval with which it was read, as well as seen, by Shakespeare's contemporaries. Gentle and simple, they were well content with the Richard that he gave them; and they knew more on that subject without study than we can with it. Modern days have produced some apologists for Richard, who urge that his laws were wise and his rule sagacious and beneficent; but, unless we let an English horizon bound our view, we need not History's aid to see a cold-hearted and remorseless usurper gain a throne by perjury and blood, and tyrannize with such subtle and far-seeing prudence that all the world looks on in wonder. What a barrier is that English Channel! across which some ideas are so long — more than three hundred and seventy-five years — in passing, that it has to this day made it possible for all men to see an open refutation of the only semblance of an argument brought against the characteristic truth of Shakespeare's crook-backed tyrant.

The chronicles are the only source of this play. The events of Richard III.'s reign had been dramatized before Shakespeare's day, it is true, in a work which, though not less poor in expression and clumsy in construction than the old *Troublesome Raigne of King John*, must, like that, be regarded as a genuine historical play.* But Shakespeare was in no manner indebted to this

* "The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594."

drama, except, perhaps, for the hint for Richard's cry, "A horse, a horse!" &c., and the appearance of ghosts, instead of Holinshed's devils, before the battle.

As to the date when *Richard the Third* was written, we only know that it must have been between the time of the transmutation of *The True Tragedy* into the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* and 1597, — most probably in 1593 or early in 1594.

The text of *Richard the Third* is very corrupt in all the old editions. That of the folio is more than usually marred by errors of the press, and is, besides, without some brief passages of interest which appear in the quartos. On the other hand, that of the quartos, even in its best form, — the earliest, — is so badly printed as to be remarkable in this respect among the badly printed dramas of its period; and this in its turn omits several important passages — one of more than fifty lines — which are found in the folio. The repetition of certain errors peculiar to the quarto of 1602 shows that the text of the folio was printed from a copy of that edition; but the important additions to and corrections of its text are undeniable evidence that the copy in question had been subjected to carefullest revision at the hands (it seems to me beyond a doubt) of Shakespeare himself, by which it gained much smoothness and correctness, and lost no strength. In minute beauties of rhythm, in choice of epithets, and in the avoidance of bald repetition, (a fault unusually frequent in the quarto text,) the play was greatly improved by this revision; and while some of the passages found in the folio and not in the quartos may have been omitted from the MS. from which the latter was printed, for the sake of abbreviating so long a drama, many of them are evidently from the perfecting hand of the author in the maturity of his powers. This being the case, the faults, whether of omission or of commission, in the folio text must be assumed as accidental only; and its authority, although impaired in minute matters, must be maintained — say, rather, maintains itself. It furnishes the true text, and the best; though we are fortunate in having the quartos, especially that of 1597, to depend upon when the folio is corrupt. Every variation between the old texts which modifies the sense however slightly, or gives the faintest difference of tone to expression, is recorded in the Notes, with comment when it seemed desirable, and often with full quotation,

that the reader may use his own judgment. A notice of every difference would have cumbered these pages with trifles laboriously obtained, and entirely worthless, except, perhaps, for the gratification of that feeble and anile semblance of intellectual activity — bibliomaniac curiosity.

The events represented in this play occurred during a period of about thirteen or fourteen years: from soon after the battle of Tewksbury, 1471, to that of Bosworth field, 1485.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Edward V., } *Sons to*
RICHARD, *Duke of* York, } *the* King.
GEORGE, *Duke of* Clarence,
RICHARD, *Duke of* Gloster, *afterwards* King Richard III., } *Brothers to the* King.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of* York.
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of* Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*
EARL RIVERS, *Brother to* King Edward's *Queen.*
MARQUESS OF DORSET, *and* LORD GREY, *her Sons.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.
Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
Sir JAMES TYRREL.
Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
Sir WALTER HERBERT.
Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest.* Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire. A Keeper in the Tower.

ELIZABETH, *Queen to* King Edward IV.
MARGARET, *Widow of* King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to* King Edward IV., Clarence, *and* Gloster.
LADY ANNE, *Widow of* Edward, *Prince of* Wales.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, *and other* Attendants; *two* Gentlemen, *a* Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: England.

THE TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD,

WITH THE LANDING OF EARL RICHMOND, AND THE BATTLE AT BOSWORTH FIELD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLOSTER.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your Grace?

Clarence. His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to th' Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women!
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower:
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brakenbury. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: —
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey. —

Brother, farewell: I will unto the King;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and* Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! — I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:—
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to Heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father!
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, *borne in an open coffin*, Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it; and* Lady ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. —
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes: —
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him

Than I am made by my young lord and thee! —
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
[*The* Bearers *take up the corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 *Gentleman.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The* Bearers *set down the coffin.*

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil. —
Avaunt, thy dreadful minister of Hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy Hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries. —

O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh! —
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or, Earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry. —
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou li'st: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murth'rous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once did'st bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Did'st thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Do'st grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glo. The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in Heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it
Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. — But, gentle Lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method; —
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*she spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York, and Edward, wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then, never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
[*Anne.* To take, is not to give.]
[*She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-House,
Where, (after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey Monast'ry, this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,)
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt* Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming
[*Exeunt the rest, with the corpse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, —
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, *and* Lord GREY.

Rivers. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt
his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, Madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! — But that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it. —
Who is it that complains unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His Royal Grace, —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! -
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The King, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else, —
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that he may learn the ground
[Of your ill-will, and so remove it.]

Glo. I cannot tell; — the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions

Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for —
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers, — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country serving-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition —
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind, where she remains*

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

Queen Margaret. And lessen'd be that small, God,
I beseech him!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the
King?
[Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said]
I will avouch, in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too
well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband
King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Grey,
Were factious for the House of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you: — was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father War-
wick,
Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? — I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King, —
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. And little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. — [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, —

And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland; —
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesi'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven? —
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's death;

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of Nature and the son of Hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested ——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in — Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry: — learn it, learn it, Marquess.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade, — alas! alas! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest. —
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now, fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, Death, and Hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains; —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
[*Aside.*] For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you, —
And for your Grace, and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. — Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies,
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.
But soft! here come my executioners. —

Enter Two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Murderer.* We are, my lord: and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads; — about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Keeper.

Keeper. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, —
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board

Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

"Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in Hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Keeper, Keeper! I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me! —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children! —
Keeper, I pr'ythee sit by me a while;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest! —

CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair, and sleeps; then enter* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. — Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A paper delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [*Exeunt* BRAKENBURY *and* Keeper.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How do'st thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* ['Faith,] some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* O, in the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him; 'tis a blushing, shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to ——

Clar. To murther me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
[By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,]
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murther too.
Thou did'st receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Did'st break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sov'reign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murther me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the Devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no: he loves me, and he holds me dear
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest. — Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thraldom to the joys of Heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murth'ring me? —
O sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish! —
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Enter First Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By Heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art. —
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *led in sick*, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

KING EDWARD.

WHY, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part for Heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this, —
Nor you, son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings: — I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him, — Hastings, love Lord Marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, [*to the* Queen,] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me. This do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter GLOSTER *and* RATCLIFFE.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign King and Queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day. —
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord. —
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service; —
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; —
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me; —
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you; —
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; — indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: —
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded. —
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life. —
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours, for this! —
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. —
Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness. — Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the King:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter the Duchess *of* YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duchess. No, boy.

Daughter. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast,
And cry — "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
The King mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly, with her hair dishevelled;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence: —
Edward, my lord, thy son, our King, is dead! —
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap? -
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!

Children. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord, Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs:
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse;
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young Prince your son: send straight for him:
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your Grace. — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen; [*aside.*] and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude.

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by such company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, — and you, my sister, — will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Citizen.* Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself. Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the young* Duke *of* YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, *and the* Duchess *of* YORK.

Archbishop. Last night I heard they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Duch I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours.
Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince *of* WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, *and others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Scene IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the young* Duke *of* York, Queen Elizabeth, *and the* Duchess *of* York.

Archbishop. Last night I heard they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Duch I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?
Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?
Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
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Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his Train.*

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. —

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! — Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God [in Heaven] forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. —
Come on, Lord Hastings; will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. — [*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it think'st best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long. [*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glc. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk. —
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me. —
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle.

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector [needs] will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet. Exeunt* Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, *and* Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. — Come hither, Catesby
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way: —
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William, Lord Hastings, of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou do'st find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-House, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; — something we will determine.
And, look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord! — [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*Within.*] — Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance:
And for his dreams — I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news, —
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The Princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby. —
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast:
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you. — Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They for their truth might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Pursuivant. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good con tent.

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a* Guard, *conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Ratcliff. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spill'd!

Rat. Make haste: the hour of death is expirate

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan; — let us here embrace:
Farewell until we meet again in Heaven. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *the* Bishop *of* Ely, Catesby, Lovel, *and others, sitting at a table*, Officers of the Council *attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, — when is this royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine. —
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter Bishop *of* Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? — Thou art a traitor: —
Off with his head! — now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, *with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lovel. Come, come, dispatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard! — miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor, —

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife, —
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd. —
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murther me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore:

Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signifi'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's words shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,

Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to* CAT.] to Friar Penker: — bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *at one door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry — 'God save Richard, England's Royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence.
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again: —
"Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few, —
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause and cheerful shout

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord Mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?
Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke:
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,

No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this Prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof;
But sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again. —

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man. —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology,
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts.

Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, — you might haply think
Tongue-ti'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, were there need;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you. —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM; *the* Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens *retiring.*

Cate. Call him again, sweet Prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again: [CATESBY *goes to the* Mayor, *&c., and then exit.*] I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY; *the* Mayor, *&c., come forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title, —
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, my cousin: — farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess *of* YORK, *and* Marquess *of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE Duchess *of* GLOSTER, *leading* Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young* Daughter.

DUCHESS.

WHO meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes. —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. —

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear Madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! who's that?
Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. —
Come, Madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the* Duchess *of* GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: — mother, how fares your Grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of Hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, —
Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam. —
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — "Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

Q. Eliz. The King! who's that?
Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
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If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
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Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
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Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
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Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam. —
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — "Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! — [*To* DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* Queen ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A sennet. Enter RICHARD, *crowned, and in state* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

King Richard. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

[RICHARD *ascends the throne. The trumpets sound.*

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: —
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed! —
Young Edward lives. — Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O, bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live, — true, noble Prince! —
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —
Shall I be plain? — I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly: be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. [*Aside.*] The King is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools

[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy! —

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy. —

[*Exit* Page

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? — well, be it so. —

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: —
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. —
Look, how thou dream'st! — I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. —
[*Exit* CATESBY
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. —
Murther her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

Enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token. — Rise, and lend thine ear.
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: — say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: — well look unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, — Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king! — perhaps —
[*Buck.* My lord, —
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —
K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord, —
K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.]
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the Devil" — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on, — "We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes. — All health, my sovereign lord.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Betagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come; I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.
Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[*Retiring.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the* Duchess *of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air.
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
[*Coming forward.*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]
I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves. —
O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, The dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O, thou did'st prophesy the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the Queen?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance:
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Queen MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ti'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A trumpet heard*
The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say! —
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me:
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam. —
Strike up the drum!

Duch. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murth'rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of Heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this Earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love did'st thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood —

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look; what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son, being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go.
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victoress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee.

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. — That at her hands which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead; —
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. — I swear —

Q. Eliz. — By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself, —

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd

K. Rich. Now by the world, —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death, —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why, then, by God, —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age:
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempts thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her.* *Exit* Q. ELIZ.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk: —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither, — Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To* CATESBY.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. — Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go.

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! — What doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me. What do they in the North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men: but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness, —
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost. —
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.

Enter STANLEY *and* Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: —
That, in the sty of the most deadly boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold.

If I revolt, off goes young George's head:
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Hertford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier:
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Salisbury. The Market-place.

Enter the Sheriff, *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction! —
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-day,
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck: —
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess." —
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Officers

SCENE II.

A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with* Forces *marching.*

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, — this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD *and* Forces; *the* Duke *of* NORFOLK, Earl *of* SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field. —
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night; —
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* King's *tent.*
But where to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. —
Call for some men of sound direction. —

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, Sir JAMES BLUNT, OXFORD, *and other* Officers. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon, —
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent: —
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business!
In to my tent; the dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my lord
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff! —
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
Set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.

[King RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exit* RATCLIFF.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu. — Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, troubled with noise, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c.*, *with* STANLEY.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *son to* HENRY the Sixth, *appears between the two Tents.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! —
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of [deadly] holes.
Think on the Tower and me: despair and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die. —
[*To* RICHM.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesi'd thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!
[*To* RICHM.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *appear.*

Riv. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! —
Rivers, that di'd at Pomfret. Despair and die!
Grey. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Vaugh. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Despair and die! —

All. [*To* RICHM.] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. — Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die. —
[*To* RICHM.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes *appear.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die! —
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of Kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *appears.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die! —
[*To* RICHM.] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! —
[*To* RICHM.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[*The Ghosts vanish.* King RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse! — bind up my wounds! —
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream. —
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! —
The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No: — yes; I am:
Then fly. — What, from myself? Great reason why, —
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: — Fool, do not flatter
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, [perjury,] in the high'st degree;
Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to th' bar, crying all, — Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. — There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me: —
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord, —
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
[*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream. —
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.]
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear, —
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* King RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. [*Waking.*] Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then, 'tis time to arm, and give direction. — [*He advances to the* Troops
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this, —
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd.
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain,
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and* Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes*

Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the East an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. —
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. — Caparison my horse. —
Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn [out all] in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! — What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. —
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll*

K. Rich. [Reads.] "*Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy. —
Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. —
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — Hark! I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! —

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk *and* Forces; *to him* Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him. —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND, *fighting; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the Crown, with divers other* Lords, *and* Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, [enjoy it,] and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all! —
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their birth.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red: —
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —

What traitor hears me and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster.
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES ON KING RICHARD III

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 141. "—— this *sun of York*": — The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun radiant, in memory of the celestial phenomenon which appeared on the morning of the battle of Mortimer's Cross. See "Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?" 3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 1. The old copies have "*son*" or "*sonne*," and a pun may possibly have been intended, — as in Cranmer's *Confutation*, &c., 1582, p. 23, "— except he be lightened with the sonne of righteousnesse."

" "—— *barbed* steeds": — More correctly 'barded;' — i. e., steeds in military caparison; from the low Latin *bardatus*. It may not be superfluous to remark, that this word has no relation with 'barb,' which is a mere abbreviation of 'Barbary.'

p. 142. "Cheated of *feature*": — i. e., of personal attraction. See Note on "He is complete of feature," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 4, Vol. II. p. 186.

' "Unless to *see* my shadow": — The quartos have, "to *spy* my shadow," which implies intentional observation, the idea of which is not conveyed by the reading of the folio. The change could hardly have been accidental; but as it is consistent with *Richard's* character that he should find it a bitter delight to pass away his time in spying out his own deformity, and goading himself on in his remorseless course by comparison of his personal defects with others' perfections, it is possible that 'spy' was changed to 'see' in the acting copy, by some 'book-holder' (i. e., prompter) or actor.

p. 143. "That *tempers* him to this extremity": — Thus the quarto of 1597. The folio has, "That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity." Either reading affords a good sense; and under ordinary circumstances, that of the folio should

be accepted without question. But, as Malone remarked, the second quarto — that of 1598 — has, by the slight misprint of two letters, "That *tempts* him to this extremity." When this line came to be printed in the quarto of 1602, (a copy of which was probably used for stage purposes, and from which stage copy the folio was printed,) the misprint was copied, and the deficient foot was supplied by adding 'harsh.' The reading of the folio seems clearly therefore the result of accident and neglect.

p. 143. "—— for *his* delivery": — The folio misprints, "*her* delivery."

p. 144. "—— the Queen's *abjects*": — So, "To worke miracles maketh not a man one whit more holy, seeing that it is also common to euil men and abjects." Cranmer's *Confutation*, &c., 1582, p. 53.

p. 145. "—— or else *lie* for you" — i. e., lie in prison.

" "—— buzzards *prey* at liberty": — The folio only has, "*play* at liberty," which is plainly a misprint.

p. 146. "Now, by Saint *Paul*": — Thus the quartos: the folio, "by Saint *John*." *Richard's* constant oath was, 'by Saint Paul;' and the many imperfections of the folio in this play diminish its authority, and permit, if they do not warrant, such deviations from its text as the present.

" "*Where is he?* in his bed?" — The quartos have, "*What*, is he in his bed?"

Scene II.

p. 147. "—— *obsequiously* lament": — i. e., as at obsequies. So, "My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell; and so obsequious shall thy father be," &c., 3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 5.

' "Poor *key-cold* figure": — 'As cold as a key' was a common comparison of old, when keys were enormous engines, and were used, as ice is now, to stop bleeding at the nose.

" "—— that made these *wounds*": — The quartos have, "these *holes*," an expression repeated just below.

" "—— to *wolves*, *to* spiders, toads": — Thus the folio The quartos have, "to *adders*, spiders, toads," which has been adopted in all modern editions hitherto, generally without notice, but sometimes with the remark that the folio has 'wolves' for 'adders,' and that the next line shows that the quartos give the true reading because

wolves are not "creeping things." If the folio had merely 'wolves' for 'adders' this reasoning would be good, if not conclusive; but it has, "to *wolves, to* spiders, toads, or any creeping venom'd thing," &c., where the repetition of the preposition cuts off the connection which would otherwise exist between "wolves" and "creeping venom'd thing," which refers only to spiders and toads. The change seems clearly to have been made, upon the revision of the play, for the purpose of giving the passage variety of thought and rhythm.

p. 148. "—— *stand* thou": — The folio misprints, "*stand'st* thou."

p. 149. "—— and *bleed afresh*": — The superstitious belief that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed afresh at the presence of the murderer, had not quite died out in Shakespeare's time. It is recorded in the chronicles that this actually took place on the occasion which is made the ground of this Scene. The reader will remember the fine use which Scott has made of the superstition in *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

"Of these supposed *crimes*": — So the folio: the quartos, for "crimes," have "evils," which reading has been adopted in all modern editions except Mr. Knight's, (who gives no reason for his adherence to the folio,) on the ground that *Anne*, in her antithetical reply, repeats 'evils.' But if, in the former instance, 'evils' were the original word, the change was evidently made with intention, and is a great improvement; for it opposes *known evils* to *supposed crimes*; and the evils which *Anne* actually suffered, and for which she claims the right to curse, were the direct consequence of crimes which *Richard* calls 'supposed.' By the change, too, Shakespeare freed the line of a superfluous and harmful syllable in a part of the verse in which he solicitously avoided irregularity.

"—— *diffus'd* infection of a man": — This is the reading of all editions; and '*diffus'd*' has hitherto been accepted without question, and explained as meaning strange, uncouth; because it was used to mean confused, (see Notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 4, p. 322, and *Henry V.*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 145;) but although I am not prepared positively to dissent from this acceptation, I suspect that '*defus'd*,' as the word appears in the old copies, is a misprint for an epithet antithetical to 'divine' in *Richard's* speech. If '*depray'd* infection of a man' had been found in any old copy, I think that it would have been adopted without question.

p. 150. "The *better* for the King of Heaven," &c.: — Thus the folio. The quartos have, "The *fitter*," &c., which is almost universally retained, because *Gloster* uses it immediately afterward in exactly the same manner — the very reason why ('better' suiting the present passage at least equally well) he should not use it here.

p. 151. "So I might *live* ': — The quartos, "might *rest*."

p. 152. "—— sweet *smoothing word*": — The quartos have, "*soothing words*;" for which, possibly, the text of the folio here given is a misprint. But in the next Scene, *Richard* uses the verb 'to smooth' in a like sense.

p. 153. "*Nay, do not pause*," &c.: — In the quartos this passage appears thus: —

> "Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
> But twas thy beautie that provoked mee:
> Nay now dispatch; twas I that kild king Henry,
> But twas thy heavenly face that set me on."

p. 154. "[*Anne. To take*," &c.: — There is confusion in the folio here. *Gloster's* previous speech, "Vouchsafe to wear this ring," is made a part of *Anne's* preceding speech; and this in brackets is omitted. The quartos enable us to restore the true text.

"—— thy poor devoted *servant*": — The quartos, "devoted *suppliant*."

" "—— *to Crosby-House*": — The quartos, "to Crosby-*place*."

p. 155. "The bleeding witness of *my* hatred by": — The quartos have, "*her* hatred," and are followed by nearly all modern editors, because, just before, *Gloster* speaks of "her hate." But, aside from all question of authority, *King Henry's* bleeding corpse was no witness to *Anne's* hatred: it bled in witness of *Richard's*. See the Note in the early part of this Scene on "and bleed afresh."

" "—— a beggarly *denier*": — A denier was the smallest French coin — hardly equal to our mill.

Scene III.

p. 156. "—— with quick and merry *eyes*": — So the folio: the quartos, "merry *words*," which is adopted in all modern editions. But it would seem that if 'words' were the original reading, the change was made in the revision. It was because the *Queen* appeared despondingly, "brook'd it ill" that the *King* was "worse," as *Gloster* would make it appear; and therefore he begs her to look upon her husband with lively, cheerful eyes.

p. 156. "*Enter Buckingham and Stanley*": — The folio and the quartos have, "Buckingham and *Derby;*" and throughout this Scene the latter is spoken of as 'Derby,' — the name occurring, however, but thrice. Theobald changed the name to 'Stanley,' because Stanley was not created Earl of Derby until after the accession of Henry VII.; an insufficient reason, as there can be no doubt that the mistake was Shakespeare's, and an editor is not justifiable in substituting what his author should have written for what he did write. But as the personage in question is called 'Stanley' thirteen times during the third, fourth, and fifth Acts, in the folio, and as the variation has no essential importance, and 'Stanley' has held possession of the text for a century and a quarter, it may, under protest, be allowed to remain.

" "*The Countess Richmond,*" &c.: — She was the mother of Henry VII., by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half brother to Henry VI. Lord Stanley was her third husband.

p. 157. "—— to make *atonement*": — i. e., reconciliation. See Notes on *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4, p. 384.

"Who *is it* that complains?" — Thus the folio: the quartos, "Who *are they* that complains?" all modern editions hitherto, having regard to "them," in the next line, read, "Who *are they* that *complain?*" But the text of the folio is quite in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time.

p. 158. "—— with *lewd* complaints": — i. e., wicked complaints. See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 340.

' "[*Of your ill will,*" &c.: — The words in brackets, omitted from the folio, are found in the quartos, where the passage appears thus, —

"Makes him to send, that *thereby* he may *gather*
The ground of your ill will, and *to* remove it."

The text of the quartos has hitherto been given because the sense of the passage is hardly complete in the folio, where the line is simply, "Makes him to send that he may learn the ground." But whatever may be the case with regard to the missing line, nothing can be clearer than that in the folio we have, not an accidental corruption, but a part, at least, of the result of a revision of the passage, in which Shakespeare rid this line of the superfluous 'thereby,' and, happily, both for sense and rhythm, substituted 'learn the ground' for 'gather the ground.' What alteration he may have made in the

remainder of the passage, accident has prevented us from knowing; and we therefore are obliged to take it from the unrevised copy.

p. 158. "That wrens *make* prey": — The quartos, "That wrens *may* prey."

" "—— while great *promotions*": — Here "promotions" is a quadrisyllable. The quarto has, "while *many fair* promotions."

p. 159. "To be *so baited*," &c.: — Thus the folio. The quartos, "To be *thus taunted*, scorned, and baited at." In the revision Shakespeare corrected the impropriety, 'baited *at*.'

p. 160. "[*Tell him, and spare not*," &c.: — This line (found in the quarto) is omitted from the folio, — accidentally, as the context shows.

" "In Margaret's *battle*": — Not in her fight, but in her army. Instances of this use of the word are numerous in these plays, and in our translation of the Bible.

p. 161. "*And* little joy enjoys," &c.: — The old copies have "*A* little joy," &c., which is clearly insufficient. Mr. Dyce reads, "*As* little joy," &c.; but 'and' seems to me the proper word for the continuation of the thought; and *a* was a common misprint for 'and.'

" "If not that I *am* Queen": — So the folio. The quartos have, "If not that I *being* queen," which has been hitherto adopted because it accords more with our modern notions of construction. But the sense is clear enough in the folio, and the construction preferable in respect to the impressiveness of the speech. I am convinced that the change was made by the author partly for these reasons, partly to avoid the very unpleasant cacophony '*being queen*.'

p. 162. "*Should* all but answer": — The quartos "*could* all," &c. The distinction between 'could' and 'should' was not in Shakespeare's time rigidly insisted on. Here 'but' has the force of 'only.'

p. 163. "The *slave* of Nature," &c.: — It would seem that epithets could not be better applied than those in this line; and yet all manner of contrivance has been used to avoid calling *Gloster* the slave of nature; as for instance, "the *shame* of nature," "the *scorn* of nature," and "the *stain* of nature." But "the slave of nature" here does not mean, as the correctors evidently suppose it does, — one who serves nature, one who is a bondman to nature; but one who is the lowest, the most servile, in the whole realm of nature. When one Irishman calls

another 'the thief o' the worrrld,' he does not mean to accuse the other of purloining this planet, but of being eminently *the* thief of the world. So *Margaret* calls *Gloster* the slave of Nature.

p. 164. "Your *fire-new stamp of honour*": — For 'fire-new' we now say 'bran-new,' i. e., 'brand-new.' The Marquis of Dorset, who appears in this play, was Thomas Grey, eighth Baron Ferrers of Groby, who was created Marquis of Dorset, April 18th, 1475. See Sir Harris Nicholas' *Historic Peerage of England*, Ed. Courthope. The events of this scene took place in 1477.

p. 165. "Our *eyry* buildeth," &c.: — 'Eyry' originally meant the brood of a bird of prey, and hence came to mean the nest.

" "As it *was* won on": — So the quartos. The folio misprints, "As it *is* won," &c.

p. 166. "—— I *muse* why she's at liberty": — The quartos, "I *wonder*," &c.

" "He is *frank'd* up," &c.: — A frank was a sty or pen. The word is of very uncertain etymology. Skinner supposed it to have come into use because the animals were "liberaliter pastæ" = freely fed. See 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, p. 450.

" "—— and *you*, my *noble* lords": — Thus the quartos; 'Lo.' being put for 'lords.' The folio has, by some inexplicable error, 'and *yours* my *gracious Lord*.'

p. 167. "Catesby, *I* come," &c.: — In this line the quartos have, "*we* come," and "with *us*," and give, "Madam, we will attend your grace," as *Rivers'* reply.

p. 168. "—— when fools' eyes *fall* tears": — The quartos "*drop* tears."

SCENE IV.

" "*Enter Clarence and Keeper*": — So the folio, the very careful and peculiar arrangement of which, in the present Scene, is followed in this edition for the first time since Pope changed it for that of the quartos. The quartos have the direction, "*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury;*" and they prefix either "*Bro*" or "*Brok*" to all the replies to *Clarence* and the two *Murderers*. But the folio has not only "Enter Clarence and *Keeper*," but prefixes "*Keep*" to all the replies to *Clarence*, down to the line "I will, my lord," &c., inclusive; — and then has the direction, "*Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant*," to which character it assigns, by the prefix "*Bra*," the ensuing lines, 'Sorrow breaks seasons," &c., and all the replies to the *Murderers*

until they are left alone with their victim. This would seem sufficiently decisive evidence, that, even if the quartos gave the first distribution, a change was made on the revision of the play; but that there might be no lack in this regard, *Clarence's* last speech before he falls asleep, which in the quartos begins, "O *Brokenburie*," begins in the folio, "Ah, *Keeeper*, *Keeper*," and the line, "I pray thee *gentle* Keeper stay by me," is changed in the folio to, "*Keeper*, I prythee sit by me awhile." It is also noteworthy that *Brakenbury*, when he yields custody of *Clarence* to the *Murderer*, says, in the quarto, "*Heere* are the keyes, there sits the duke asleepe," but in the folio, "There lies the duke asleepe, and *there* the keyes." Now it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand. These keys were evidently carried by the keeper, a higher sort of gaoler, but a person of rank much inferior to that of Brakenbury, the commander of the Tower. The stage direction and the prefixes of the quarto are probably the result of the limited number of actors in Shakespeare's company when the play was first produced, which caused the easily merged parts of the *Keeper* and *Brakenbury* to be assigned to one performer, whose MS. of his part was probably used in getting out the surreptitious edition of this very popular play. When it was revised, about 1601, this necessity seems to have ceased, and the minute but particular and decisive changes which have been pointed out were made. When *Brakenbury* goes out the folio has *Exit*, not *Exeunt*; but this is of no weight: the same error occurs constantly in the folio and the quartos, and in all the early editions of our old dramatists.

p. 168. "So full of *fearful dreams and ugly sights*": — The quartos have, "So full of *ugly sights, of gastly dreames*."

" "—— *I pray you, tell me*": — The quartos, "I long to heare you tell it;" and in the first line of *Clarence's* reply, "Methought I was imbarkt for Burgundie." Here and below the folio has "Methought*s*" — a mere irregularity.

"—— and in *falling*": — The quartos, "and in *stumbling*;" thus having 'stumbled,' 'stumbling,' and 'tumbling,' within three lines.

p. 169. "*Stopp'd* in my soul": — The quartos, "*kept*," &c.; and in the next line the quartos of 1597 and 1598 have, "To *seek* the emptie," &c.; the quarto of 1602, "To *keep*," &c. In the last line of this speech the folio has, 'Wh*e*

almost burst," &c., which must be regarded as a mere accidental variation.

p. 169. "—— *in* this sore agony": — The quartos, "*with* this sore agony."

" "With that *sour* ferryman": — The quartos have, "*grim* ferriman." The change shows purpose. Charon is represented by the poets as being of sour and morose temperament; but his grimness is merely inferential.

"Who *spake* aloud": — The quartos have, "Who *cried* aloud."

"—— and he *shriek'd* out aloud": — The quartos have, "*squeakt* out," &c.

p. 170. "—— take him *unto torment*": — The quartos, "take him to *your torments*."

" "*Environ'd me*," &c.: — The quartos have, "Environd me *about*," &c.

" "—— made *my* dream": — The quartos, "made *the* dream."

" "—— *though* it affrighted": — Here 'though' has the force of 'if.'

" "*I am afraid, methinks*": — The quartos, "*I promise you I am afraid*," &c.

" "Ah, *Keeper, Keeper*": — The important change in this line from the reading of the quartos is noticed in the first Note on this Scene. In the next line they have, "*bear* evidence."

" "—— thy wrath *in* me alone": — Here 'in' is used, as it frequently was of old, with its Latin sense, upon.

p. 171. "*What would'st thou*," &c.: — The quartos have, "In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?"

" "*What! so brief?*" — The quartos, "*Yea, are ye so brief?*" and in the next two lines,

"O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.
Shew him our [in some copies 'their'] commission
talke no more."

" "*There lies the Duke*," &c.: — See the first Note on this Scene.

p. 172. "—— I hope *this passionate* humour," &c.: — The quartos have, "*my holy* humour," &c. 'Passionate' in Shakespeare's time meant full of emotion, and is a more appropriate epithet for the mood of this *Murderer* than "holy." See the Note on "And others when the bag-pipe sings," &c., *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 172. "['*Faith*]": — Omitted from the folio on account of the statute 3 Jac. I.; in compliance with which "Zounds," which occurs twice below, was in the first instance changed to 'come,' and in the second omitted.

" "*I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward*": — The quartos have, "Ile not meddle with; *it is a dangerous thing;* it makes," &c. On the revision of the play Shakespeare struck out the second clause to avoid a mere repetition of the same words in the same speech, as the *Murderer* says, just below, of conscience, that "it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing." And yet these words have been hitherto retained; the only reason assigned being, oddly enough, that they are repeated afterward.

p. 173. "I am *strong fram'd*": — i. e., set firmly; used in a double sense. The quartos have, "*Tut*, am strong *in fraud.*"

" "Come, *shall we fall to work?*" — The quartos, "Come, shall we *to this gear?*"

" "*Who sent you*," &c.: — The quartos, "Tell me, who are you. Wherefore come you hither?" The previous line does not appear in them.

p. 174. "Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men": — Thus the folio. The quartos, "Are you called forth *from out* a world of men?" — which is among the best of the variations of the early versions from the folio.

" "—— as you hope *to have redemption*": — Thus the quartos. The folio has, "as you hope *for any goodness;*" doubtless to conform the passage to the omission of the next line, in accordance with the statute 3 Jac. I., so often alluded to. We should of course preserve what according to the best evidence Shakespeare wrote when free from external restraint.

" "—— in such *dear* degree": — 'Dear' is used here in its augmentative, superlative sense. See the Note on "their own dear groans," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 477.

p. 175. "[*And charg'd us*," &c.: — This line is omitted from the folio; and although the passage is not absolutely incoherent without it, yet it is so nearly essential that we may safely assume that the omission was accidental.

p. 176. "—— for *he bewept my fortune*, And hugg'd," &c.: — The quartos, "for when *I parted from him, He* hugg'd," &c.

176. "*Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish*":—In the quartos this passage appears thus: —

"*Cla.* Relent and save your soules.
1. Relent, 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent is beastly, savage, and diuelish
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging prince, what begger pitties not?"

In the folio, which, it will be remembered, gives the revised text, it appears thus with the addition of five lines.

"*Cla.* Relent, and saue your soules.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Sonne
Being pent from liberty as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselues came to you
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent is beastly, savage, diuellish," &c

The difficulty of the passage as it stands in the folio was long since discovered. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare wrote such feeble nonsense as that in the last three lines of *Clarence's* speech as it appears in that version which has just been quoted. Theobald and others made futile efforts at emendation; but it was left for Tyrwhitt to discover that the difficulty was caused by the insertion in the wrong place of the five lines added on the revision of the play. By a mistake easily made, they were inserted after the first line of the first of these two speeches, whereas they were intended for the same position in the second. This appears not only by the absurdity of *Clarence's* first speech in the corrupted reading, but from severance in that reading of *Clarence's* entreaty, "Relent," and the *Murderer's* prompt reply, "Relent! 'tis cowardly," &c., the latter of which was, from its very nature, plainly intended to follow the former on the instant. In the reading of the folio, "Relent, *no*," the negative is doubtless an accidental insertion. Malone, Steevens, Mr. Singer, and Mr. Dyce give the text, as in this edition, according to Tyrwhitt's regulation: Capell, recklessly ready to interpolate or excise, omitted the added five lines altogether; Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, Mr. Verplanck, and Mr. Hudson follow the folio; the last only attaining a tolerable sense, by supposing *Clarence's* question, as it appears in the folio, to end at "would not intreat for life," and the *Murderer* to interrupt him in the beginning of a new sentence, thus: —

"Which of you, &c. . . . . .
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,
Were you in my distress, —
1 *Murd.* Relent!" &c. —

presuming, I suppose, the Duke to be about to say, 'As you would beg, &c., *so I beg*,' &c. I am unable to look so far into *Clarence's* intentions as to decide upon the merits of this reading.

p. 177. "Of this most *grievous murder*": — Thus the folio; the quartos, with a superfluity abated on the revision, "Of this most grieuous *guiltie* murder *done*." There are other variations not noticed in this Scene; but they do not in any way affect the sense.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

"And *now in* peace," &c.: — This line is corrupt in most of the old editions. The earlier quartos have, "And now in peace my soule shall part *from* heauen;" which is clearly wrong: the folio, "And *more to* peace my soul shall part *to* Heauen," which seems to me as clearly the result of other misprints and mistaken efforts to correct the line as it appears in the early quartos, where the only error is the easy one of mistaking 'fro,' (the old way of writing 'from') for 'for.' It is safe to assume Shakespeare would never have written "more *to* peace;" and we know that elsewhere he never wrote "part *to*," but always "part *for*." Steevens made up a reading from the quarto and folio, "And more *in* peace," &c., which is accepted by Mr. Dyce.

p. 178. "*Rivers and Hastings*": — Thus the quartos: the folio, "*Dorset* and *Rivers*," incorrectly; for between these there was no enmity.

" "—— *but* with all duteous love": — i. e., or except with all duteous love; a sense in which 'but' was constantly and consistently used of old.

p. 179. "To make the *blessed* period": — The quartos have, "the *perfect* period."

" "Here *comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and* the Duke": — Thus the folio, with the stage direction, "*Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster;*" the quartos have the single line, "And in good time here comes the noble Duke," with the direction, "*Enter Glocester.*" 'Sir Richard Ratcliff' being added in the folio, and a hemistich being made to admit

it, and 'noble' being stricken out, with stage directions to conform to the change, there appears to be no sufficient reason for disregarding such marked and purposed modifications, and we must accept them unless we claim the right to make up a text according to our own taste from the folio and any and all the quartos. *Ratcliff*, it is true, says nothing; but the poet was also a dramatist, and may have had a purpose in showing this agent of the usurper in his company at this interview.

p. 179. "If I *unwittingly*": — Thus the quartos. The folio has, "If I *unwillingly*," and although this word affords a sense, it is comparatively so poor that we may safely assume that it is the result of the easiest of misprints, the mistaking of *tt* (perhaps left uncrossed) for *ll*.

" "*By* any in this presence": — Thus the quartos. The folio, "*To* any," &c., the wrong preposition having been caught by the compositor's eye from the next line below.

p. 180. "Of *you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset*": — I have very little doubt that this halting and not very coherent line is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote, "Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Dorset, of you;' and I am the more confident, that in the quartos the line stands, "Of you *my* Lord *Rivers* and *Lord Gray of you*." The quartos are without the next line but one, "Of you Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales of you." Malone first observed that there was no such person as Lord Woodville. The passage was, in my judgment, garbled in the stage copy by some unauthorized person; but as the text of the authentic copy affords a good sense, and is not grossly irregular, it cannot be altered except by stretch of editorial prerogative that would place Shakespeare's text at the mercy of every editor.

" "To be so *flouted*": — The quartos, "so *scorned*."

" "But he, poor *man*": — The quartos, "poor *soul*."

" "—— to see him *buried*": — This word has here its full participial trisyllabic quantity.

p. 181. "Then *say* at once," &c.: — In the quartos, "Then *speake* at once what is it thou *demandst*?"

" "The *forfeit*, sovereign," &c.: — i. e., remit to me the forfeit of my servant's life.

"—— was *bitter* death": — The quartos, "*cruel* death." How much more natural that *Edward* should call the death which *Clarence* suffered by his own orders (as he supposed) bitter than cruel!

"—— who in my *wrath*": — The quartos, "in my

rage;" the folio gaining a slight palliation of the crime and a preservation of dignity by the change.

p. 182. "—— would once *beg* for his life": — The quartos, "*plead* for his life."

SCENE II.

" "*Enter the Duchess of York*": — This is the widow of the Richard Duke of York of the last play. She was Cicely, daughter of Ralph Nevil, first Earl of Westmoreland.

" "Why do you *weep so oft?*" — The quartos, "Why do you *wring your hands?*"

p. 183. "—— you mistake me *both*": — The quartos, "You mistake me *much*," and in the last line of the speech, "It were lost *labour* to *weep for* one's that lost."

" "*And when my uncle*," &c.: — The quartos give these two lines thus: —

"And when *he* told me so he wept,
And *hugd* me *in his arms* and kindly kist my cheeke."

' "—— hide *deep vice*": — The quartos, "hide *foule guile*."

" "Yet from my *dugs*": — Of old this word was used in no derogatory sense, and merely as we now use 'breasts.'

p. 184. "—— *when* the root is *gone*": — The quartos, "now the roote is *withered;*" and at the end of the next line, "*the* sap *being gone;*" and at the end of the speech, "of *perpetuall rest.*"

' "—— *thy children left*": — The quartos, "thy children left *thee*."

" "—— snatch'd my *husband* from mine arms": — The quartos, "snatcht my *children* fro mine armes."

" "—— but *a* moiety of my *moan*": — The quartos, "but moiety of my *griefe*."

" "—— to bring forth *complaints*": — The quartos, "to bring forth *laments*."

p. 185. "—— mother of these griefs": — The quartos, "of these *moanes*."

"—— *and so do I: I for an Edward weep*": — By a palpable mistake, of not uncommon occurrence in copying and printing, these words, equivalent to a whole line, are omitted in the folio. They are found in the earliest quartos.

p. 185. "*Comfort, dear mother*," &c.: — This and the following speech are found only in the folio.

p. 186. "*Sister*, have comfort": — The quartos, "*Madam*, have comfort."

" "But none can *help our* harms": — The quartos, "can *cure their* harmes."

" "—— in thy *breast*": — The quartos, "in thy *mind*."

" "—— your high swol'n *hearts*": — The folio has, "your high swol'n *hates*." But that this is a mere misprint is shown by the two following lines. For in no sense can we suppose *Buckingham* to declare that the rancor, broken or unbroken, of their high swollen *hates* must be *preserved*; and even with 'hearts' the figure, although intelligible and even impressive, is far from being clearly made out.

" "—— the young Prince be *fet*": — 'Fet' is an old form of 'fetched.' It is found in the early editions of the authorized translations of the Bible, and should not have been disturbed.

p. 187. "—— shall post to *Ludlow*": — Here and in the last line of the scene the folio misprints "*London*." The quartos are correct.

" "Madam, and you, my *sister*": — The quartos have, "and you, my *mother*."

" "—— your *censures*": — i. e., your opinions.

" "—— I'll *sort* occasion": — i. e., I'll choose; we even now say, 'sort out.' In the next line "as *index*" means, as beginning; the index of a book having of old been placed at the beginning.

Scene III.

p. 188. "*Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child*": — One of the few quotations from the Bible in these plays. "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Ecclesiastes* x. 16.

p. 189. "*Ensuing* danger": — So the quartos, for which the reading of the folio, "*Pursuing* danger," is clearly a misprint.

Scene IV.

p. 190. "Last night I heard they *lay at Stony Stratford*": — The quartos reverse the order of the places mentioned ir these lines, which they give thus: —

"Last night I heard they lay at *Northampton*,
At *Stonistratford* will they be to-night."

The reading of the folio has on its side authority, rhythm, and — according to the chronicles which Shakespeare followed — historical truth.

p. 190. "*Arch.* And so no doubt," &c.: — This speech is assigned to *York* in the folio, by an almost obvious error, which the quartos enable us to correct. The corresponding line in them has the prefix *Car*[*dinal.*]

p. 191. "A *parlous* boy": — 'Parlous,' a contracted form of perilous, (See Notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1,) seems sometimes to have been used, as it is here, with the notion that it was derived from *parle*, and meant talkative.

p. 192. "*Q. Eliz. For what offence?*" — In the quartos this speech has the prefix *Car*[*dinal*], (as the *Archbishop* is there styled,) although the reply ends, "my gracious *lady*."

"—— my gracious *lord*": — The quartos (printed from each other) have, "my gracious *lady;*" the error being quite surely caused by the mistaking of 'Lo' for 'La;' 'Lord' and 'Lady' having been usually written and even very frequently printed in that abbreviated form. Malone and Mr. Dyce, however, choose to consider the prefix *Car* in the quartos a misprint for *Qu*, and to restore 'lady' to the text. See the previous Note.

" "—— begins to *jut*": — The quartos, "begins to *iet;*" the folio, "begins to *Jutt*." But 'jut' and 'jet' are different forms of the same word, and mean to protrude, to thrust out. The latter form, however, was used especially to signify a pompous or pretentious gait. So in Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*, 1581, "*Parmenonem incedere video* . . . . I see Parmeno come *jetting* like a lord. . . . But properly *incedere* differeth from *ambulare*. For *incedere* properly [meaneth] to goe wyth a stately pace, as who shoulde say, to shew a great gravity or majesty in going as Princes doe when they shew themselves in their estate." Sig. L. iiii.: and on the same page "wyth a nyce or tender and soft, delicate, or gingerly pace;" "the pace that great princes and noblemen use when they shew their Estate or majesty." And see Skinner, *Etymologicon*, &c., 1671, — "to Jet, *magnifice Incidere, Fastuosè se inferre . . . corpus prorsùm Jacere, vel Jactare.*"

"—— to look on *death* no more": — So the quartos. The folio has "*earth*" — a mere misprint.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 193. "*Enter . . . Cardinal Bourchier*": — Thomas Bourchier, Bishop of Ely, was made a Cardinal and chosen sixty-fourth Archbishop of York, A. D. 1454. He was also Lord Chancellor and Chancellor of Oxford University.

" "—— to *your chamber*": — London was called *Camera Regis*, the King's Chamber, from soon after the conquest.

p. 194. "—— God [*in Heaven*] forbid": — The quarto of 1602 accidentally omitted 'in Heaven,' and was followed by the later quartos and the folio. The words are found in the quartos of 1597 and 1598.

p. 195. "—— too *senseless-obstinate*": — In *King John*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 94, we have a compound epithet similar to this — "wilful-opposite." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the futile reading, "You are too *strict and abstinent*."

" "—— but with the *grossness* of this age": — i. e., (and very clearly to my apprehension,) but with the gross judgment, the blunted perception of this age. But Warburton could understand grossness only in the sense of superstition, and proposed "*greenness* of this age;" Johnson explained the line, "compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times;" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "the *goodness* of these times"!

" "*Oft have I heard of sanctuary men*": — This passage is adopted almost word for word from More's *Life of Richard the Third*, which was copied into the Chronicles.

" "Where it *think'st* best": — Thus the folio; the meaning being, where it *seems* best, which is the reading of the quartos of 1597 and 1598. The quarto of 1602 first read "think'st," and possibly without authority; but since the word was preserved in the folio and has a clear idiomatic propriety, like 'it needs must,' it should not be displaced. See "Does it not, think'st thee," &c., *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 196. "—— the general *all*-ending day": — So the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598, owing, doubtless, to the repetition of the syllable *al*, omitted 'all;' and this error was left uncorrected in the subsequent old impressions.

" "—— the formal *Vice*'. — As to the Vice of the Old

Stage, see the *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I. Who chooses may read in the *Variorum* of 1821 four pages of captious, obscure, and learned quibbling about the meaning of this very simple passage.

p 196. "Short summers *lightly* have," &c.: — i. e., usually have. How the word came to have that meaning is not clear.

"Well, my *dread* lord": — So the two earliest quartos; that of 1602 has, "*dear* lord," which is also the reading of the folio. That it is a mere misprint is shown by the remainder of *York's* speech, "so *must* I call you *now*." He could have called him *dear* lord before their father's death; but as after that event his elder brother became his sovereign, he must call him 'dread lord,' which was a royal title. It is selected with noticeable tact, as the one which marks most strongly the change of relation between the little playfellows. "Great and manifold were the blessings, Most Dread Sovereign" — are the words in which the translators of our Bible began their Dedication to King James.

p. 198. "My Lord Protector [*needs*] will": — So the quarto of 1597. That of 1598 omits 'needs,' clearly by accident, and is followed by all the other old editions.

" "Was not *incensed*": — 'Incensed' is here used in the sense of incited.

" "O, 'tis a *parlous* boy": — See the Note on "a parlous boy," Act II. Sc. 4, p. 288 of this play. The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have "*perlous*," which in the quarto of 1602 became "*perilous*," and in the folio "*perillous*."

p. 199. "—— *divided* counsels": — Johnson explained this, "a private consultation, separate from the known and publick council." So in the next Scene *Hastings* says, "Bid him not fear the *separated* councils."

" "At Crosby *House*": — The quartos, "Crosby *place*."

p. 200. "—— some*thing* we will *determine*": — So the folio: the quartos, "some*what* we will *do*," which reading is preferred by almost all editors. But, aside from the authority of the folio, 'determine,' in its fine sense, bring to an end, is much preferable to the more vague and commonplace 'do,' (*Richard* means to have done with vacillation and vacillators in the surest and quickest way,) and the change avoids the bald repetition of *Buckingham's* query, "what shall we do?" and also the cacophony, "some*w*hat *w*e *w*ill."

p. 200. "—— with all *kindness*": — The quartos, "with all *willingness*," making a superfluous foot.

SCENE II.

" "*Then certifies your lordship*," &c.: — The quartos give this passage: —

"And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night the boare had raste his helm."

p. 201. "—— I wonder he's so *simple*": — The quartos, "he is so *fond*."

" "*Ay, on my life*": — The quartos, "*Upon* my life, *my lord*," making a superfluous foot.

p. 202. "—— still *my adversaries*": — The quartos, "still *mine enemies*."

p 203. "—— as dear as *you do* yours": — The folio has, "as dear as *yours*." This might be accepted in the sense, I hold my life to be as dear as yours, were it not for the context, "never . . . was it so precious *to me* as it is now." The omission in the folio was doubtless caused by the similarity of the words 'you' and 'yours,' which misled the compositor's eye.

' "*Come, come, have with you*": — For these two lines the quartos give *Hastings* these: —

"I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talk'd of, are beheaded."

p. 204. "—— for your last *exercise*": — The last word is here used in the same sense which it has in the announcement of a New England prayer meeting, that 'the exercises will commence at early candle light.'

SCENE III.

p. 205. In the quartos, this Scene begins with a speech by *Ratcliff* — "Come, bring forth the prisoners."

"God *bless* the Prince": — The quartos, "God *keepe* the Prince."

"*You live that shall cry woe*": — This speech and the following are in the folio only; which is also the case with the line just below, — "When she exclaimed," &c.

' "—— the hour of death is *expirate*": — i. e., is expired; the quartos having, "the limit of your liues is out." The folio has, "is *expiate*." Shakespeare uses 'expire' in a similar sense again in *Romeo and Juliet*,

Act I. Sc. 4, "and expire the term of a despised life;" and his fondness for the preterite termination in *ate* is apparent in nearly every one of his works. He uses 'festinate,' 'combinate,' 'conspirate,' 'confiscate,' 'contaminate,' 'consummate,' &c.; but in giving the verb this formation, he *never omits a radical letter*, and in this case *r* is, next to *p*, the most important element of the word. For this reason we must attribute the occurrence of 'expiate' here and in the twenty-second Sonnet, — "Then look I death my days should *expiate*," (read *expirate*,) — to the likeness between 'expirate' and 'expiate,' and the seeming fitness of the latter word in its proper sense to both instances. Malone, strangely thinking that 'expiate' could mean expirate, or expired, although its only possible meaning is to atone for impious by pious deeds, retained it; and it held its place in the text until the appearance of *Shakespeare's Scholar*, since when Mr. Singer has adopted 'expirate.' Mr. Dyce adheres to the old word. Steevens suggested that "perhaps we should read *expirate*."

Scene IV.

p. 206. "—— *the Bishop of Ely*": — This was John Morton of Baliol College, Oxford, Prebendary of Salisbury, Lincoln, St. Paul's, and York, who was elected in 1478, on the death of William Grey. He became Master of the Rolls, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Cardinal. The marriage of the Earl of Richmond with Elizabeth of York was, according to Sir Thomas More, of his contriving.

" "*Are all things* ready?" &c.: — In the folio, "*Is* all things;" and in the next line, for "They are," "*It is*," an error copied from the quarto of 1598 into all subsequent old editions: — "And *wants* but nomination," means, of course, there wants nothing but nomination of the royal day.

p. 207. "—— upon your *cue*, my lord": — The quartos print this, "Upon your *kew*," &c.; the folio, "upon your *Q*," &c.

" "—— and loves me well": — The quartos here add, —

> "*Hast.* I thank your grace.
> *Glo.* My lord of Elie.
> *Bish.* My lord.
> *Glo.* When I was last in *Holborne*," &c.

"*I saw good strawberries*": — This trifling incident of the strawberries was recorded by Sir Thomas More

whose *Life of Richard the Third* was copied almost verbatim by Hall and Holinshed.

p. 208. "By any *livelihood*": — i. e., any liveliness; — as manhood, maidenhood, &c.; the old form was 'livelyhed.' See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 1, — "The tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek." The quartos have "*likelihood*."

"—— that *harlot* strumpet": — Here 'harlot' is an adjective implying venality. See Note on "While she with harlots feasted," *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 219, and the following lines quoted by Mr. Dyce, (Few Notes, p. 104,) from *A Mirour for Magistrates*: —

> "O harlot whore why should I stay my hands?
> Locrinus now (quoth she) had not thus dide,
> If such a harlot whore he had not took."
> P. 34, Ed. 1610.

p. 209. "Lovel and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done": — So the folio; no name being mentioned in the quartos, which, however, have, "*Manet Ca with Hast*," and in the next Scene direct *Catesby* to bring in *Hastings'* head. We have just seen *Ratcliff* at Pomfret attending upon the execution of *Rivers*, *Grey*, and *Vaughan*; and hence Theobald read, "Lovell and *Catesby*;" but as Mr. Knight remarks, "We must either take the text of the quarto altogether, in which neither *Ratcliff* nor *Lovell* appear, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. But in truth this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge." The text of the folio is consistent with itself in all respects.

" "—— did *rase his helm*": — The folio misprints, "did *rowse our* helmes."

" "—— and *disdain* to fly": — So the folio. The quartos have, "But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie."

" "*As too triumphing*": — The quartos give these two lines thus: —

> "As twere triumphing at mine enemies
> How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcherd."

" "*Come, come, despatch*": — This and the three following lines were added in the folio.

SCENE V.

p. 210. "—— *in rusty armour*": — The folio has, "in *rotten* armour." This incident is from Holinshed, who says that

the two Dukes "stood harnessed in old ill faring brigandiers, such as no man should weere, that they would vouchsafe to put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them."

p. 210. "*Tut*": — The quartos add, "fear not me." They lack the third line of this speech.

" "*At any time to grace*," &c.: — The quartos give this passage thus: —

"And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him, Lord maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we have sent for you.
Glo. Catesby overlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I hear a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend us.
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is Catesby."

p. 211. "—— his *conversation* with Shore's wife": — i. e., his intercourse. See the Note on "till their conversations appear," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 5.

p. 212. "*But* since you come": — So the quartos. The folio has, "*Which* since," &c. — a manifest error. For, the next two lines, the quartos have this one: — "Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my lord adue."

" "—— *put to death a citizen*": — Dr. Grey says (according to the *Variorum* of 1821, but the passage does not appear in his *Notes*, &c., on this play) that "this persone was one Walker, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside." The accusations enumerated by *Gloster* were all made against Edward IV., and even embodied in an Act of Parliament. See Blakeway's Note in the *Variorum* of 1821. It is almost needless to add that they were monstrously exaggerated, and in many instances entirely unfounded.

" "Even where his *raging* eye": — The quartos, "lustful eye." Pope plausibly read, "*ranging* eye." In the next line the quartos have, "*listed* to make *his* prey."

p. 213. "—— *to Doctor Shaw*": — Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers, according to Malone; the latter being a provincial of the Augustine Friars, according to Speed, as quoted by Steevens. These three lines are only in the folio.

p. 213. "—— *the brats of Clarence*": — These brats were Edward Earl of Warwick, who was beheaded by Henry VII. in 1499, and Margaret, afterward the wife of Sir Richard Pole, who was put to death by Henry VIII. in 1540, at the age of seventy.

"—— that no *manner person*": — This is in accordance with the idiom of the time, which did not absolutely require 'of.'

Scene VI.

p. 214. There is hardly a line of this speech exactly alike in the quartos and the folio; but the variations are altogether too minute to be worth notice, except perhaps "Yet who so *blind*" [for "so bold"] in the second line from the last.

Scene VII.

"*How now, how now!*" — The quartos, less impatiently, "How now *my Lord!*"

p. 215. "But like dumb *statuas*": — The folio has, "dumb *statues*," which most editors have retained on the ground that 'statues' should be pronounced as a trisyllable. But, with Mr. Dyce, I believe it to be an error for 'statua,' which Latin form of the word was frequently used by English writers even in the middle period of the seventeenth century.

" "*And thus I took the vantage*": — This line is not in the quartos; which also have in the next two lines, "*louing* citizens," and "*louing* shoute."

p. 216. "—— a holy *descant*": — See Note on "too harsh a descant," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 183.

"—— the Mayor and *Aldermen*": — The quartos, "the maior and *citizens*."

p. 217. "—— on a lewd *love*-bed": — The quartos, "*day*-bed."

" "Marry, God *defend*": — The quartos, "God *forbid*."

p. 218. "—— between two *Bishops*": — This incident is recorded not by Sir Thomas More, but by Hall, the words 'with a bishop on every hande of him' being added to More's narrative.

' "True *ornament*": — The folio, "True *ornaments*;" but the final *s* was very frequently added in mere heedlessness, or through mistake of the final *e* which has been dropped in modern orthography. So, toward the end of the Scene, *Gloster* says, in the folio, "I am not made of

stones;" and in the last line (to *Buckingham*) "my cousins;" and in the last line of the first Scene of Act IV., "So foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell." Such errors must usually be corrected without notice; but it is well occasionally to remind the reader that they are corrected; especially when, as in this case, they are retained by most editors.

p. 218. "*Your state of fortune,*" &c.: — Not in the quarto.

p. 219. "*This* noble isle doth want *her* proper limbs": — The folio has, "*The* noble isle doth want *his* proper limbs." That the latter is an error, is shown by the next two lines; the former is quite surely so.

" "Of *dark* forgetfulness and *deep* oblivion": — The quartos read, "Of *blind* forgetfulnesse, and *darke* obliuion;" and for the second and third lines below they have, "Your gracious selfe to take on you *the soueraigntie thereof.*"

" "*If* not *to answer,*" &c.: — This is the first of ten lines which are found only in the folio.

p. 220. "—— are *nice* and trivial": — 'Nice' means daintily precise. The modern use of it in England to mean good, good in all variety of goodness, is an absurd and unwarrantable perversion.

"—— to *a* many sons": — A form of speech in not uncommon use in Shakespeare's time. The quarto of 1597 has, "mother to *a* many children;" but the quarto of 1602, from which the text of the folio was printed, omits the *a*.

" "—— loathed *bigamy*": — Bigamy, or the marrying a widow or two virgins successively, was pronounced infamous by a Council of the Romish Church. What is now generally called bigamy is properly polygamy.

p. 221. "*Yet to draw forth,*" &c.: — The quartos, "Yet to draw *out your noble stock.*"

" "*Refuse not,*" &c.: — This line is not in the quartos.

" "*Come, citizens,*" &c.: — The quartos here have,

> "Come citizens, *zounds, Ile* entreat no more.
> *Glo.* O do not sweare my lord of Buckingham."

It is quite probable that the passage was originally written thus, and that the change was made by Shakespeare, because it made *Gloster* overdo his hypocrisy; for 'zounds' was a common and venial expletive in Shakespeare's time. If, as Mr. Collier suggests, the 'zounds'

was struck out only in consequence of the statute 3 Jac. I., we should restore the reading of the quarto; for the removal of the quasi oath of course required the removal of the remonstrance.

p. 221. "*Exit Buckingham,*" &c.: — The proper stage directions for this passage were first supplied by Mr. Dyce. The quartos have no directions; the folio, in the careless manner common in old dramatic publications, has "*Exeunt,*" and afterward, "Enter *Buckingham and the rest.*" But clearly from *Catesby's* entreaty and *Richard's* reply, there was an audience left for his hypocrisy.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 223. "—— to greet the tender *Princes*": — The folio has, "the tender *Prince;*" accidentally, without a doubt. The quartos have, "To *gratulate* the tender *Princes there.*" The text of the quartos is much the briefer here.

p. 224. "*I mean the Lord Protector*": — The quartos, "*I cry you mercie,* I mean," &c.

" "Then bring me to their *sights*": — So the original, and purposely. 'Sight' is here made plural, as referring to the sight of more than one. The quartos have, "Then *feare not thou.*"

' "*Despiteful tidings,*" &c.: — This line is not in the quartos.

p. 225. "*No why*": — i. e., Why not?

' "And that *dear* saint": — So the folio, which may possibly be a misprint for "*dead* saint" of the quartos. Either word has an appropriate meaning.

p. 226. "For never yet one *hour*" · — Here 'hour' is a dissyllable.

" "*Eighty odd years,*" &c.: — Malone remarks, "Shakespeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present Scene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he then been living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was."

" "*Teen*" means sorrow, trouble. So in *The Tempest,* Act I. Sc. 2, "To think o' th' teen I have turned you to."

SCENE II.

p. 227. "*Enter Richard, crowned and in state*," &c.: — The folio has, "*Enter Richard in pompe*," &c.; the quartos, "*Enter Richard, crowned*," &c. As Mr. Collier remarks, there were probably no 'discoveries,' as they are now called, in our old theatre. This, however, does not justify us in giving direction for a discovery here, although under other circumstances it does. For in the quartos, after *Richard* speaks to *Buckingham*, there is a direction, "Here he ascendeth his throne," and in the folio, we find in the same place, "*Sound*." Richard is plainly to enter in state, and ascend the throne amid the sounding of trumpets.

"—— these *glories* for a day": — The quartos, "these *honours* for a day."

"—— play the *touch*": — i. e., the touchstone.

p. 228. "—— he *gnaws his* lip": — The quartos, "he *bites the* lip."

p. 229. "—— some mean *poor* gentleman": — The quartos, "some mean *born* gentleman." This, in Shakespeare's time, was almost a contradiction in terms.

"The *boy is foolish*": — Polydore Virgil, as quoted by Malone, describes this hapless youth as an idiot, "*qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internosceret;*" and see the Note (Act III. Sc. 5, p. 295) on "the brats of Clarence."

p. 230. "*And I will love thee*," &c.: — The quartos thus: —

"And I will love thee, and prefere thee too.
Tir. 'Tis done my gracious lord.
King. Shall we heare from the *Tirrel* ere we sleep?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Ye shall my Lord."

p. 231. "[Buck — My Lord": — The dialogue between *Richard* and *Buckingham*, from this line to, "I am not in the giving vein to-day," inclusive, does not appear in the folio. It was probably struck out of the acting copy to shorten somewhat this very long play. To conform to the elision, *Buckingham's* importunity, "Why then resolve me," &c., is thus modified in the folio: "May it please to resolve me in my suit." Of course the original form of the line must be restored with the elided matter.

"*To Brecknock*": — This was the name of the Duke's castle in Wales.

SCENE III.

p. 232. "To do this *piece of ruthful* butchery": — Thus the folio. The quarto of 1597 has, "To do this *ruthlesse peece of* butchery;" the later quartos, "To do this *ruthfull* peece," &c. The folio, it will be seen, gives a revised version of the line, the position of the adjective having been changed. Therefore, as the form 'ruthful' was retained on the revision, it should not be changed to 'ruthless," as it has generally been in modern editions. 'Ruthful' is elsewhere thus used by Shakespeare, and also by other authors of his time, and later: and we now say, with the same force, either a shameful deed or a shameless deed; in one instance meaning that the act causes shame in the observer — in the other, that it shows a lack of shame in the performer. So the same act may be characterized as pitiful, sorrowful, ruthful, or pitiless, sorrowless, ruthless.

" "Wept like *two* children": — The folio has, "wept like *to* children." But the miswriting and misprinting of 'to,' 'too,' and 'two' for each other was so common of old, that there need be no hesitation in adopting the text of the quartos, which presents a moving picture in simple and natural phrase.

p. 233. "*But where, to say the truth, I do not know*": — Every reader may not know that the bones of the two princes were discovered in 1674 under a staircase in the Tower (the White Tower) of London. They were enclosed in a wooden chest which was about ten feet under ground. By the order of Charles II. these interesting remains were placed in a marble urn and reinterred in Westminster Abbey.

' "—— *I humbly take my leave*": — Not in the quartos.

" "His daughter *meanly have I matched*": — See the Note on "the brats of Clarence," Act III. Sc. 5, p. 295.

' "—— *Morton* is fled to Richmond": — i. e., the Bishop of Ely. See the first Note on Act III. Sc. 4.

SCENE IV.

p. 234. "—— of mine *enemies*": — The quartos, "of mine *adversaries*."

" "My *unblown* flowers": — The folio has, "*unblowed* flowers" — by mistake, probably, of the compositor.

" "—— say that *right for right*": — i. e., perhaps it may be pardonable to remark, retributive justice.

p. 235. "| *Tell o'er your woes again*": — This line, which appears in all the quartos, is omitted in the folio, clearly by accident.

" "I had a *husband*": — The quartos have, "I had a *Richard*." Capell, Malone, and Mr. Dyce read, "I had a *Henry*," because, in Capellese, "names design the persons enumerated in five other lines, and a name were fitter for this line, and such name is in the 'Readings.'"

p. 236. "*That excellent grand tyrant*," &c.: — This line and the next, which were doubtless added at the revision of the play, are found only in the folio, where they are transposed, accidentally, as any reader can see.

"And makes her *pew-fellow*": — This expression was quite commonly used in Shakespeare's time, and much later, to signify a close companion.

" "*Match'd* not the high perfection": — The quartos, which have been followed hitherto, "*Match not*," &c.

" "—— this *frantic* play": — The quartos, "this *tragicke* plaie."

p. 237. "—— mock'd with two *fair* babes": — The quartos, "with two *sweet* babes."

" "*A* dream *of what thou wast*": — The quartos thus: —

"A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot."

" "*Where be thy two sons?*" — The quartos, "Where be thy children?"

" "Who sues, *and kneels, and* says," &c.: — The quartos, "Who sues *to thee, and cries*."

" "*Decline* all this": — 'Decline' is here used in the sense of running through all the cases; so we say, to decline a noun.

" "*For one being fear'd*," &c.: — This line is not in the quartos; and they also transpose some of the lines of this antithetical enumeration. The folio, in this and the preceding and following lines, has, "For *she*," which the structure of the whole speech, and especially of the immediate context, shows to be a mistake for "For *one*," which is found in all the quartos.

"—— the course of justice *wheel'd* about": — Thus the quartos; the folio, "*whirld* about," which is clearly a misprint, and one easily made. A course cannot be said to whirl about.

p. 238. "—— I slip my *wearied head*":— The quartos, "my *weary necke.*"

" "Think that thy babes were *sweeter*," &c.: — The quartos have, "were *fairer*," which was changed to "were *sweeter*" in the revised version of the folio. It is noteworthy that in the sixth line of *Queen Margaret's* preceding speech, "*sweet* babes" of the quartos was changed to "*faire* babes" in the folio. This double change in counterpart could not have been accidental; and, indeed, it is far more natural and touching to use 'fair' in the mere descriptive allusion to the babes, and 'sweet' in describing a mother's memory of them. And yet 'fairer' has been hitherto retained "as antithetical to 'fouler,'" in the next line!

" "—— of *intestate* joys": — The folio, "of *intestine* joys — an obvious and easy misprint for 'intestate' of the quartos.

" "—— though what they *will* impart": — The quartos, which have, "Helpe *not at all*," in the next line, read here, "what they *do* impart." One change requires the other; yet all editions hitherto give that in the second line without that in the first.

" "*The trumpet sounds*": — The quartos, "I hear his drum."

p. 239. "Who intercepts *me in*," &c.: — The quartos have not 'me in,' which, it appears to me, was added on the revision, to avoid the pronunciation of 'expedition' as a word of five syllables; that being ill adapted to the naturally curt and stern manner in which *Richard* would ask the question.

" "Where should be *branded*": — The quartos, "be *grauen.*"

" "*O, let me speak*": — This speech and the reply are not in the quartos.

p. 240. "—— subtle, *sly, and bloody*": — The quartos, "subtil, *bloudie, trecherous.*" They also are without the next line.

" "—— and *not offend you, Madam*": — The quartos give this passage thus: —

"—— and not offend your grace.
Duch. O heare me speake, for I shall never see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter."

" "And never *more behold* thy face," &c.: — The quartos, "And never *look upon*," &c.

p. 241. "—— she is a royal princess": — The quartos, "she is *of royal blood.*"

p. 242. "*You speak,*" &c.: — This speech and the reply are only in the folio.

" "*Madam, so thrive I,*" &c.: — The quartos, for this line and the next, have one — "Madam, so thriue I in my *dangerous attempt of hostile armes.*" In the last line they have "were *wrongd.*"

" "—— the height of *fortune*": — The quartos, "the height of *honor.*"

p. 244. "—— *which, say to her, did drain*": — These words and the next line are not in the quartos. In the next line the folio has, "sweet *brother's body,*" which slight and evident misprint was left to be corrected by Mr. Dyce.

" "—— she cannot choose but *love* thee": — The folio has, "but *hate* thee;" the corruption being due, it seems to me, to the attempt of some person in the printing office to correct an ironical remark which he did not understand. It would seem that there could be no doubt as to the reading, "she cannot choose but love thee, having *bought love,*" &c. Tyrwhitt suggested that "the sense seems to require that we should read, 'but *love* thee' ironically;" and Monck Mason proposed the miserable and vulgar expression, "*have* thee."

This, the preceding, and the two following speeches are not in the quartos.

" "—— for whom you *bid* like sorrow": — i. e., did abide like sorrow: — the past tense of 'bide.'

p. 245. "*Leads* discontented steps": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, somewhat plausibly, but, as usual, more prosaically, has, "*Treads* discontented steps."

" "Advantaging their *loan*": — The folio has, with a mere turned *n*, "their *loue*" — a variation hardly worth notice.

" "—— sole *victoress*": — So the folio. The feminine form was comparatively new, and the contracted form not used, I believe, in Shakespeare's time; and yet all modern editions hitherto give 'victress.' Ben Jonson, (who read his own proofs,) writing the *Elegy on his Muse*, many years later than the time when *Richard III.* was revised, and wishing to use the feminine form in two syllables, adopted a quasi French form, 'victrice.'

p. 246. "To *vail* the title": — So the first quarto: the subsequent old editions misprint, "to *vaile.*"

p. 247. "*Harp not on that string*," &c.: — In the folio, this line and the following are accidentally transposed; this being made a part of *Richard's* next speech, the other being added to *Queen Elizabeth's* previous one. The first quarto is correct; the intermediate impressions have even worse confusion, which, however, requires no particular notice.

" "—— his *lordly* honour": — The quartos, "his *holy* honour;" and in the next line but one, "disgrac't his kingly *dignitie*." Notice, throughout this speech, 'his' used for 'its,' without personification.

" "*Then by myself*": — This is the arrangement of this passage in the folio. In the quartos, *Richard* swears first by the world, and by himself before his last oath. But, aside from the authority of the folio, when asked to swear by something he had not wronged, he would first think of himself: he then, according to the folio, rises, step by step, to the highest oath. Yet the quarto arrangement has been followed by all modern editors, except Mr. Knight and Mr. Verplanck, who adhere silently to the folio.

" "Why then by *God*": — Thus the quartos. The folios, here in the next line, have "Heaven," on account of the statute 3 Jac. I. so often referred to on similar occasions.

"If thou *had'st* fear'd to break an oath by him": — This passage is so corrupt and imperfect, both in the folio and the quartos, that all editors have been obliged to make a text from the two, which are here given, the words in which they differ from each other being indicated by Italic letters. The folio, —

"If thou *didd'st feare* to breake an Oath *with* him,
The vnity the King my *husband* made
Thou had'st not broken, nor my *Brothers died.*
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th' Imperiall metall, circling now thy *head*,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing heere,
Which now two tender *Bed*-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made *the* prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now?"

The quarto, —

"If thou *hadst feard* to breake an oath *by* him,
The vnitie the king my *brother* made,
Had not beene broken, nor my *brother slaine.*
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him

The emperiall mettel circling now thy *brow*,
Had grast the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender *play*-fellowes *for* dust,
Thy broken faith hath made *a* praye for wormes."

It is difficult to account for most of these variations, but in the third line, "my *brother*" of the quartos is of course wrong. Malone and Mr. Dyce suppose the error to be in the pronoun, and read '*thy* brother,' rejecting '*husband*' of the folio. They also read, "*Had not beene* broken," with the quartos. 'Head' of the folio was substituted for 'brow' of the quartos, plainly to avoid the cacophony, "*now* thy *brow*;" and "*bed*-fellows" for "*play*-fellows," (where Malone and Dyce, as well as all other editors, read with the folio,) is an improvement of the poetic beauty of the line too obvious to need comment. Variations such as these are evidently the result of the author's revision of the play. And the addition of "What canst thou swear by now," making with the reply (which is found in the quartos) a perfect verse, shows at least authoritative restoration.

p. 248. "—— whose *fathers* thou hast slaughter'd": — The quartos, "whose *parents*," &c.

' "—— by times ill-us'd *o'er-past*": — The folio, "*repast*:" the quartos, "*orepast*;" the variation of the ' folio being caused by the mere dropping of the first letter of the word.

" "—— my dangerous *affairs*": — The quartos, "my dangerous *attempt*;" the change having plainly been made to avoid an unpleasant and even confusing similarity of sound to 'repent' at the end of the previous line; and, as Mr. Hudson acutely remarks, "'affairs' seems to suit better with the idea of hostile arms used defensively." Yet 'attempts' is retained by nearly all modern editors.

' "—— with *dear* heart's love": — The quartos, "with *pure* heart's love;" the change having been made on the revision probably because with 'immaculate' and 'holy' in the next line, 'pure' was superfluous in this. Yet all modern editors, except Mr. Knight, retain 'pure."

" "*Without* her," &c.: — This passage appears thus in the quartos: —

"Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decay."

p. 249. "*And you shall understand*," &c.: — This line is not in the quartos. Nor is the third below, "How now," &c.

" "And there they *hull*": — See the Note on "I am to hull here," *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5, p. 248.

' "I *will, my lord*," &c.: — The quartos, much corrupted here, have not this line, or, "Ratcliff, come hither," of the next; and the folio has, "*Catesby*, come hither" — a manifest mistake.

p. 251. "*What heir of York is there*," &c.: — There were other heirs who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked — Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward, son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself.

' "*You cannot guess*," &c.: — This is not marked as an interrogation in the old copies; but that is of little consequence, as it seems clearly to be one.

" "Cold friends to *me*": — The quartos, "to *Richard*."

" "—— *but leave behind*": — The quartos, "but *heare you* leave," &c.; and in the next line, "looke your *faith* be firme."

p. 252. "—— more *competitors*": — i. e., associates; those who seek the same end together — the radical sense of the word. Competitors are not necessarily opponents, though they may be.

" "*The news I have to tell*," &c.: — In the quartos, the *Messenger* replies, —

"Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himself fled no man knowes whither."

And the King, instead of giving his own purse to heal his blow, says, "Ratcliffe, reward him for the blow I gave him."

SCENE V.

p. 253. "*Enter . . . Sir Christopher Urswick*": — Urswick was not a knight, but a priest. (See the Notes on *The Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 305.) He was chaplain to the Earl of Richmond's mother, and afterward his almoner.

" "—— the most *deadly* boar": — The quartos, "this

most *bloody* boar." The change was probably made to avoid a sameness of epithet. In the second Scene of the next Act *Richmond* calls *Richard* "the wretched, bloody and usurping boar." See also the third Note on that Scene.

p. 253. "—— is *frank'd* up": — i. e., penn'd up. See the Note on "He is frank'd up," Act I. Sc. 3 of this play.

p. 254. "—— *holds off* my present aid": — The quartos, "*withholds*," &c.; and the next three lines, with some slight variations, form in the quartos a part of *Stanley's* last speech.

" "*And many other of great name*," &c.: — The quartos, "*With* many *moe* of *noble fame*," &c.

' "—— *do they* bend their *power*": — The quartos, "they do bend their *course*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

"*Salisbury. The Market-place*": — There is no stage direction here either in the quartos or the folio. But Hall, who was copied by Holinshed, places the execution at "Salisburye in the open merket place on a newe skaffolde," fol. xl. Ed. 1548; and in *Henry VIII.*, Act I. Sc. 2, the son of this *Buckingham* is accused of saying that he meant to slay *Henry VIII.*, as his father meant to slay the usurper Richard, —

> "who [the Duke] being *at Salisbury*
> Made suit to come into his presence," &c.

But Blackwell (*Variorium* of 1821) mentions a belief that the execution took place at Shrewsbury, which Courtenay (*Comments on the His. Plays*, Vol. II. p. 111) says is "confirmed by local information."

" "*Sheriff*. No, my *good* lord": — In the quartos, the *Sheriff's* part is assigned to *Ratcliff*, who here replies, "No, my lord," &c.; and just below, "It is, *my lord*."

p. 255. "This is All-Souls' day, *fellow*": — The quartos, "*fellowes*."

" "*Thus Margaret's curse*," &c.: — The quartos, "*Now*, Margaret's curse *is fallen vpon* my head."

" "*Come, lead me, officers*, to," &c.: — The quartos "Come, *sirs, convey* me to," &c.

Scene II.

p. 256. "*Enter . . . Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt,*" &c.: —Richmond, who now appears upon the scene to bring the War of the Roses to an end, had not the slightest title to the throne. Even his pretended title was derived through the usurper Henry IV.; and he was not descended from him, but from his father, John of Gaunt, of whose illegitimate son, John, Earl of Somerset, Richmond's mother, Margaret Beaufort, (who married Henry Tudor, half brother to Henry VI.,) was granddaughter. His marriage, however, with Elizabeth of York settled the succession.

The Earl of Oxford was John de Vere, the second earl of that name, and the son of the Earl of Oxford who appears in Third Part of *Henry VI.* The family were fierce Lancastrians; and this Earl had, by the contrivance of Richard, been long confined in the Castle of Hames, in Picardy. He escaped in 1484, joined Richmond, and commanded the archers at Bosworth Field. He became Great Chamberlain and Lord High Admiral under Henry VII.

Sir James Blunt had been Captain of the Castle of Hames, from which he assisted Oxford to escape.

" "—— a thousand *men*": — The quartos, "a thousand *swords.*"

' "—— this *guilty* homicide": — the quartos, "*that bloudie* homicide." The change was probably made to avoid the bald recurrence of the same epithet. *Richmond* has just called *Richard* a "*bloody* and usurping boar."

" "—— his *dearest* need": — i. e., his greatest need; which is the reading of the quartos. The quartos also have, "will *shrinke* from him."

Scene III.

p. 257. "*My Lord of Surrey*, why look you so sad?" — The quartos, "*Why, how now, Catesby, why,*" &c. In the previous line the folio has, "our *tent*," instead of "our *tents*" of the quartos. The *s* was dropped in the former case by mere accident; for here the King's orders plainly refer to the army. It is in his third speech below that he gives directions for the placing of his own tent.

"—— the number of the *traitors*": — The quartos, with less character, "the *foe*;" and in the next line "their *greatest number*" for "their utmost power."

p. 257. "Up with *the* tent": — The quartos, "Up with *my* tent there." But *Richard* has only just before said, "Up with my tent," and in repeating the order he would naturally drop the personal pronoun. This change is noteworthy, because it indicates the minuteness of the revision to which the text of this play was subjected at some time after 1597.

p. 258. "*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon,*" &c.: — It should be remembered that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of *Richard* and *Richmond* were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of colored canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to *Richard* only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change.

Sir William Brandon, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The folio directs *Dorset* to enter here; but *Dorset*, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage direction, it may be corrected without authority.

" "*Give me some ink and paper,*" &c.: — The quartos make this and the three following lines a part of *Richmond's* last speech before he retires into his tent. They also omit the two lines which follow these four.

' "—— *keeps his regiment*": — i. e., keeps with his regiment. 'Regiment' was used in Shakespeare's time to mean any considerable body of men, under the regiment or command of one leader, and without reference to the number or organization of the troops that composed it.

" "*Sweet Blunt,*" &c.: — The quartos here merely re

peat the line, "Good Captain Blunt," &c., from *Richmond's* previous speech. This passage affords a marked instance of the warm simplicity of phrase with which men addressed each other in Shakespeare's time. Lieutenant General Scott, with all his courtesy, did not probably address General Worth as Sweet Worth, on the eve of the Battle of Churubusco; and this difference in manners must be constantly borne in mind in reading Shakespeare's works, — especially his Sonnets.

p. 258. "*And so God give you,*" &c. — Not in the quartos.

p. 259. "—— the *dew* is raw and cold": — The quartos, "the *aire* is," &c. To well-informed readers the reading of the quarto may seem preferable on account of its conformity to the facts of nature; but such conformity is not to be sought against authority, and in disregard of the belief of Shakespeare's time. Even now-a-days there are many people that would be offended if they were called ignorant, and who consider that the danger of exposure to the night air is caused by the falling dews. So "the dews of heaven fall thick," *Henry VIII.*, Act IV. Sc. 2; and "the air doth drizzle dew," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 5.

" "It's *nine* o'clock": — Catesby's reply in the quartos is, "It is *six* of the clock, full supper time." Therefore, and because the hour for supper in Shakespeare's time was between five and six o'clock, most editors read here, "It's *six* o'clock." But it must be observed that the speech in the folio is not merely that of the quarto with 'nine' substituted for 'six:' it shows that it was remoulded on the revision of the play. I think, with Mr. Verplanck, that the poet wrote originally six o'clock, and that on revision he perceived that this hour, although the supper hour of domestic life, would not agree with the context and the situation — that of an army just encamped after a march. *Richmond* has said before, "The weary sun *hath made* a golden set;" and on the 22d of August (the date of Bosworth Field) sunset in England is about seven o'clock; and *Northumberland* and *Surrey* are said, by *Ratcliff*, a few lines below, to have gone through the lines about cock-shut time, or twilight, which was of course considerably later even than seven. Therefore, as Mr. Verplanck well concludes, the insertion of 'six' confuses the time of all this Act.

" "*K. Rich.* Catesby! —
Cate. My lord?" — Thus the quartos, with a slight variation in the second prefix, presently to be noted. In

the folio, the King calls "*Ratcliff*" — a mistake in which it has been followed hitherto. The error was caused by a trifling misprint in the quartos, in which the abbreviated names used as prefixes to the speeches of these characters are *Cat.* and *Rat.*, so that the printing of *R* for *C* gave the reply to *Ratcliff*. To correspond with this, some one who had to do with the folio, either in the printing office or before it went there, made the King call *Ratcliff*. But whoever was commanded by the King to "send out a pursuivant at arms," most certainly went out and did it immediately; and we know from *Richard's* speeches afterwards, both in quartos and folio, that *Ratcliff* remained behind. Both quartos, and folio too, have the stage direction, when the King retires, "*Exit Ratcliff*," only. It was *Catesby*, therefore, whom *Richard* sent out for a pursuivant; and the quarto gives us the correct reading. The omission to mark the exit of *Catesby* is a defect too common to require notice.

p. 259. "Give me a *watch*": — i. e., a watch light. The King gives orders for his guard afterward.

p. 260. "*Richmond's Tent opens*," &c.: — In the old copies, the stage direction is merely, "*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent.*" See the third Note upon this Scene.

" "—— our *loving* mother": — The folio has, "our *noble* mother" — a reading not only less acceptable in itself, but which, as 'noble' occurs in the previous line, and as we have seen that such bald repetition was solicitously avoided on the revision of this play, we must conclude is the result of the compositor's eye having caught the word from the line above — an error which we have found of not unfrequent occurrence in the old editions of these plays.

p. 261. "—— The *leisure* and the fearful time": — See the Note on "spiritual leisure," *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "I'll strive, *troubled with noise*, to take a nap": — The folio has, "I'll strive *with troubled noise*," &c.; the quartos, "I'll strive *with troubled thoughts*," &c. The reading of the quartos has hitherto been given in all modern editions as poetically preferable; but we need not be very careful about the poetic diction of a man who announces his intention to "take a nap." A dramatic poet must, however, preserve the consistency of his characters; and if Shakespeare at first wrote "troubled *thoughts*," which is possible, he seems to have remembered, on the revision of the play, that he had represented *Richmond* as entirely untroubled in mind, and sure of victory from the time when he first appears upon the scene, (See his

principal speeches in Scene II. and the early part of this Scene,) — being on this point consistent with the Chroniclers. The contrast between *Richmond's* assurance and calm confidence in his right, and *Richard's* anxious and even nervous solicitude, is of high dramatic value; and this would be in a great measure destroyed if *Richmond*, on his own confession, retired to rest with troubled thoughts. The transposition in the folio is the mere result of a misplacement, or perhaps the omission, of the caret for 'noise,' on the revision.

p. 261. "*The Ghost . . . appears*": — The old copies have, here and elsewhere, "*Enter the Ghost*," &c.; but all modern editors, except Mr. Verplanck, who has 'Enter,' give "*The Ghost . . . rises*" — Mr. Collier remarking that stage trap-doors were in use in Shakespeare's time. This, however, is a mere matter of stage machinery which concerns managers, and, perhaps, people who see plays, but not those who read them. For those who believe in ghosts, they do not enter and go out, or rise and sink; they appear and vanish.

p. 262. "—— full of [*deadly*] holes": — "Deadly" is found in the quartos only; but we may be quite sure, essential as it is to the verse, that in the folio it was dropped by accident.

"Doth comfort *thee in sleep*": — The quartos, which Malone followed, make a very lame line by reading, "in *thy* sleep." Pope and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 perfect the verse, but weaken the line, by reading, "live *thou* and flourish."

"—— with *fulsome* wine": — Malmsey was a rich, sweet, cloying wine.

"*Let fall thy lance*": — It is highly probable that an epithet before 'lance' has been accidentally dropped; and equally so that this line was written as a counterpart to that above, "And fall thy edgeless sword," &c., — in which case we should almost surely read, "*pointless* lance" — a correction so obvious that it must have occurred to every intelligent and sufficiently observant reader of Shakespeare on the perusal of this passage. It is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 263. "Let us be *lead*": — The later quartos and the folio have, "Let us be *laid*" — a misprint, the correction of which would have been obvious without the aid of the first quarto.

p. 264. "I died *for hope*": — This reading has been much questioned, and not successfully explained; Malone's

suggestion, that *Buckingham* "lost his life in consequence of the hope which led him to engage in that enterprise," being the only one worth consideration. Hanmer somewhat plausibly suggested that we should read, "I died *forsook*," *Buckingham* having been deserted by his soldiers on his march to join *Richmond*. Mr. Dyce remarks, (*A Few Notes*, p. 104,) "However we are to understand it, the following passage, in Greene's *James the Fourth*, seems to determine that it is right: —

'War will then cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield when I am dead for hope.'"
Greene's Works, Vol. II. p. 149, Ed. Dyce.

In my opinion, the passage has been misunderstood only because explanation has been sought too remotely. Does it not clearly mean, both here and in the passage from Greene, I died to hope? — 'to' and 'for,' as the sign of the dative, having been used almost interchangeably (See, for instance, in *Richard's* next speech, "no pity *to* myself.") Buckingham, (as we learn from Hall's Chronicle,) without pay or provisions for his soldiers, retarded by deluges of rain, which laid the country waste and made it impassable, was abandoned by his partizans, betrayed by an old servant, and put to death in an obscure country town before he could approach Richmond; and so he was dead to hope ere he could lend Richmond aid. An examination of the context in Greene's play and of the situation of the speaker — King James — justifies a similar interpretation of that passage. The King sees that when his case becomes hopeless, then war will cease.

p. 264. "It is *now* dead midnight": — The quartos, after and including that of 1598, have, "It is not midnight" — a trifling misprint, left uncorrected in the folio.

p. 265. "Perjury [*perjury*]": — The folio omits the second 'perjury,' which is from the quartos. The omission of a repeated word is a very common error of the press.

" "*Methought the souls*," &c.: — That these lines are very inappropriately placed must be the spontaneous judgment of every thoughtful reader; not, however, because, as it has been suggested, they give superfluous information, (for they are a natural expression of the tyrant's vivid memory of his dream,) but because they are out of all natural connection. They belong, I believe, either after the second line of this soliloquy, and we should read, —

"Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft, I did but dream.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent," &c.,

or after the line, "O Ratcliff," &c., in the fourth speech below, and we should read, —

"O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent," &c.

That there was some doubt about the latter passage, is, perhaps, shown by its omission from the folio, in which *Ratcliff's* allusion to shadows is without occasion, and, indeed, has hardly sufficient justification in *Richard's* mere mention of a fearful dream, according to the text of the quartos. So that were I to print a Shakespeare for myself alone, I should adopt the latter of the two suggested emendations without a doubt. But as the passage in question stands as in the text in all the old editions, and we know that the quarto version was carefully revised, such a change would be altogether beyond the proper limits of editorial prerogative. Ritson suggested, with much reason, in my judgment, — for I had reached the same conclusion before I knew that he had preceded me in it, — that the twenty-two lines, from "What do I fear myself?" &c., to "Find in myself," &c., inclusive, are not Shakespeare's; in which case, the last three lines quite surely are not transposed, but should follow immediately after the first five. The situation is one which a 'star' actor could not patiently see wasted without an effective scene for him; and Burbadge might have had these twenty-two lines added to his part; though why not by Shakespeare himself, it is difficult to conjecture. But the lines are quite surely very much inferior to the rest of the play, and — what is of more consequence — not in the style in which Shakespeare wrote at any period of his life.

p. 266. "*Exeunt King Richard . . . Enter Oxford . . .* Good morrow, *Richmond*": — It must be constantly borne in mind that there are two tents upon the stage within a few feet of each other, and open to the spectators; the occupants of which are supposed to be out of each other's sight and hearing.

"—— and *cried on* victory!" — Compare, as Mr. Dyce almost superfluously suggests, "This quarry cries on havock!" *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2, and "whose noise is this that cries on murder?" *Othello*, Act V. Sc. 1.

"*More than I have said*," &c.: — Before these lines, the old copies have, as a sort of title, "*His Oration to his Souldiers.*" This is probably a reminiscence of the Chronicles, in which an address to his soldiers is put into *Richmond's* mouth (the same being done for *Richard*) with

the heading, "The oration of King Henry the seauenth to his armie."

p. 267. "If you do *sweat*":—The quarto of 1602 first made the easy misprint of "*sweare*" for 'sweate,' which remained uncorrected in subsequent quartos and in the folio.

p. 268. "—— shall be drawn [*out all*] in length":—So the first quarto: that of 1598 omitted the words in brackets, accidentally, beyond a doubt, and the mischief was not repaired in any of the subsequent old editions. In this order of battle, Shakespeare closely followed the description given in Hall and Holinshed,—"bringyng al his men out of there campe into y^e^ plaine, ordered his fore-ward in a marveylous length, in which he appointed both horsemen and footmen," &c. Hall's Chronicle. Ed. 1548, fol. liii.

—— *we will follow*"—So quartos and folio. Hanmer read, "we *ourself* will follow."

p. 269. "—— be not *so* bold":—Thus the quartos and the folio. The Chronicles have, "not *too* bold," which has been very generally adopted. But we are not to take it for granted that Shakespeare always followed the Chronicles word for word. On the contrary, we know that often he did not; and that in such cases as this he was sometimes even inconsistent with himself.

"*For conscience is* a word":—The earlier quartos, "*Conscience is but* a word."

"To desperate *adventures*":—The quartos, "desperate *ventures*."

"*Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost*":—This is a mistake. Richmond was maintained at the court of the Duke of Bretagne, in a sort of honorable confinement, by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was Richard's brother-in-law. And Hall, from whom this speech is closely copied, has, "And to begyn with the earle of Richmond Captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh mylkesoppe, a man of small courage, and of lesse experience in marcyall acts and feates of warr, brought up by my brothers meanes and myne like a captiue in a close cage in the court of Fraunces duke of Britaine," &c., Ed. 1548, fol. liiii. This Holinshed copies, with, however, the misprint, "*moothers* meanes," for "brothers meanes," which error Shakespeare adopted.

p. 270. "*Fight*, gentlemen of England! fight, *bold* yeomen":—Thus the early quartos. The quarto of 1602, "*Right*, gentlemen," and "fight *boldly*," &c., which errors remained uncorrected in all subsequent old editions.

p. 270. "Victory sits on our *helms*": — The folio here also left uncorrected an error of the quarto of 1602, "sits on our *helpes*."

SCENE IV.

p. 271. "—— *and exeunt, fighting*": — The quartos, as well as the folio, have the direction, "*they fight*, Richard *is slaine*." But they, *Richard* and *Richmond*, must go out fighting, else *Stanley* could not afterward enter with the latter, (as he is directed to do in all the old editions,) bearing the crown, and say, "Lo, here this long usurped royalty . . . *have* I *pluck'd* off." The truth is, that the Entrances and Exits are very carelessly noted in our old dramatic literature. Mr. Dyce here marks a new Scene — Scene V. But, although it seems improbable that *Richmond*, *Stanley*, and the others, should return, after *Richard* was slain, to the very place where the latter cried, "A horse! a horse!" yet, dramatically, nothing is gained by the change, and as far as reference to the text is concerned, much is lost.

" "Wear it [*enjoy it*]": — So the early quartos. That of 1602 omitted 'enjoy it,' clearly by accident, and the error was not corrected in the folio.

" "Whither if *it please you*," &c.: — The quartos read, "Whither if it please you we may *now* withdraw us;" the folio, "Whither if *you please* we may withdraw us." The 'now' was expunged on the revision, and the first part of the line (which is clumsy prose in the folio) corrupted in reprinting it.

p. 272. "*All this divided*," &c.: - This passage has hitherto been strangely punctuated; — with a comma after 'Lancaster,' at the end of this line, and sometimes a period (as in the old copies) after 'division,' at the end of the next, thus making 'divided,' in that line, refer to York and Lancaster. The construction is a little involved, perhaps, but plain enough. The sense is, 'all this, (i. e., what has just been related,) divided York and Lancaster. O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth, &c., who were divided in their dire division, (i. e., the division of York and Lancaster,) by God's fair ordinance join together.'

" "And let *their* heirs": — So the early quartos; the quarto of 1602, "thy heires," which was copied by the folio.

" "That would *reduce*": — i. e., bring back — the radical sense of the word.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight occupies twenty-eight pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 205 to p. 232, inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR the first four Acts of this play, Shakespeare drew his materials from Hall and Holinshed, themselves indebted to Cavendish's unpublished *Life of Wolsey*: for the fifth Act, he went to Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. He adhered closely to his authorities, often using their very words. Henslowe's *Diary* records the production, in 1601, of two lost plays — *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *The Rise of Cardinal Wolsey;* the latter of which was put upon the stage with unusual splendor. Shakespeare was most probably indebted to them only for the hint to make this play a show piece, which its stage directions clearly indicate it to have been.

The editors and commentators of the last century (Chalmers excepted) thought that *King Henry the Eighth* was written in the reign of Elizabeth, and that Cranmer's allusion to James I. (Act V. Sc. 4) was interpolated, after his accession, by Ben Jonson. But the speech in question is homogeneous and Shakespearian; the subsequent allusion to Elizabeth, as "an aged princess," would not have been ventured during her life; and the exhibition of Henry's selfish passion for Anne Bullen and of her lightness of character would have been hardly less offensive to the Virgin Queen, her daughter; and these conclusions accord with the fact that the Globe Theatre was burned down on the 26th of June, 1613, during the performance, according to Sir Henry Wotton, of "a new play," founded on "some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.," and which he calls *All is True*, but others, *King Henry VIII.* The excessively elliptical construction of this play, and its incessant use of verbal contractions, are marks of Shakespeare's latest years — those which produced *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. A bold and singular use of 'its,' in the first Scene, ("Made former wonders its:") also indicates a very late period for its production. I believe that it was written at Stratford in 1613, and was the poet's last work. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with remarkable correctness. The period of its action is from 1521 to 1533.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from* Charles V.
CRANMER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to* Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to* Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen. Garter King at Arms.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the* King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, *and his* Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to* King Henry.
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor, afterwards* Queen.
An old Lady, *Friend to* Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Chiefly in* London *and* Westminster; *once at* Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those that come to see
Only a shew or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a shew
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke *of* NORFOLK *at one door; at the other, the* Duke *of* BUCKINGHAM *and the* Lord ABERGAVENNY.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

Norfolk. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cri'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one: and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.
Buck. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd;

Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the Right Reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can, with his very bulk,
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown, neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.
Abergavenny. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from Hell, the Devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himself.

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him
(Without the privity o' th' King) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter
(The Honourable Board of Council out)
Must fetch him in he papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.
Nor. 'Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider farther that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wolsey. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?
1 *Secretary.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your Grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the King;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along

By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't, — his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end
As give a crutch t' th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,) Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt

England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. [He] privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow, —
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd: — but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emperor thus desir'd, —
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Brandon. Your office, Sergeant; execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things. — I obey. —
O, my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. — The King [*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so,
These are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The Council-chamber.

Cornets. *Enter* King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, Attendant. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

King Henry. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' th' level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The* King *takes his state. The* Lords of the Council *occupy their several places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen." *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the* Dukes *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen Katharine. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us. — Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your Majesty
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil, even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My Lord Cardinal
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught

Pertains to th' State; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd — your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,

I have no farther gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cri'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber;
And, though we leave it with a root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters with
Free pardon to each man that has deni'd
The force of this commission. Pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surveyor. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, — that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.
Wol. Please your Highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.
K. Hen. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France
The Duke, being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I repli'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,

To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the King nor 's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To [gain] the love o' th' Commonalty: the Duke
Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on. —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the Devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say farther?
Surv. I can, my liege,
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer, —
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant
The Duke retain'd him his. — But on: what hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed, —
As to the Tower I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?
Surv. After "the Duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was, — were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There's his period,

To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* Lord SANDS.

Chamberlain. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lovell. 'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the Court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our *monsieurs*
To think an English courtier may be wise
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe, indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The Devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: — Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests; then enter* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests, at one door; at another door enter* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guildford. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people. — O my lord! y'are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So now you are fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry: — gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Servant *returns.*

Cham. How now! what is't?

Servant. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and the tables are removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye. — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King *and others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace: — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[Ladies *chosen for the dance. The* King *takes* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord, —
Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. *goes to the maskers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. —
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye have found him, Cardinal.
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bulleh's daughter, —
The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. — Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *GENTLEMAN.*

WHITHER away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O! — God save ye
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to th' bar to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,

Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from Court too.
2 *Gent.* All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fadom deep: this Duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy, —
1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment;* Tipstaves *before him; the axe, with the edge towards him;* Halberds *on each side; accompanied with* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, *and* Common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in Heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there!
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell. God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
But sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is
sad,
Speak how I fell. — I have done, and God forgive
me. [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity. — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice

To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but is t not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "*My Lord,* — *The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,* — *his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*"
I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suffolk. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do: he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French King's sister. Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. —And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in,
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The King hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha? —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? — O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. — [*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K Hen. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy: go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place: *Aside, as they retire.*
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Gave their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Campeius. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The Court of Rome commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. — Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the King's now.
Gardiner. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They walk and whisper.*
Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and di'd.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow

If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. —
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, conscience, —
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: — here's the pang that pinches;
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire, — after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal.

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. — [*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? — [*To her.*] I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in Court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, O Fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! — for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Duchess. — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Hall in Black-friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* Archbishop *of* Canterbury *alone; after him, the* Bishops *of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two*

Cardinals WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *with his Train, followed by the* Queen *with hers. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commisson from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
t hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be't so. — Proceed.
Scribe. Say Henry, King of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.
[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause

Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The King, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.
Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?
Q. Kath. Sir
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more.

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. — Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and her* Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens. — She's noble born;

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfi'd,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one — the least — word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more justifi'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it. — On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came; — give heed to't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French Ambassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating,
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or di'd where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the Reverend Fathers of the land,
And Doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln: you remember

How under my oppression I did reek
When I first mov'd you.
Lincoln. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons. — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on,
For no dislike i' th' world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleg'd reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, — by my life
And kingly dignity we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' th' world.
Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. — Break up the Court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen *and her* Women *at work.*

QUEEN KATHARINE.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But 'all hoods make not monks.'

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,* —

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me. —

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, — my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, —
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he 's banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next Heav'n? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her* Women.
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me. — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess—peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false coin from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, Reverend Fathers:
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke *of* Norfolk, *the* Duke *of* Suffolk, *the* Earl *of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Surrey. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how? how?
Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps that buz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The King cried 'ha!' at this.
Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'ha!' louder.
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The Cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the King?
Cromwell. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance; you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. — [*Exit* CROMWELL
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The Marchioness of Pembroke.
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice.
Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes — What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter the King, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The King, the King.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? — Now, my lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing, —

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the Earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your Highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' th' State; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the State. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to Heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Does pay the act of it; as, i' th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am true, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul. Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty
(As doth a rock against the chiding flood)
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this:
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* King, *frowning upon* Cardinal WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so·

This paper has undone me! — 'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross Devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? — "To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness.
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter the Dukes *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* Earl *of* SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his Highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it.
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords.

I dare and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Ti'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel
My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to th' Pope against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's farther pleasure is, —
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall int' th' compass of a *præmunire*, —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you:
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. — This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, —
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honour.
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down
O Cromwell!
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the King; and, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court: my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *GENTLEMAN.*

Y'ARE well met, once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward: next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! — [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of trumpets: then Enter

1. *Two* Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers *singing.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then,* Garter, *in his coat of arms; and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the* Earl of SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him, the* Duke of NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the* Bishops *of* London *and* Winchester.
8. *The old* Duchess of NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know: Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; High Steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, — some half an hour or so, —
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belli'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that's past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and call'd — Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. — The King has made him
Master o' th' Jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court; and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Katharine. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair: —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happely,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him:
To whom he gave these words, — "O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer:

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he di'd fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, *clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces*

branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend curt'sies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all
gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases*
Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace, —
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Capucius. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me! But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady.
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom. — Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King, —

Cap. Most willing, Madam

Kath. — In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature, —
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men: — they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE

ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop *of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

GARDINER.

IT'S one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. —

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you
And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, — that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Jewel-house, is made Master
O' th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the Council that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved

Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas;
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King *and the* Duke *of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. —
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me; but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman: and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles good night. —
[*Exit* SUFFOLK

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the Bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Enter DENNY *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.
What! — [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cranmer. I am fearful. — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling again.*] I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The ground I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: such things have been done
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring

Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. — God's blest Mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. — [*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of Heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit* King.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more or else unsay't; and now,
While it is not, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?
Door-Keeper. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow Counsellor
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. —I think your Highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door, too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. — [*Exeunt*

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke *of* SUFFOLK, Earl *of* SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at*

the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop *of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chancellor. Speak to the business, Master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My Lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little; —
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden, too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace than I do.
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a Counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good Master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord. — It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's farther pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. — Look there, my lords.
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.
Chan. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all.
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*to* CRANMER,] sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your Grace, —
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever." —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man

Porter. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the Court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*One within.*] Good Master Porter, I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. — I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, — God save her!

[*One within.*] Do you hear, Master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do but knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind em', loose shot, deliver'd such a show'r of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The Devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming. As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the Princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, *sounding; then two* Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke *of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's staff*, Duke *of* SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess *of* NORFOLK, *god-*

mother, bearing the Child *richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* Marchioness *of* Dorset, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The* Troop *pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Garter. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen, [*Kneeling.*
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: —
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. —
[*The* King *kisses the* Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, — Heaven still move about her! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless
her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with
her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine.
His honour and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her

K. Hen. O, Lord Archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in Heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding:
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

['Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an Act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so. 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty,'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em. If they smile
And say, 'twill do, I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.]

NOTES ON KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

p. 321. Dr. Johnson was the first to perceive that the Prologue and Epilogue to this play were not written by Shakespeare. He suggested that Jonson was the author, and that gruff old Ben, in a fit of the classicals, took the opportunity to hit his successful and very barbarous friend for the "fool and fight," which were such prominent features in his dramas. That this Prologue and Epilogue are not from Shakespeare's pen, there can hardly be a doubt in the mind of any reader who has truly appreciated the poet's style or his cast of thought, of neither of which has it a single trace. This subject is, however, examined sufficiently in the Notes upon the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and the Chorus to Act IV. of *The Winter's Tale*, to which the reader is referred. The question as to whether they were written by Ben Jonson is very difficult to decide. They are so much in his manner that we cannot but say that they may be his; and yet not so distinctly marked as to fix their authorship upon any other poet of the day, except, perhaps, George Chapman. Dr. Johnson suggested that they might have been written upon some accidental revival of the play after Shakespeare's retirement from the stage; but to this Gifford (who, in his Examination of the Proofs of Jonson's Malignity, — *Jonson's Works*, Vol. I. p. ccxlix., — ably contends that Ben did not write this Prologue and Epilogue) well replies that "if it (*Henry VIII.*) had been merely revived, the Prologue would have adverted to the circumstance; but it speaks of the play as one which had not yet appeared; it calls the attention of the audience to a novelty; it supposes in every line that they were not yet acquainted with its plan; and it finally tells them that if they came to hear a bawdy play, a noise of targets, or to see a fellow in a fool's coat, they would be deceived

Could the audience expect any thing of this kind? or was it necessary to guard them against it, in a favourite comedy, with which they had all been perfectly familiar for twelve years?" (p. cclxxiii.) Gifford also raises the objection that Jonson was not employed by Shakespeare's company, but by that of another theatre — Henslowe's; and he adds that it is more than probable that Jonson was not in England at the period of the supposed revival of *Henry VIII.*, he having been in Leyden and Paris in 1613. But, in my opinion, those who think that Shakespeare would have objected to the contrast which the Prologue writer drew between some of the author's other plays and this, very much mistake both the nature of the passage in question and Shakespeare's feelings on such subjects. The contrast is merely incidental to a general description of the new play; it is distinctive merely, and not disparaging; or if the latter, the disparagement is of the taste of a part of the audience. In a prologue of this nature, Shakespeare, whose good sense and good nature seem to have been no less remarkable than his genius, would have found no ground of offence. Its author will probably never be discovered with certainty. See the Note on the Chorus to Act IV of *The Winter's Tale.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 323. "*Enter the Duke of Norfolk . . . the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Abergavenny*": — This Duke of Norfolk is Thomas Howard, son of the 'Jockey of Norfolk' of the last play, who was slain at Bosworth Field, and whose blood was attainted. His honors were however restored in his son, who became Lord Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Knight of the Garter. This Duke of Buckingham is also the son and heir of the Duke of the last play, whose forfeited honors were of course restored in his son by Henry VII. He was Lord High Constable and a Knight of the Garter. Lord Abergavenny is George Neville, third Baron of that name, (the title and the castle of Bergavenny having been successively held by the Cantelupe, the Hastings, and the Beauchamp families,) and one of the very few noblemen of his time who was neither beheaded himself, nor the son of a beheaded father, nor the father of a beheaded son. His brother, Sir Thomas, however, was compelled to follow the fashion.

p. 323. "Met in the vale of *Andren*": — So Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed, named the vale of Ardres, in which the interview between Francis I. and Henry VIII., called the Field of the Cloth of Gold, took place.

" "—— 'Twixt *Guines and Arde*": —The towns of Guines and Ardres, in Picardy, belonged, the former to the English, the latter to the French. The valley of the Field of the Cloth of Gold lies between them.

p. 324. "All *clinquant*": — A descriptive word, derived, it need hardly be remarked, from the tinkle or gentle clash of metal ornaments.

" "That *Bevis* was believed": — i. e., the old fabulous romance of Bevis of Southampton.

" "—— *All was royal*": — There is confusion here in the folio. These words and the remainder of the speech are assigned to *Buckingham*. They are plainly a part of *Norfolk's* narrative, and to him Theobald properly restored them. So, "as you guess," at the end of *Buckingham's* next speech, is made in the folio a part of *Norfolk's* following speech. Theobald also corrected this error.

p. 325. "—— a *keech*": — A lump of fat. See Note on "*Goodwife Keech*," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 1. It had a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favorite.

" "—— *he* gives us note": — The folio has, "*O* gives us note." The correction, which is Steevens', seems to be the best that can be made. Mr. Collier remarks — "The MS. from which the first folio was printed, perhaps, had, '*a* gives us note,' 'he' being often expressed by 'a,' in familiar dialogue by Shakespeare: the compositor mistook *a* for *o*, and thinking it an interjection, (without attending to the sense, which is a little obscure,) he inserted a period, and made use of a capital *O*."

p. 326. "*Must fetch him in he papers*": — i. e., it would seem, *Wolsey's* own letter, without regard to the Council, must fetch in him whom he [*Wolsey*] puts upon the paper — 'papers' being a verb. But I suspect corruption.

p. 327. "—— *both full of disdain*": — This very particular stage direction is from the folio, which, in this respect, is unusually full and exact in this play.

" "*This butcher's cur*": — *Wolsey* was not the son of a butcher, but, as we know by his father's will, of a substantial and even wealthy burgess of Ipswich, where, and in Stoke, he was a considerable landholder. A butcher might be all this now, and more, but not then. The

folio has, "*venom'd*-mouth'd," which is possibly what the author wrote.

p. 328. "A beggar's *book*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "A beggar's *brood*."

p. 329. "—— *suggests* the King": — i. e., tempts. See Notes on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. Sc. 1. p. 188.

" "Did break i' th' *rinsing*": — The folio, "ith' *wrenching*;" a corruption still heard in New England.

p. 330. "[*He*] privily," &c.: — 'He,' omitted in the first, was supplied in the second folio. For "as I trow," in the next line, the first folio reads, "as I *troa*" — a mere phonographic irregularity.

p. 331. "*One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor*": — The folio here misprints, "his *Counsellour*." See afterward, Act II. Sc. 1, "Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor." In Hall and Holinshed he is called chancellor. Theobald made the change.

"O, *Nicholas* Hopkins": — The folio, "*Michaell* Hopkins," but his name, as we learn from the Chronicles, was Nicholas. Theobald also corrected this error, which was probably the result of mistaking the abbreviation 'Nich.' for 'Mich.'

"—— *this instant cloud puts on*": — i. e., 'this instant cloud assumes,' — "whose figure" referring to "Buckingham," not to "shadow." The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present, the passing] cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, "this instant cloud puts *out*," and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed.

Scene II.

p. 333. "The *sides* of loyalty": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly has, "the *ties* of loyalty."

p. 334. "There is no primer *business*": — The folio, "no primer *baseness*." Warburton first read, 'business,' for which the word in the folio is an easy misprint; and the same correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. A consideration of the motive of the Queen's appearance in the Council Chamber, of the tenor of this and her two previous speeches, and of her urgency for immediate

attention to the matter of her complaint, makes it clear to my judgment, that although "there is no primer baseness" has a meaning, it is a meaning entirely inappropriate in the context.

p. 335. "—— (*once* weak ones)": — i. e., at one time, sometimes weak ones.

" "A *trembling* contribution": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "A *trebling* contribution."

p. 336. "*Enter Surveyor*": — It is proper that this caitiff should be damned to the eternity of Shakespeare's fame: — his name, as we learn from Holinshed, was Charles Knyvett.

p. 337. "—— *he'd* carry it so": — The folio misprints, "*hell* carry it," &c.

"*Nicholas Henton*": — This friar's name was Hopkins, as we have seen before (p. 331), but he was often called Henton, from the convent of Henton, to which he belonged. It has been usual to change the name here to Hopkins.

p. 338. "—— under the *confession's* seal": — The folio, by a palpable misprint, "The *commission's* seal."

" "To [*gain*] the love": — 'Gain' did not appear in the text until the publication of the fourth folio, 1685. Perhaps we should read, "To *win* the love," &c.

" "—— and that 'twas dangerous for *him*": — The folio has, "for *this*" — a palpable error, which Rowe corrected.

p. 339. "*Have put his knife into him*": — Shakespeare follows Hall and Holinshed closely in this Scene; and Hall followed the legal records. By an extract made by Vallant from the Year Book 13 Henry VIII., it appears that this monk said, "*et auxi que il disoit si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger.*" The record goes on, "*Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fut trove coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traitre, et fuit decolle le Vendredy devant le Feste del Pentecost que fuit le* xiij *jour de May avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy — car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie.*"

p. 340. "—— *By day and night*": — This oath seems to have been not uncommon. It occurs again in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 5, and in *King Lear*, Act I. Sc. 3.

SCENE III.

"*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands*": — Malone first remarked that "Shakespeare has placed this scene in

1521. Charles [Somerset], Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office."

340. "*Or* springhalt": — The folio has, "*A* springhalt." But as Mr. Verplanck, who first read 'or,' remarks, "The spavin and the springhalt (the old name for what, in modern veterinary phrase, is the stringhalt) are two diseases so different, not only in nature, but external effect, that they would not be compounded by any one who used the terms at all, much less by one so well skilled in horseflesh as Shakespeare often proves himself to have been." The correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and occurred independently to Mr. Dyce. In the previous line, the folio misprints "*see*" for 'saw.'

" "—— such a pagan cut, *too*": — The folio, "cut *too't*."

p. 341. "*Short blister'd breeches*": — This word 'blister'd' describes with picturesque humor the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes.

" "—— *wear* away": — It is hardly necessary to notice the misprint, "*wee* away," in the folio.

p. 342. "—— *has* wherewithal": — i. e., he has wherewithal; the pronoun of the previous clause being understood in this, according to the common custom of Shakespeare's time. The folio has, "h'as wherewithal;" but although this seems sometimes unmistakeably to mark the contraction of 'he has,' at others it does not. The apostrophe was loosely used by the printers of Shakespeare's time; and is so even now by those who are careless or ignorant. It is not rare now to see it used in the plural — not possessive — on posters and signs.

" "—— to be *comptrollers*": — i. e., of the feast.

Scene IV.

p. 343. "As *first* good company": — This, whether we consider 'first' as enumerative or as superlative, is awkward. Perhaps there is a misprint, and we should read, 'as *just*,' &c.; the construction being, "he would have all just as merry as good company," &c.

p. 345. '*For 'tis to such a thing, — You cannot shew me*" · —

What *Lord Sands* was about to say, and what *Anne Bullen* means, it is at least extremely difficult to conjecture.

p. 346. "*Enter the King and others as Maskers*": — This visit of the King in disguise is historical, and was quite in the fashion of the time. The occurrences at the real masquing, according to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, were much as they are here represented. But it was not on this occasion that Henry first danced with Anne Bullen.

p. 347. "*And not to kiss you*": — The allusions to the custom here put in practice are countless in our old literature. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, neglect to take.

p. 348. "Let the music *knock it*": — 'Knock it' was a common phrase of old for 'play,' as applied to music. It probably arose from the very common use of instruments of percussion — the lute, the tabor, &c.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 349. "To *have* brought": — The folio misprints, "To *him* brought." The correction was made in the folio of 1685, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 350. "*Enter . . . Sir* William *Sands*": — The folio has, "Sir *Walter* Sands;" a misprint or a slip of the pen, as we learn from Holinshed.

p. 351. "Shall *mark* my grave": — The folio has, "*make* my grave" — a corrupt reading. For although envy may, in a fine sense, be said to make a grave, it clearly cannot be the envy or the malice of the person for whom the grave is made. Warburton read, 'mark;' but the misprint was restored by Johnson, and has hitherto retained possession of the text.

p. 352. "—— now poor *Edward Bohun*": — This incident and this reply are taken from Holinshed. *Buckingham*'s family name was Bagot; but his ancestors had for some time borne that of Stafford, it having been assumed by a Bagot who married the heiress of Stafford. *Buckingham*, however, affected the surname 'Bohun' because he was connected with that family, and had inherited from it the baton of Lord High Constable of England.

SCENE II.

p. 355. "*Enter . . . Suffolk*": — This Duke of Suffolk is Charles Brandon, son of Sir William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard bearer at Bosworth Field, where he fell. The Duke married Henry VIII.'s younger sister, the Queen Dowager of France, whose favored lover he had been before her sale to the French King Louis XII.

p. 357. "—— *The King is discovered sitting*," &c.: — The stage direction of the folio, conforming to the simple arrangements of our early stage, is — "*the King drawes the curtaine and sits reading pensiuely.*"

p. 358. "*Gave* their free voices": — The folio, by an easy misprint, "*Have* their free voices," which has been retained in all editions hitherto; although it drove Malone to the desperate expedient of substituting a semicolon for the full point of the original after 'voices,' and supposing that 'sent' in the next line is understood after 'have' in this. [i. e., all the clerks, &c., have their free voices sent; Rome, the more, &c., hath sent.] That only the learned clerks should *have* their free voices is plainly absurd; although those who have not adopted Malone's violent misconstruction have been obliged to accept the absurdity. But we know that nearly all the learned clerks in Christian kingdoms *gave* "their free voices" for Henry's divorce, (the decisions of eight continental faculties of law and divinity to that effect, are given in Hall's Chronicle); and therefore *Wolsey* may well say, "Who can be angry now?"

p. 359. "*Kept him a foreign man*": — i. e., kept him abroad. The Chronicles make the same accusation in almost the same terms.

SCENE III.

p. 361. "Yet, if that *quarrel* Fortune": — Warburton thought that 'quarrel' meant a cross-bow bolt, and was used figuratively; Dr. Johnson, more reasonably, that it was used for 'quarreller,' which word was Hanmer's reading. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*cruel* Fortune," which may possibly be the author's word. Warburton's explanation is almost puerile.

" "—— soft *cheveril* conscience": — i. e., elastic conscience. Cheveril was leather made of kid-skin; used in Shakespeare's time for gloves almost as much as now.

" "—— would *hire* me": — Here 'hire' is a dissyllable.

p 362. "—— an *emballing*": — i. e., an investiture with roy-

alty, one of the signs of which was the ball so often seen in the hands of royal effigies.

p. 364. "If this *salute my blood*": — 'Salute' is used in this somewhat unusual manner, and upon a similar occasion in the following passage in Daniel's *Civil Wars*: —

> "He that in glorie of his Fortune sate,
> Admiring what he thought could never be,
> Did feele his bloud within salute his state," &c.
> Book II. St. 69. First Ed. of 1595.

SCENE IV.

" "*Trumpets, Sennet*," &c.: — This unusually long and particular stage direction is from the folio. It conforms to the description of the trial in the Chronicles, and Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

p. 365. "*Scribe*": — This scribe was Dr. Stephens, afterward Bishop of Winchester; and the *Crier* was one Cooke of Winchester, or, according to Holinshed, Westminster.

" "*The Queen . . . goes about the Court*": — The Queen was obliged to go about the Court, as we learn from Cavendish, because "she could not come to the King directly, for the distance severed between them."

p. 367. "That longer you *desire* the Court": — i. e., solicit the court. The folio of 1685 has, "*defer* the court."

" "I utterly *abhor* . . . *refuse* you": — These are the words of the Queen as given by Holinshed. Blackstone says that they are the technical terms of the canon law; but it is far from probable that Shakespeare meant to use them technically.

p. 368. "—— and your *words*": — Tyrwhitt suggested, "and your *wards*."

p. 369. "*Grif.* Madam, you are called back": — The folio assigns this speech to "*Gent. Vsh*[*er*]"; the office having been designated instead of the individual. The speech is taken bodily from the Chronicle — "With that (quoth Maister Griffith) Madame, you be called againe."

p. 371. "*A* marriage": — The folio misprints, "*And* marriage."

" "—— a *splitting* power": — The folio has, "a *spitting* power," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "—— *Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience*": — How closely Shakespeare sometimes followed the Chronicles may be seen in this instance, by the corresponding passage from Holinshed — "Thus my conscience being

tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind," &c. As to 'hulling,' see Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5.

p. 378. "—— *Cranmer, pr'ythee return*": — Cranmer was at this time abroad on an embassy connected with this very business of the divorce.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 375. "—— and that way I am *wife* in": — Modern editors until the time of Johnson considered this, and correctly in my judgment, the easiest of misprints, for "that way I am *wife* in," meaning any thing within my knowledge. Johnson restored 'wife' with the explanation, "if you come to examine the title by which I am the King's wife; or if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife;' and although, as Johnson himself remarked, this is a coarse and unskilful expression, yet as the sense which it affords is adapted to the context and the situation, I should not feel justified in changing it.

" "(*And service to his Majesty and you*)": — Edwards somewhat plausibly suggested that this line and the next had been accidentally transposed. But integrity can not alone breed suspicion; it must be joined with misunderstood service to produce such an effect.

" "And comforts to *your* cause": — The folio misprints, "*our* cause." The correction was made in the second folio.

p. 377. "Alas! *he's* banished": — The folio, "Alas, *h'as* banished." See Note on "*has* wherewithal," Act I. Sc. 3, p. 438.

p. 379. "*You'd* feel more comfort": — The folio, "You'ld feel," &c. See Note on "I'd not do it," *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 387.

Scene II.

p. 380. "*Have uncontemn'd*," &c.: — Here 'un' has the full force of 'not,' and the construction is, 'Have not gone by him contemned, or at least strangely neglected.'

p 381. "The Cardinal's *letter*": — The folio, "The Cardinal's *letters*;" — the superfluous addition of a final *s* to substantives having been common in the old printing offices, which has been before remarked in these Notes.

p. 381. "*Now all my joy*": — Capell and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, needlessly, "Now *may all* joy." See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, Act IV. Sc. 4: —

> "Now *all my* blessing on thee! thou hast made me
> Younger by twenty years."

p. 385. "—— from spiritual *leisure*": — i. e., time devoted to spiritual affairs. 'Leisure' seems to be opposed, not to occupation, but to toilsome and compulsory or necessary occupation. Sir Thomas Chaloner's translation of Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*, 1549, Folly, speaking of the difference between those writers who are studious and careful, and those who devote their pens to her service, says, "But my Scribes on the other side . . . taking no great leysure in penninge of theyr matter, naie, rather, whatsoever toy lighteth in their head," &c. Sig. L. ii. But we need not go so far for an illustration, even more in point, of this use of the word in Shakespeare's day. In his own *Richard III.* we have, —

> "The leisure and the fearful time
> Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
> And ample interchange of sweet discourse."

Mr. Collier's folio, most ignorantly, has "spiritual labour." See Historical Sketch of the Text, Vol. I.

p. 386. "Yet *fil'd* with my abilities": — i. e., ranked with, came up to my abilities. The folio accidentally doubles the *l*.

p. 387. "—— that am *true*, and will be": — The folio prints the speech in which these words occur, thus: —

> "I do professe,
> That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd
> More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
> (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
> And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
> Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
> Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
> As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
> Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
> And stand unshaken yours."

The last part of the third line has long been incomprehensible to readers, and unmanageable to editors. Rowe read, "That am *I*, have *been*, will be." Mason would have struck the words out. Malone, with some probability, supposed that a line had been lost after "and will be." Mr. Singer reads, "that *I* am *true*, and will be;" and it appears to me that by the latter word, which

it will be seen involves but the change of two letters, he has solved the difficulty. But the introduction of '*I*' is needless, as the pronoun occurs twice in the two preceding lines; and under such circumstances the grammar of Shakespeare's time allowed it to be understood. (See many instances pointed out in the Notes of this edition, and this play *passim*.) The slight misprint was doubtless assisted by this omission, and the introduction of the long parenthesis — out of place in any case — was a printer's desperate effort to solve the difficulty of the passage. The words "that am, have and will be," might well stand as equivalent to 'that am, have *been*, and will be;' but this would not solve the difficulty; which is to find a subject and a predicate for all these verbs.

p 388. "*Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey*," &c.: — Reed remarked that the *Duke of Norfolk*, who is introduced in the first Scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk in 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, in 1525. And not only are two persons made one, but one, two. For this *Earl of Surrey* is the same who married *Buckingham's* daughter, as we learn from his own lips in the early part of this Scene; and the *Earl of Surrey*, *Buckingham's* son-in-law, is also the very *Duke of Norfolk* who here demands the seals; both titles having been at that time in the family, and he having been summoned to Parliament in 1514 as Earl of Surrey in his own right, his father sitting as Duke of Norfolk. But this supposes a needless complication of blunders. Shakespeare's only error was, probably, ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the *Duke of Norfolk*, whom he first brings upon the stage, died before *Wolsey's* fall; and we are to consider *Norfolk* and *Surrey*, in this Scene, as father and son, and the former as the same person who appears in the first Scene.

p. 390. "And *dare* us with his cap like *larks*": — Larks are still dared in England, by small mirrors upon scarlet cloth. This attracts their attention while they are shot or netted. The allusion, it need hardly be remarked, is to the color of the Cardinal's cap.

"(*Who*, if he live": — The folio has, "*whom* if he live," and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, so, perhaps, the author wrote here.

"—— *the sacring bell*": — i. e., the little bell sounded

in the service of Mass at the elevation of the Host. The particular scandal alluded to in these lines has not been handed down to us; but general accusations of the kind against Wolsey are not uncommon in the old books in which he is mentioned.

p. 391. "To Gregory de *Cassalis*": — The folio has, erroneously, "de *Cassado*."

p. 392. "—— a *præmunire*": — Barbarous law Latin for *præmonere*. "*Premunire* is a writ, and it lieth where any man sueth any other in the Spiritual court for any thing that is determinable in the King's Court; and that is ordained by certaine statutes, and great punishment therefore ordeined . . . that he shall be out of the King's protection, and that he be put in prison without baile or mainprise," &c. *Termes de la Ley*, 1595, fol. 144. The writ was intended to prevent the abuse of spiritual power.

' "*Chattels* and whatsoever": — The folio has, "*Cattles* and whatsoever" — an easy misprint of 'cattels,' which, as the word is so spelled in the corresponding passage in Holinshed, we have good reason to believe, was written here. *Cattels* and *chattels* were used indifferently; from which we may infer that the pronunciation was *cattels* in either case. See the Note on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

" "The tender leaves of *hopes*": — So the folio. The *s* may be a scribe's or printer's superfluity. (See the Note on "the Cardinal's letter," Scene 2 of this Act.) But there is an appreciable, though a delicate distinction, between "the tender leaves of hope" and "the tender leaves of hopes;" and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming into promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace.

p. 394. "—— wept on *'em*": — The folio has, "wept on *him*;" a trifling misprint, hardly worth notice.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 397. "I should have been *beholding*": — The following apposite passage from Butler's Grammar, 4to. Lond. 1633, in relation to the word 'beholding,' was quoted by Boswell, very imperfectly, however: — "*Beholding* to one: — of to *behold* or regard: which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signi

fyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i. e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari:* which conceipt would seeme the more probable, if to *beholde* did signifie to *holde*, as to *bedek*, to *dek*, to *besprinkle* to *sprinkle*. But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold*, and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *beseem* and *seem*." Sig. a 2.

p. 397. "—— to *Kimbolton*": — The folio, "to *Kimmalton*." But this appears to have been the mere pronunciation of the name; like *Beecham* for 'Beauchamp' or *Chumly* for 'Cholmondeley.'

p. 398. "*The Order of the Procession*": — Called in the folio, "The Order of the *Coronation;*" but it is only the procession on Queen Anne's return from coronation. This elaborate direction is of no service to the action, and was plainly intended only for the prompter and property man of the theatre, that in getting up this show play, they might have exact directions about putting this Scene on the stage. But as it doubtless gives us a very exact measure of the capacity of our old theatre to present a spectacle, it should be retained. It is here given with the least possible deviation from the old text. The direction for the exit of the procession follows immediately upon the 'Order,' in these words: "Exeunt *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then a great Flourish of Trumpets.*"

p. 400. "—— the choicest *music*": — i. e., the most eminent musicians.

SCENE II.

p. 402. "—— but I *think*, your Grace": — The folio misprints, "I *thank*," &c., which the second folio corrected.

" "—— he stepped before me, *happely*": — i. e., by hap; a trisyllable. See the Notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 128.

p. 403. "—— of an unbounded *stomach*": — 'Stomach' was used metaphorically for hunger, and so for craving, and finally, as in this instance, for arrogance. In writing this character of Wolsey, Shakespeare did little more than put Holinshed into verse. "This cardinall (as you may perceive in this storie) was of a great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on

simonie, [i. e., regarded it as of little consequence,] and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie untruth, and was double both in speach and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example." Ed. 1587, vol. iii. p. 922.

p. 403. "*Tith'd* all the kingdom": — The folio, "Ty'de all the kingdom." But in the first place, "by suggestion tied all the kingdom," is without meaning; in the next, this clause is the counterpart of that quoted from Holinshed above, "by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure;" and as 'tithe' was "not exclusively used to signify the emolument of priests," as Boswell remarked, there can be no doubt that 'ty'de' in the folio is a misprint for 'tyth'de.'

" "*Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle*," &c.: — So Holinshed: "This cardinall (as Edmund Campian, in his historie of Ireland, describeth him) was a man undoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butcher's sonne, exceeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his freendship woonderfull courteous, a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to gett, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowne with his fall," &c. Ed. 1587, vol. iii. p. 917. It is noteworthy that Shakespeare preserves the last statement in the mouth of *Griffith*, although the news of Wolsey's death has just arrived.

p. 404. "—— *the good that did it*": — i. e., says Malone, the virtue that was the cause of its foundation. Pope read, "the good *he* did it;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, most inanely, "the good *man* that did it."

p. 406. "And of an earthy *cold*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, somewhat plausibly, "an earthy *coldness*."

p. 408. "Say his *long trouble* now is passing": — *Catherine*, of course, speaks of herself as the King's long trouble; but perhaps an epithet before 'trouble' has been lost.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 409. "—— at *primero*": — A game at cards, mentioned before in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

p. 410. "—— *is* made Master": — So the original, which Theobald improperly altered to "*he's* made Master." 'Cromwell,' or 'he,' understood, is nominative to 'is,' according to the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's time. See the Notes on "has wherewithal," Act I. Sc. 3, of this play, "namely, is no time to recover hair," *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 210; and "this counterfeit module h'as deceived me," *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 137; and observe "hath commanded," toward the end of *Gardiner's* next speech.

" "*Incens'd* the lords o' the Council": — 'Incense' was sometimes used to mean inform, prompt, instigate, not discordantly with its radical sense, to kindle, to light up.

p. 411. "—— *hath* commanded": — For 'he hath commanded.' See the Note before the last.

p. 412. "*Enter Sir Anthony Denny*": — This and the two following Scenes are based upon a passage in Fox's *Actes and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*. But as Shakespeare was indebted to that work only for the incidents which it relates, which he has adopted without variation, and not for any part of his dialogue, the quotation of the passage in question would be entirely superfluous.

p. 413. "—— *you a brother of us*": — i. e., you being of our Privy Council, and so closely bound to us.

" "Without *indurance*": — Without being put in durance; i. e., sent to the Tower, as the King intimates just above. The word is found in the corresponding passage of Fox's *Martyrs*, which Shakespeare in this Act closely followed.

p. 414. "The *ground* I stand on": — The folio has, "The *good* I stand on;" the sense of which, if it have any, is so poor and so remote, that I have no hesitation in adopting the obvious correction, which Dr. Johnson was the first to propose, and which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 415. "*Enter an Old Lady*": — It is painful to think that Steevens was probably correct in his irreverent supposition that "this is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen" in a previous Scene.

Scene II.

p. 417. "*Enter the King and Butts at a window above*":—In America, we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passage ways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor halls, castles and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining room, or banquetting hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day.

"*The Council Chamber*":—Theobald, the first regulator of Shakespeare's plays, should have begun a new Scene here, although the stage direction in the folio is only, "*A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stools, and placed under the State*," &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the Scene changed from the lobby before the Council Chamber to that apartment itself. For it will be observed that *Cranmer* entering the former, finds the doors of the latter shut ("all fast") against him: he is bidden to enter, and the King and Dr. Butts afterward do enter the Council Chamber, according to the direction of the folio. It is true that the *Door-keeper* appears in both Scenes; but in the former he is within; in the latter he is summoned from without. This must be regarded, of course, in the performance of the play before a modern audience; but as the Scene has remained undivided until the present day, except by those early editors who followed the French custom of making a new Scene at every important entrance or exit, a rectification of the slight want of conformity to mere external truth would not compensate for the inconvenience to those who refer to the play, consequent upon a disturbance of the old arrangement.

"*Enter the Lord Chancellor*":—Malone remarked that Queen Elizabeth having been born September 7th, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month, and Sir Thomas More (who succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancel-

lor) having resigned the seals on the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed Lord *Keeper*, the last is therefore the person here introduced. But Shakespeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord Chancellor; for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth.

p. 418 "*Cranmer approaches the Council table*": — This is the old stage direction. It should be '*Enter Cranmer.*' See the last Note but one.

" "—— *and capable of our flesh*": — i. e., capable of the sins of our flesh. Rowe read, "and capable of our *frailty;*" Malone, "In our own nature's frail, *incapable*," i. e., unintelligent, foolish: Monck Mason very plausibly proposed, "frail and *culpable;*" which last conjecture was found on the margins of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, but without the semicolon by which Mason would have cut off the connection between 'culpable' and 'of our flesh,' which is by far the more important part of the emendation. For there is no difficulty about the sense of 'capable.' *Constance* (*King John*, Act III. Sc. 1) says, "capable of fears," and we now say that a man is capable of any crime.

p. 419. "Defacers of *a* public peace": — Rowe plausibly read, "*the* public peace," and so also Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 421. "*Chan. This is too much*": — The folio here and before the next two speeches of the *Chancellor* has the trifling misprint, "*Cham.*" Below there seems to be some propriety in the recognition of the King's ring by his Chamberlain, who also, without this recognition on his part, would say nothing during the Scene; but in the next speech again, "'Tis now too certain," &c., it is plainly the *Lord Chancellor* who speaks, although the folio has there again *m* for *n*.

p. 422. "—— too thin and *bare*": — The folio, "too thin and *base;*" but baseness can have no share with thinness in hiding or failing to hide offences. The correction was suggested by Malone.

p. 423. "—— *this* place becomes thee not": — The folio, by a common misprint, "*his* place," &c. The necessary correction was made by Rowe, and was found in Mr Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*That is a fair young maid,*" &c.: — We should read, in my judgment, "*There* is a fair young maid," &c. The young maid could not be the suit. The folio has a full point at the end of the previous line.

p. 424. "*Come, come, my lord,*" &c.: — This passage, to "Will these please you?" is printed as prose in the folio. It has been hitherto regulated in other modern editions thus: —

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?"

or thus: —

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquis Dorset:
Will these please you?"

If the reader, dissatisfied with the prosaic appearance of the passage in the present edition, and desirous on that account to supply himself with another, asks which of the other arrangements is verse, he can only be answered by the showman's formula, "Whichever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

" "—— you'd spare *your spoons*": — According to a custom of our ancestors, which has not entirely ceased with us, sponsors at a baptism presented the 'chrisom child' with silver spoons, more or less in number, according to the ability and generosity of the donor. Sometimes a dozen were given, with the figures of the apostles carved out of or engraved upon the handles. These were known as apostle spoons, and such spoons are often mentioned in our early literature. Sometimes a single spoon was given, decorated with the effigy of the apostle in honor of whom the child was named.

Scene III.

" "—— for *Parish Garden*": — i. e., Paris Garden, which was called Parish Garden by people of the *Porter's* class, and which was the principal bear baiting and bull baiting ground of London.

"—— leave your *gaping*": — i. e., your shouting. Reed quoted from Littleton's Dictionary, "To gape or bawl, *vociferor*."

p. 425. "—— against *Paul's*": — The folio, as in numerous other instances, has "*Powle's*." But this is a mere phonographic irregularity, not a characteristic vulgarism like "Parish" above. 'Paul' was universally pro-

nounced *Pole* in Shakespeare's time. See the Note on "as well as Pauls," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 425. "Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again," &c.: — It is somewhat remarkable that, what with the countless notes upon passages as clear as noonday, no remark, that I can find, was made upon this very obscure passage until the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, which has this very noteworthy and plausible correction, which at first seemed to others, as well as to myself, worthy of a place in the text.

"Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again,
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her."

But the pertinence of the correction depends entirely upon the occasion of the tumult; and this, it will be seen, does not justify the Porter's Man in saying, 'let me ne'er hope to see a queen again;' for he has seen no queen, although the impression at first is that he has. The occasion is the christening of the newly born princess; and as that took place on the fourth day after her birth, (See the Note on 'Enter Lord Chancellor,' in the previous Scene,) we may be sure that the Queen, whose labor had been difficult, was hardly able to walk in procession to a christening. The old corrector may have restored the text; but that he did so is not sufficiently clear for us to adopt his changes. It has been suggested that the language "being that of a clown, may be designedly nonsensical;" which is not very probable, as the man elsewhere speaks very good sense, in very intelligible language; and Mr. Dyce plausibly asks, "Are we to understand that the Porter's Man was a huge feeder?" But in either of these cases, what reference has "God save her"? unless the speaker were a Welshman or a Gael, and meant himself, which does not appear. The passage seems to be inexplicable.

p. 426. "—— *under the line*": — i. e., the equinoctial line.

" "That *fire-drake*": — A fire-work which sprang fitfully about in the air with many explosions.

"—— *who cried out*, "*Clubs!*" — The rallying cry of the London prentices was 'Clubs,' as the reader of *The Fortunes of Nigel* will remember.

"—— to th' broomstaff *to* me": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, needlessly, "to th' broomstaff *with* me."

"—— but the *Tribulation* of Tower Hill, or the *limbs of Limehouse*": — No other allusion to these places or assemblages has been discovered. It may be that these are the names of Puritan congregations, and that Shake-

speare meant a satirical fling at the pretended meekness of that body; but it may also be that "their dear brothers" refers to the obstreperous youths first named, and that the "audiences" referred to were of the same kidney. Within the memory of men now living 'Tribulation' was a common name among New England families of Puritan descent.

p. 426. "*Limbo Patrum*":— The purgatory of the Patriarchs.

p. 427. "—— baiting of *bombards*":— Bombards were large leather drinking vessels. See Notes on *The Tempest*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "I'll *pick* you," &c.:— The folio has, "I'll *pecke* you," &c. — a mere irregularity.

SCENE IV.

p. 429. "—— *Saba* was never":— So the folio. Except in the translations of the Bible the word 'Sheba' seems to have been unknown to English and even to Latin literature in the time of Shakespeare. Solomon's dusky admirer was Queen of Sheba; but in the Septuagint as well as in the Latin Vulgate, she herself is called Saba. "Και Βασιλισσα Σαβὰ ἠκουσε τὸ ὀνομα Σαλωμὼν." 1 Kings x. 1.

p. 430. "—— *but she must die*":— Mr. Dyce objects that the punctuation here given (and universally given till he wrote) "makes Cranmer regret his supernatural foreknowledge of Elizabeth's being destined to pay the common debt of humanity;" which (saving the supernaturalness, which does not appear) is, in my judgment, just what Cranmer meant to do. The Archbishop would be understood as saying that the Virgin Queen was too good to die. Mr. Dyce prints, —

"but she must die,
(She must, the saints must have her,) yet a virgin."

" "And *your* good brethren":— The folio has, "And *you*," &c., which Theobald properly corrected, or the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby. The King would not call the Aldermen his brethren. The same typographical error occurs elsewhere.

" "'*Has* business":— i. e., he has business. See the Notes on "this counterfeit module," &c., *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 137, and "Who taught 'this?" *Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 388.

p. 431. "Epilogue":— See Note on the Prologue.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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